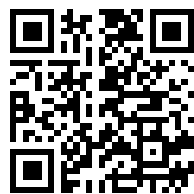

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Heads of the People

Joseph Kenny Meadows, W. M. (William Makepeace)
Thackeray, Douglas William Jerrold

50

KG 1270

1297



Walter R. T. Jones



THE DEBTOR.

----In a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,

Thou art

HEADS OF THE PEOPLE



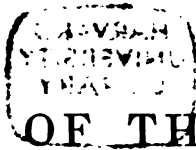
THE CREDITOR.

Murder a man's family, and he may brook it.
But keep your hands out of U's breeches' pocket.

Wren.

PHILADELPHIA.

Gary & Hart.



HEADS OF THE PEOPLE:

OR,

PORTRAITS OF THE ENGLISH.

DRAWN BY KENNY MEADOWS.

WITH ORIGINAL ESSAYS BY DISTINGUISHED WRITERS.



PHILADELPHIA:
CAREY & HART.

.....
1841.

KG 1270



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P R E F A C E .

ENGLISH faces, and records of English character, make up the present volume. Leaving the artist and the writers to exhibit and indicate their own individual purpose, we would fain dwell awhile in the consideration of the general value and utility of a work, the aim of which is to preserve the impress of the present age; to record its virtues, its follies, its moral contradictions, and its crying wrongs. From such a work, it is obvious, that the student of human nature may derive the best of lore; the mere idling reader become at once amused and instructed; whilst even to the social antiquarian, who regards the feelings and habits of men more as a thing of time, a barren matter of *anno domini*, than as the throbbings of the human heart and the index of the national mind, the volume abounds with facts of the greatest and most enduring interest.

It was no little satisfaction to the projectors of "HEADS OF THE PEOPLE," to find the public somewhat startled by the first appearance of the work; somewhat astonished at the gravity of its tone, the moral seriousness of its purpose. Many took up the first number only to laugh; and, we are proud to say, read on to think. A host of readers were disappointed: they purchased, as they thought, a piece of pleasantry, to be idly glanced at, and then flung aside: they found it otherwise. They believed that they were only called to see and hear the grinning face and vacant nonsense of a glib story-teller, and they discovered in

their new acquaintance a depth and delicacy of sympathy, a knowledge of human life, and a wise gladness, a philosophic merriment, and honest sarcasm, that made them take him to their home as a fast friend. Nor was it in England only that the purpose of the work was thus happily acknowledged. It has not only been translated into French, but has formed the model of a national work for the essayists and wits of Paris. The "Heads of the People," of the numerous family of John Bull, are to be seen gazing from the windows of French shopkeepers, at our "natural enemies"—a circumstance not likely to aggravate the antipathy which, according to the profitable creed of bygone statemongers, Nature had, for some mysterious purpose, implanted in the breasts of the Briton and the Gaul!

The work will be pursued in the same straightforward, uncompromising, and, it is hoped, humanising spirit, that characterises the present volume. John Bull has too long rested in the comfortable self-complacency that he, above all other persons of the earth, enshrines in his own mind all the wisdom and the magnanimity vouchsafed to mortal man; that in his customs he is the most knowing, the least artificial, the most cordial, and the most exemplary of persons; and that in all the decencies of life, he, and he alone, knows and does that which is

"Wisest, discreetest, virtuousest, best;"

that he has no prejudices—none; or, if indeed he have any, that they exist and have been nurtured so very near his virtues, that if he cannot detect the slightest difference between them, it is not likely that any vagabond foreigner can make so tremendous a discovery. And then John boasts, and in no monosyllabic phrase, of his great integrity, of his unbending spirit to the merely external advantages of worldly follies: he looks to the man, and not the man's pocket! He—he pays court to no man; no, he cries out in the market-place, that "honesty is the best policy," grasps his cudgel, looks loftily about him, swelling with the magnificence

of the apothegm, and strides away to his beef and ale, with an almost overwhelming sense of all his many virtues.

Now, let the truth be told. John Bull likes a bit of petty-larceny as well as any body in the world: he likes it, however, with this difference; the iniquity must be made legal. Only solemnise a wrong by an act of parliament, and John Bull will stickle lustily for the abuse; will trade upon it, turn the market-penny with it, cooker it, fondle it, love it, say pretty words to it; yea, hug it to his bosom, and cry out "rape and robbery" if sought to be deprived of it.

Next, John has no slavish regard for wealth: to be sure not; and yet, though his back is as broad as a table, it is as lithe as a cane; and he will pucker his big cheeks into a reverential grin, and stoop and kiss the very hoofs of the golden calf, wherever it shall be set up before him. John will do this, and blush not; and having done it, he will straighten himself, wipe his lips with his cuff of broadcloth, look magnanimous, and "damn the fellow that regards money."

And then for titles. Does John value titles? Hear the contemptuous roar with which, in the parlor of "The King's Head," he talks of them. "What's a title?" he will ask; "it's the man, eh?" And next week Lord Bubblebrain puts up for the county; and, condescending to ask John Bull for his vote, John stands almost awe-struck at his porch, smooths his hair, smiles, smirks, bows, and feels that there is a sort of white magic in the looks and words of a lord. He stammers out a promise of a plumper, bows his lordship to the gate, and then declares to his neighbors that "It war n't for the title he gave his vote—he should hope not; no, he would n't sell his country in that way. But Lord Bubblebrain *is* a gentleman, and knows what's right for the people." And then John's wife remarks, how affable his lordship was to the children, and especially to the sick baby; which John receives as a matter of course; shortly observing, that "no gentleman could do less; not that he gave his vote for any such doings."

And has John *no* virtues? A thousand! So many, that he can afford to be told of his weakness, his folly—yea, of the wrongs he does, the wrongs he suffers.

The ridiculous part of John's character is his love of an absurdity, an injustice—it may be, an acute inconvenience—from its very antiquity. "Why, what's the matter?" we asked last week of an old acquaintance, limping and pushing himself along, not unlike a kangaroo with the rheumatism; "What's the matter?" "Matter! corns—corns." "And why don't you have 'em cut?" "Cut!" cried our friend, with a look of surprise and inquiry. "Cut! why, it is now fifteen years that I have had these corns." There spoke John Bull: though he shall be almost at a stand-still, lame with corns, yet what a roaring does he make if you attempt to cut them—and why? He has had them so many years. A wen upon his neck, if a wen of fifty years' growth, though it bent him double, would "be to him as a daughter."

John Bull has a numerous family; all more or less distinguished by the virtues, the humors, the follies, and the droll and melancholy contradictions of their papa. We here give some thirty of his children: we shall present the world with at least as many more.

London, October.

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HEADS OF THE PEOPLE.

THE DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

WE have heard of men who would boast that they "never had an hour's illness—never owed a shilling in their lives." Let us not be thought so credulous as to believe that the world abounds with such people; by no means: we hear of them with a like sense of curious wonder awakened by tidings of a spotted boy—the horned woman—the pig-faced lady, or any other human marvel that Nature, in her sport or idleness, deems good to send among us. The man who has never known sickness has, we fear, a very irreverential notion of the delicacy, the subtleties of his anatomy; and, with a certain senatorial philanthropist, may question the wise utility of hospitals. The man who has never owed a shilling cannot, we opine, have a just apprehension of the horrors of debt, and may look on prison walls with a deep and sweet conviction of their social worth and excellence. These people, however—the sacred few exempt from the apothecary and the attorney—are the precious babes of Fortune; dipped, heels and all, in Styx; powdered with gold, and swathed in finest linen. Our purpose is not with them; it is enough that we have glanced at their strange existence; that we have pointed at these monsters of felicity—these paragons of luck. The comprehensiveness of

our theme embraces the whole world; for wheré, where is the man who, though he may never have had an hour's illness, has, at the same time, never owed a shilling?—where, where the man equally exempt from rhubarb and from writs?

It is, we hope, obvious that our present paper touches only the Debtor and Creditor, as flourishing under the British constitution. We speak only of national evils and national remedies. Every land has, we believe, its own mode of recovery; in every nation, the Debtor meets with a peculiar attention; the Creditor, in the pursuit of his claim, conforming to the legislative genius of his maternal country. We would not, were we sufficiently scholarly, enumerate the different modes of different nations, detaining the reader with a description of the thousand various processes to which the Debtor is subjected, in order to make him satisfy his lordly master; for, be sure of it, the Debtor, let him hold up his head and ruffle it as he will, is the bondman—the serf of the Creditor. We will not attempt a circumnavigation of the globe, to show how Carib recovers of Carib; by what refined process the Patagonian is compelled to disgorge to his fellow; or how the men of Labrador recover of one another. This is a theme too vast and comprehensive for our purpose. We will take it for granted that, in some barbarian lands, the Debtor is doomed to servitude; in some, he suffers mutilation; in some he is impaled; in some branded. We will not dispute the stories of travellers who have printed as much. In England, Hesperian soil! the Debtor wears no slavish yoke, loses no limb, is fixed on no stake, bears no ignominious impress. No, in this our happy country, where law is the bright babe begotten by Wisdom upon Justice, the Debtor is only—skinned alive!

The reader, of course, perceives that we speak of the Debtor *in extremis*, when reduced to the last consolations of law. It is then that we recognise the wisdom and philanthropy of British legislators, who, imitating the benevolent example of Nature, that has expressly created certain food for the sustenance of meanest

insects, make the offending culprit the lawful morsel of litigation—providing the Debtor as a dinner for the attorney.

How innocent, how guileless is the man who never dreams that there are cannibals in London! Why, society is beset by anthropophagi. One cannot walk the streets without rubbing coats with men-eaters; cannibals duly entered; consumers of human flesh and blood according to the statutes. They are to be known to the man who reads human faces—known as truly as the family of honey-feeders is known to the naturalist. They have, for the most part, a certain cadaverous aspect—a restless, wily eye, with a sneaking cruelty about the lips. Some few there are with full, rosy faces, and sleek satin skins—a plethoric variety of the race. And these have, times out of mind, fed upon the Debtor, duly provided for them by gracious lawgivers. Like the ogre of our childhood, they have

“Ground his bones to make their bread.”

The Debtor is therefore to be considered as he exists in himself, and as he lives for his consumers. He is, in the strongest and most significant sense, a national portrait; for in his person, and in his experiences, are illustrated the social excellences of legislation. As a kitten suffering in an air-pump, or a dog with its arteries laid bare by the knife of the speculative anatomist, illustrates a certain principle in science, so does the Debtor, in the fangs of the sharp attorney, illustrate the delegated wisdom of the community. He proves the ignominy of poverty. The varlet who steals “some eightpenny matter,” is sentenced to be whipped; the wretch who owes forty shillings is handed over to the attorney, who, the appointed officer to punish the iniquity of debt, in a trice doubles the amount, thus justly punishing the pauperism of the pauper. The hangman flourishes his whip; the attorney scourges with costs.

The philosophy of the law of Debtor and Creditor demonstrates that to be poor is to be punishable. Hence, certain instruments—

not, indeed, the thumb-screw, the rack, or the strapado, but engines almost equally sanguinary—have been invented, and placed at the will of the legal executioner, wherewith, for his own especial advantage, he may torture the offender. It is not the Creditor for whom the law has shown its most paternal care, but the lawyer. It is not justice that is to be vindicated, but litigation that is to be gorged. It is to this wise and goodly end that costs are not limited to shillings, but swollen to pounds. Justice might, indeed, be cheaply satisfied; but the attorney has a maw insatiate. Again, to make justice cheap, would doubtless make her contemptible: she is, therefore, dignified by expense; made glorious by the greatness of costs.

What a forlorn animal is the Debtor! See him hovering about yonder door. That, reader, is the office of Mr. —, a sharp practitioner; a person who, to the utmost, avails himself of the benevolence of law-makers, and never spares the criminal in debt. It is that office—that den of tape and parchment,—

“Where half-starved spiders prey on half-starved flies,”

that the Debtor would seek for mercy: he comes to beg for time; to supplicate that he may not be swallowed whole by law, but mercifully consumed by mouthfuls. He will sign any bond—he will pay any costs; all that he wants is time; and he, therefore, with the deepest humiliation, entreats that he may only be devoured piecemeal. Look at the man, gentle reader, and shudder at debt: what self-abasement is in his mien! what an expression of anguish darkens his face; and now what a blush of shame! He crawls to the door; lingers at its step; his eye runs down the strips of names painted at the door-post—he has read them a dozen times—to find the whereabouts of the gentleman who has sued him; and he mounts the stairs with less alacrity than many a wretch has mounted Tyburn ladder. His debt is not of crushing amount; he could, in a little time, satisfy his Creditor; but then the costs have doubled the sum, and how to appease the lawyer?

Well, the attorney has relenting bowels: yes, for see with what a gladdened face, with what lightened step, the Debtor, after half an hour's delay, descends the stairs, having, as he for the time believes, comfortably settled every thing. Yes, he has signed a certain instrument, another wicked profit to the attorney, and he is graciously permitted to linger on to the exclusive profit of the compassionate lawyer. The Debtor owed five pounds, and with a benignity highly honorable to the professional philanthropist, he has been allowed a certain number of weeks to pay ten.

With what a mixture of pity and disdain do we contemplate the idols of the heathen! How we at once mourn and marvel at the darkness, the self-abasement of poor human nature, making its offerings of blood and violence at the shrine of superstition. We, who shrug our shoulders at Mumbo Jumbo; we, who turn with loathing from the blue monkey; we, who in the self-glorification of reason, in the pride and fulness of civilisation, laugh and spit at the ape with the golden tooth; alas! have we no idols? have we set up no fantastic image worship? have we erected no Moloch, to the profit of its high priests, and the suffering of thousands? Have we built up no idol, that with the mask of an angel has the claws of a harpy? Have we no shrine, at which multitudes, gathered in the name of justice, are despoiled and stripped by the murmuring priesthood of the law? Do we call for no offerings to ignorance, and craft, and legal lying? And by a strange and wicked superstition, do men not band themselves together to perpetuate the ill—to keep up the guilty farce acted in the outraged name of reason—to do the grossest wrong in the name of public right? Let him who would call this a rhapsody take his station at an inn of Court; let him watch the priesthood, glossy as ravens; let him mark the anxious faces, the distracted looks of the daily scores who do bleeding sacrifice to them. Let the unbeliever read the Debtor's bill of costs; and when he has marked the prices of the articles issued in the name of justice, let him conscientiously make answer, if

crape and pistols, though most dangerous and ignominious, are, in very truth, the most dishonest instruments employed by reasoning man.

Do we blame the attorney? Do we condemn meek Mr. Lambsheart, of Chancery Lane, with his country-house and pinery in Maida Vale? Do we cast invective upon him, who has lived and grown sleek and rich upon the very marrow of the Debtor? By no means: we would as soon think of chiding a crow for feeding upon carrion. "The law allows it." He has been the child, the nursling of the system. To him, for thirty years, parchment has been daily bread; he is only just as bad as the law enables him to be, but is ready to be worse with any alteration of the statutes. This is merely human nature; and even Mr. Lambsheart, though a sharp attorney, is a reasoning animal, an excellent judge of port wine, and, indeed, in many other respects, a man.

We have considered the Debtor in what the state evidently considers to be his most important relation; as, in fact, so much food for the law: as a thing to be eaten clean up, if he be a very poor and small Debtor; or to be taken, as we have already inferred, mouthful by mouthful, according to the natural benignity of the priests of the mystery. We have next to consider him as in the immediate thrall of the Creditor, before delivered over to the mercies of sharp or gentle practice. And here we would fain set ourselves right with the reader, lest he should conceive that we hold every Debtor to be a person of interest, an unfortunate creature, calling loudly for our best sympathies. Some there are to whom debt seems their natural element; they appear to swim only in hot water. To owe and to live, are, to them, terms synonymous; the ledger is their *libro d'oro*; the call of the sheriff no more than the call of a friend. There are Debtors who, for their reckless sins, deserve flaying at the hands of law; but in the daily skinning that takes place, there is, unhappily, no distinction—there can be none. The law makes all eels that come to net, and all are flayed under one sentence.

There was Jack Brassly. We verily believe that his first debt commenced in his fourth year, for marbles. Certain it is, that the disease had attacked him when very young, and clung, increasing, to him through a long and various life. Yet, how airily would he plunge into debt! In the enlargement of his heart, he looked upon all mankind as brothers, and therefore never hesitated to put in a fraternal claim to a portion of their goods and chattels. The world however—hard-hearted world!—did not reciprocate the kindly feeling of Jack; hence he became known to every bailiff in London, and could, we honestly believe, give the exact dimensions of every sponging-house in the bills of mortality. What a sight was it to see Jack in prison! How loftily, yet withal, how graciously, he suffered durance. Sir Thomas More and Sir Walter Raleigh in the Tower, let them have braved it as they might, must have been sneak-ups to Jack. With what a majestic condescension would he address the menials of the gaol! The very pot-boy felt elevated. Guileless youth! Was it for nothing, think ye, that Jack Brassly pitched his silveriest tones to the carrier of malt? The coalman, a very Caliban, stood, with open mouth, fascinated by the dulcet voice and honied smile of Brassly; and the third half-bushel shot into the cupboard, departed, still unpaid. As for the laundress, week after week did Brassly smile away her lengthy bill; still the woman continued to wash, albeit, in her own equivocal words, “there was no end to Mr. Brassly’s shirts.” It was thus Jack wound himself about the heart of man and woman: every body trusted him; he paid nobody, yet every body conspired to declare that he was such a gentleman! Let it be confessed, no man better understood the graces of life; no man was more fully impressed with the necessary dignity of a dinner. He had been in gaol two months. A friend called, and, to his surprise, found Jack considerably agitated. “Bless me, Brassly! what’s the matter? any new trouble?” “Very much annoyed, indeed,” answered Jack. “I see how it is: a new creditor, I suppose has”—— “Not at all,” interrupted Brassly; “creditor—pooh!—creditor.” “Well, then,” cried the friend, preparing himself for the worst, “put me out of

suspense: what is it?" Brassly, after an effort, and laying his hand upon the arm of his friend, began his tale. "You see, my dear fellow, I am going up to-morrow; I shall be out the next day." "Perhaps," observed the friend, "if Dodgby, and Winkman and Cramp,——" "Oh, I have renewed all their bills," said Brassly; "they have withdrawn their opposition, and I shall be sure to be out: but to the matter." "Aye, the cause of your anxiety; what is it?" "Before I went out, I wished to have a few friends to dine with me; there's fourteen of 'em—kind souls!—coming; I have a pretty little summer banquet; but what annoys me past expression, is this: although I have sent a mile about the neighborhood, yes, at least a mile——" "Well?" "I can't—offer what money I will—get any ice-powders for the wine." Poor Brassly!

Everybody persisted in calling Brassly a gentleman; and we will do him the justice to avow, that let his difficulties be what they might, he never forgot the reputation thus forced upon him. He never condescended to any plebian usage, if, by any importunity, he could obtain the means of passing gentility. "My dear Frampton, it was Providence that sent you in my path," cried Brassly, addressing a portly gentleman in the street, squeezing his hand and then looking with sorrowful eyes and depressed mouth into his face. "What's the matter, Brassly?" For some seconds, Brassly was too much overcome to speak; at length, he cried "For heaven's sake, lend me a sovereign!"

"A sovereign!"

"A sovereign. I have not a penny in the world—I cannot tell you now; you shall know all some day; but I have a pressing (pressing did I say?) nay, a sacred, a holy call for a sovereign. A shilling less will not do; it must be a sovereign."

"Well," said Frampton, with the face and air of a man to whom the incident was not altogether new; "well;" and he slowly drew forth his purse, took out the coin, and, evidently as if bidding an eternal farewell to it, placed the money in the hand of Brassly. "There it is," said Frampton, with great Christian resignation.

"Thank you," mildly replied Brassly; "Much obliged to you. Here"—and to the consternation of Frampton, he saw Brassly lift his finger—heard him raise his voice:—"Here, cab!" The charioteer drove his cab to the kerb, and Brassly, not having a penny in the world except a sovereign, for every farthing of which he had a sacred, a holy use, was bowing and smiling graciously to the lender, whirled away!

Years passed, and Brassly became the borrower of shillings; nevertheless, his strong sense of all the proprieties of a dinner remained with him; that, with all his losses, continued to dignify his squalor. With Brassly, there was only one snuff shop in London, only one butcher, only one vendor of oysters, and so forth. This prejudice even the bitterest poverty failed to cure in him. There were, to be sure, thousands of retailers of snuff and tobacco, thousands who cut up sheep and oxen, thousands who dealt in shell-fish; yet to Brassly there was but one of each: the snuff of all others was fiery dust; the mutton, tasteless; the oysters, poisonous. Beautifully did Brassly illustrate this, his potent belief. He had borrowed ten shillings;—he was living at the time in a wretched nook in the suburbs of the town, with wife and five children. Ten shillings!—and there was promise of a dinner. Airily did Brassly sally forth to purchase that, to a starving family, delicious luxury. A long walk lay before him; yes, it was two miles at least to the shop of Mr.——, the only butcher in London. Brassly entered the shop; after much pondering, made purchase of a most sapid leg of mutton; and then (for Brassly was a gentleman, and could not be seen in the company of a leg of mutton in the public street), with one of the only legs in London, took his seat in a hackney-coach, and drove, in "measureless content," to his alley home. He alighted at his door; and, having paid ready money for the mutton (a virtue he was wont to dwell upon when promissory payment was out of the case), having settled the fare of the coachmen, Brassly congratulated himself on the wise economy of his dealing; for he had absolutely saved from the borrowed

ten shillings six-pence halfpenny for potatoes! Brassily lived and died a Debtor; but it is not for the large family of the Brasslys that we ask the sympathy of the reader.

Of what a hideous progeny of ill is debt the father! What lies, what meannesses, what invasions on self-respect, what cares, what double-dealing! How, in due season, it will carve the frank, open face into wrinkles; how, like a knife, 'twill stab the honest heart. And then, its transformations! How it has been known to change a goodly face into a mask of brass; how, with the "damned custom" of debt, has the true man become a callous trickster! A freedom from debt, and what nourishing sweetness may be found in cold water; what toothsomeness in a dry crust; what ambrosial nourishment in a hard egg! Be sure of it, he who dines out of debt, though his meal be biscuit and an onion, dines in "The Apollo." And then for raiment: what warmth in a threadbare coat, if the tailor's receipt be in the pocket; what Tyrian purple in the faded waistcoat, the vest not owed for; how glossy the well-worn hat, if it cover not the aching head of a debtor! Next, the home-sweets, the out-door recreation of the free man. The street-door knocker falls not a knell on *his* heart; the foot on the staircase, though he live on the third-pair, sends no spasm through *his* anatomy; at the rap at his door, he can crow forth "come in," and his pulse still beat healthfully, his heart sink not in his bowels. See him abroad. How confidently, yet how pleasantly, he takes the street; how he returns look for look with any passenger; how he saunters; how, meeting an acquaintance, he stands and gossips! But, then, this man knows not debt; debt, that casts a drug into the richest wine; that makes the food of the gods unwholesome, indigestible; that sprinkles the banquets of a Lucullus with ashes, and drops soot in the soup of an emperor: debt, that like the moth, makes valueless furs and velvets, inclosing the wearer in a festering prison (the shirt of Nessus was a shirt not paid for): debt, that writes upon frescoed walls the handwriting of the attorney; that puts a voice of terror in the knocker; that

makes the heart quake at the haunted fire-side: debt, the invisible demon that walks abroad with a man; now quickening his steps, now making him look on all sides like a hunted beast, and now bringing to his face the ashy hue of death, as the unconscious passenger looks glancingly upon him! Poverty is a bitter draught, yet may, and sometimes with advantage, be gulped down. Though the drinker make wry faces, there may, after all be a wholesome goodness in the cup. But debt, however courteously it be offered, is the cup of a syren, and the wine, spiced and delicious though it be, an eating poison. The man out of debt, though with a flaw in his jerkin, a crack in his shoe-leather, and a hole in his hat, is still the son of liberty, free as the singing lark above him; but the Debtor, though clothed in the utmost bravery, what is he but a serf out upon a holiday—a slave to be reclaimed at any instant by his owner the Creditor.

My son, if poor, see wine in the running spring; let thy mouth water at a last week's roll; think a threadbare coat the "only wear;" and acknowledge a whitewashed garret fittest housing-place for a gentlemen. Do this, and flee debt. So shall thy heart be at peace, and the sheriff be confounded.

We have now to speak of the Creditor; and having read what might well be termed "The Handbook of Debt,"* we can scarcely sufficiently express our admiration at the nice positions of Debtor and Creditor therein set down. Through the great public spirit of Mr. TYAS, the Creditor may cheaply arm himself at all points against the Debtor; whilst, with a humanity no less distinguished than the aforesaid public spirit, it is also shown to the Debtor by what means he may make his best defence against what we must always consider our natural enemies, the men to whom we owe money. Many and beautiful are the tricks and sleights of law; delicate, exquisitely subtle, the cobwebs, the fine reticulated work of senators, shown and displayed in that small yet most signi-

* See "Handbook of the Law of Debtor and Creditor."

ficant volume. Having laid every page of it to our enlightened heart, we must confess that the law seems most especially solicitous for the interests of persons too frequently regardless of themselves. How often is the Creditor a self-doomed victim. How often, here in gorgeous London,

“ Cette ville, pleine d’or et de misere,”

how often do we find the willing sufferer, pranked in smiles, all self-complacency and condescension, yearning to be robbed—yea, absolutely wooing destruction? “ I pray ye, take my goods; let me have thy name in my ledger; make me happy—be thou my Debtor!” How often does it demand a stoicism hardly to be expected since the days of sour-faced Cato, to be deaf to the appeal of the tradesmen! How many young gentlemen, with nothing but their wits—poor destitute fellows!—have been forced into debt by the cordial manner, the gracious words of the man determined to be a Creditor!

In the present day, debt is made particularly easy to the lowest capacity. It is—we are convinced of the fact—this delightful facility of credit that has ruined thousands of fine spirited young fellows, who never had a penny to peril. Let us consult those social chronicles—those histories of daily life—the newspapers, and we must inevitably come to the conclusion that your London shop-keeper is the most ingenuous—the most simple-hearted—the most innocent of mankind. Can there be a more powerful, a more beautiful evidence of the philanthropic confidence of human nature, than that every day exhibited by the fashionable London tradesman? What practical benevolence is constantly displayed by the tailor, who, with the vaguest notions of the station and means of his customer—provided the future Debtor come to him in a coat of unexceptionable character—clothes the son of Adam from the shoulders to the heels! He, the tailor—the future despised, abused Creditor—puts no prying query, hesitates no frigid doubt; but with a sweet alacrity pleasant to behold, and grateful

to contemplate, measures his man, and is forthwith doomed! Nevertheless, is not this a pleasing picture? To the libellous, carking cynic, who sneers and spits at human nature, should not this be a lesson of charity—a great moral teaching? Here is practical philanthropy—here the kindest operation of the social virtues; when a man—his face steeped with satisfaction, his words words of honey, and his whole demeanor that of subdued felicity—straightway gives a portion of his goods to the stranger within his parlor; to a man he has never seen before, and whom it is more than likely he may never see or hear of again.

“Good heavens!” exclaimed Mr. Rigid, a most punctilious gentleman—a man of all the proprieties, that of ready money included—“Good heavens, Augustus! why, yes—you have only been a twelvemonth in London, and you already owe three thousand pounds. Explain, sir—how came this about? Explain, sir; I command you.”

“Only three thousand?” asked young Rigid.

“Only! and how dare you owe so much—how dare you get into debt?”

“Upon my soul, father,” answered Augustus, “I couldn’t help it;—it was *so devilish easy!*”

Many a fine young fellow, condemned to the limited area of St. George’s Fields, has bitter cause of complaint against the Creditor; whose innocence, whose unsuspicious nature, and unsophisticated determination to become what he is, has compelled the young gentleman to take advantage of suffering goodness; the temptation was too strong for the resolution of youth, and the willing tradesman became a Creditor. If the reader conceive that we paint the Creditor in too amiable colors; if he doubt the exceeding benevolence of fashionable tradesmen towards the dashing destitute, let him wear out a day or so in any office of police, and have his soul instructed. He will there perceive that of all animals the fashionable tradesman, the incipient Creditor, is

easiest to be taken: no eider-duck suffers itself to be despoiled of its down with the less resistance.

However, ere we quit the fashionable tradesman, we must do this justice to his natural and improved acuteness. He is not to be taken by shabby appearance. He is a fish that bites only at the finest flies. It is, therefore, highly essential that the would-be Debtor should appear before him bearing all the external advantages of Mammon. Then will the tradesman open his books to the stranger, and rejoice in his orders.

As a man is known by his associates, so we think may the character of the Creditor be known by his attorney; the sharp employ the sharp.

Mr. Macwriggle (we write a bit of real life) was a small tradesman, and had given credit to John Junks; the debt was demanded, sued for, and resisted. The cause came into court, and Macwriggle, for once having full justice on his side, was flushed with the confidence of victory. Already he felt the amount of the bill jingling in his pocket. Evidence was called to prove the delivery of the goods: nothing could be more plain—the delivery was certain: but what was the astonishment of Mr. Macwriggle to find witnesses in the box who, without prevarication, swore to being present at the payment of Junks's bill; Macwriggle having solemnly promised to forward a receipt for the same! Macwriggle passed with the world for a religious man; therefore, thinking of his bill and costs, he stood in a cold sweat listening to the perjury of his fellow-creatures. The cause was soon over—verdict for the defendant. Mr. Crooks was the adroit attorney for John Junks; and it was about eleven o'clock on the morning following the trial, when Mr. Crooks, seated in all legal serenity in his private room, was visited by the hapless plaintiff, Andrew Macwriggle.

"Your name is just Crooks?" asked Macwriggle, and the attorney, with slight dignity, bowed.

"My name is Macwriggle;" and the bearer of the name paused.

"Oh! indeed," observed Mr. Crooks.

"It appears, sir, that you were the attorney in the case of that infernal scoundrel ——"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Crooks; "I know no scoundrels as clients."

"No matter for that," said Andrew; "you acted for John Junks?"

"I had that honor," replied Crooks.

Macwriggle advanced into the middle of the room, and clenching his fist, and casting his eyes towards a top row of "The Abridgment of the Statutes," he began almost at a scream—"If there was ever a scoundrel, if there was ever a villain—a thief—a pickpocket ——"

"Really, sir," said Crooks, rather uncertain as to whom Macwriggle applied the epithets, and not quite convinced that Andrew had not a horsewhip under his coat, "I cannot suffer this abuse. I insist, Mr. Macwriggle ——"

"But, no sir," said Andrew, in a composed tone, and smiling, "that's not what I came for. Mr. Crooks, you were the attorney for Junks; you conducted his case; you know how it was got up."

"I conducted his case," said Mr. Crooks; "and what, sir, do you wish to say to me?"

"This, sir," answered Macwriggle; "that you're just the very man I've been looking for all my life; here's all my papers—all my business; for the man who could get off Junks, is the very man for Andrew Macwriggle's attorney."

We have said it; the sharp employ the sharp. Verily, a man is known by his attorney.

THE COCKNEY.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"MY lot might have been that of a slave, a savage, or a peasant," says the grateful Gibbon; "nor can I reflect without pleasure, on the bounty of Nature, which cast my birth in a free and civilised country, in an age of science and philosophy, in a family of honorable rank, and decently endowed with the gifts of fortune." In his heart, the true Cockney has a kindred gratitude to that of the author of "The Rise and Fall," though it may happen he shall never express it; nay, shall be almost ignorant of its existence. Yet, notwithstanding, it is the unknown cause of his self-complacency, the hidden source of his pride, the reason of his compassionate consideration of the original deficiencies of his rustic brethren. He might have been born at the Land's-End; he might have spoken broad Cornish; he might have never seen St. Paul's Church, or the wax-work in Westminster Abbey. Hence, in the meaning of the classic historian, he must have been a slave, a savage, or a peasant. He is, however, none of these—but a Cockney; and therefore, a person, to his own satisfaction at least, conversant with all London science and philosophy; and, by virtue of such advantage, justified in the wickedness of his jokes upon bacon, smock-frocks, and hob-nails.

We believe that, despite much antiquarian research, the term Cockney has never been satisfactorily traced to its origin. Should we regret this? No; we ought rather to rejoice that what has been familiarised by—shall we say, contempt—is indeed of an antiquity

"Mysteriously remote and high."



THE COCKNEY.

We have been dull at Worthing one summer, duller at Brighton another, duller at Eastbourne a third, and are at this moment doing dreary penance at Hastings!

Chatterbox.

The Cockney, like the forty centuries apostrophised by Bonaparte, may, from the height of time, look down upon the present fleeting generation. Whence Cockney? *Unde derivatur?* Antiquarians have dreamed dreams about it; have, indeed, written their pages in sand: but we have nothing certain—nothing to quench curiosity thirsting for a draught of truth. With these premises, we may safely touch upon the fables imagined by the ingenious men who have, as we think, vainly sought to bring the Cockney from the dim realm of shadows into “the light of common day.”*

* One historian relates, that a gentle dweller in London, having incautiously wandered at least three miles from Bow Church, was suddenly astonished by the crowing of a cock. In the artificial life in which he had passed his early days, he had, of course, never listened to the clarion of Chanticleer; he had only seen him smoking in the dish, or exposed to the critical thumb and finger of chaffering housewives in the Poultry. Hence, our Londoner, when somewhat recovered from his astonishment, exclaimed, “the cock *neighs!*” From this, the antiquarian, with an ingenious boldness, not uncommon with his tribe, has declared the word Cockney a word of reproach—a blot—a shame a brand; a nick-name illustrative of the grossest ignorance of the susceptible and astute citizens of London. We should not have spoken of this antiquarian morsel, considering it as merely a thing for the nursery, were not trifles of a like consistency every day made up by commentators and glossary-mongers, to be swallowed by men.

Chaucer, in his “Canterbury Tales,” makes John, the gamesome clerk, say—

“I shall be holden a daffe or a *cokenay*,”

a fool, a *cokenay*—using the term as one of foulest reproach for a man of sense; upon which Mr. Tyrrwhit expressed his belief that it is a term of contempt borrowed originally from the kitchen. In base Latinity, *cook* is *coquinator*—hence *cokenay*, opines Mr. Tyrrwhit, is easily derived. The critic supports his opinion by a citation from Hugh Bigot:—

“Were I in my castle of Bungay,
Upon the river of Wavenay,
I would na care for the King of *Cokeney*.”

Here London is called Cokeney, in allusion to an imaginary country of idleness and luxury, anciently known by the name of *Cokaigne* or *Cucagne*, still derived by Hickes from *coquina*, the kitchen, the place of brawn and sweetbread; a derivation that would have been most satisfactory to Rabelais himself. Hickes published a poem “The Country of Cokaigne,” probably, thinks

The Cockney has, within the last half century, declined from his importance in the eyes of his rustic brethren. When London was to York a city almost as mysterious as Timbuctoo, the Cockney, in his individual character, was invested with higher and more curious attributes than are awarded to him in these days. When he was only to be approached in his metropolitan fastness, by a week's tedious journey in the quickest-going wagon; when folks, two hundred miles away, shut up their shops and made their wills ere they girded up their loins, and corded their trunks, that they might see the animal in his natural state in Fleet Street and in Bishopsgate; he was, when at length through many dangers looked upon, a creature of no small interest—no passing wonderment. His dress, his air, his look of extraordinary wisdom—all things presented him to the Arcadian from Lancashire or the county of Dorset, as a person of considerable importance. Stage-coaches were started, rail-roads were laid down, and Timbuctoo (we mean Cockaigne) was no longer a mysterious city, but a common rendezvous for graziers, button-makers, dairy-maids from Devon, and pitmen from Newcastle. The pavement of Bond-street, almost sacred to the shoes of the Cockney, became scarified by the hobnails of all the counties.

Besides the more favorable claims of the Cockney upon the enriosity and homage of Corydon, he had, in the legends told at farmer's fire-sides of his less estimable qualities, a dangerous interest in the eyes of his rustic beholder. All white-headed men, who, in their youth, had made one pilgrimage to London, would tell fearful histories of the wiliness of ring-droppers—of the mira-

Mr. Tyrwhit, translated from the French, who have had the same fable among them. Boileau says,

“Paris est pour un riche *un pais de Cocagne*.”

There is also a Neapolitan festival, called *La Cocagna*; and in a mock-heroic poem, in the Sicilian dialect, called *La Cuciagna Conquistata* (1674,) the most noble city of Cuccagna is described as being seated on a mountain of grated cheese, and crowned with a huge cauldron of maccheroni.

culous faculty of Cockaigne pick-pockets. Hence, Lubin from Shropshire, who crawled from the wagon to Cheapside, had a new source of interest as he surveyed the gold-laced coats of the fine people about him: they might be thieves and sharpers in their working suits, and they might be only gentlemen!

And when the Cockney quitted London—yes, when he would condescend to visit his mother's relations in the wilds of Leicestershire! "My cousin from London!" Was he not a something—a bit of the great, mysterious city? Was he not shown as the very choicest and most certain sample of the great Babylon? Even, as the pedant showed the one brick as the sample of the house, so was Whittington Simmons, from Lad Lane, exhibited as a veritable fragment of marvellous London. And then what humors of Cockaigne did the said Whittington Simmons put forth, to his own present glory, and to his memory for twenty years afterwards, at the rural fire-side! How the farmer laughed! And how deliciously Whittington, with a joke from the play-house, or with the last flash phrase east of the Bar—how triumphantly did he silence the unconquerable exciseman!

Why dwell upon the glories of a departed age? Why, to present mortification, touch upon the raptures of the past? What is now the Cockney, in the eyes of Corydon—what London to York?

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view!"

And there is no distance where there is a railroad. The Cockney is no longer stared, wondered at, upon his native pavement; but uncereemoniously jostled by Melibæus Mugs, from the Potteries. And then, for the Cockney's reputation of cheat, among the pastoral swains! How rarely do we find him triumphant over the cunning of a Smithfield bullock-driver? How seldom, in these common-place days, doth he drop a ring? Lastly, for the glory of his rural visits, what is the Cockney now in Staffordshire?—only, to imitate the phrase of Louis XVIII, only one Englishman

more. He walks the street of a country place, and is no more the object of curiosity than the town-pump. He visits the farmer's fire-side; is he there the indomitable wit? doth he talk and jest, the wonder of some, the fear of many, and the admiration of all? Alas! it is most probable that he claims no more attention than the sides of bacon hanging about him; or, like the bacon, only keeps his place—so has the rustic won upon the Cockney—to be the further smoked. The inventors of railways have much to answer for.

However, albeit the revolution of things has lessened the importance of the Cockney in the eyes of all the world out of London, he himself remains, in his own assurance, the same clever, knowing, judicious, sprightly, witty fellow that he ever was. He knows life in all its varieties. He was born and bred in Bishopsgate Within; and for that unanswerable reason, is in no way to be cozened. He is a part and parcel of the greatest city upon earth: a piece of the very heart of the empire. The Mansion House, the Monument, and Guildhall, are to him more ancient than the pyramids. Gog and Magog, to the real Cockney, stand in the remote relation of ancestors: he is wood of their wood. Politics to him are most familiar matters; he can discuss state questions as easily as he could play at push-pin; and displace a ministry with the same readiness as, in the days of his apprenticeship, he could take down the shutters. The court, with all its wonders, is to him no *terra incognita*: not it; for he has seen her majesty, drawn by the cream-colored horses, go down to Parliament; and once a week, or oftener, takes off his hat to the Queen in her rides from the palace. Hence, there is no state ceremony with which he is unacquainted; no divinity, "hedging" the royal person, which he has not, with increasing familiarity, doffed his beaver to. In his business hours, the Cockney is worthy of the attention of any reflecting cart-horse. He is the genius of labor; the willing serf to those worse than Egyptian task-masters, "*L. s. d.*" Consider him when working for his daily bread;

and man, the paragon of animals, appears a creature expressly fashioned to toil for shillings, and for—nothing more. His very soul seems absorbed in the consideration of the coin of the realm; his mind hath no greater range than that of his shop; and his every thought, like every omnibus, runs to the bank.

But the Cockney has his festive hours, his days of pleasure; and, perhaps, his peculiar genius for pleasantry is never more characteristically exerted than at a masquerade. Here the Cockney is, indeed, in fullest feather. His animal spirits are so abundant that they, incontinently, make him knock off hats; deal body-blows; and send him playing leap-frog over the heads of his fellow revelers. If the Cockney be somewhat dull at a repartee, he has the acutest sensibility for a row: and, though he shakes his ears and looks doggedly at a thrust of wit, he can, with the liveliest promptitude, make play for a black eye. These, however, are the enjoyments of his more sportive—his more youthful season. The middle-aged Cockney has severer pleasures, calm meditative hours, when his soul makes holiday from the business of the week, and spreads its wings and soars, unburdened by the weight of the shop. Sunday comes; and in tavern bower, or humbler tea-garden, with one eye upon his pipe, and the other on a bed of marigolds, the Cockney will sit and smoke, and smoke, and drink an unconsidered quantity of British brandy, and satisfactorily consider his own virtues, complacently taking for himself the very highest rank for true piety, and earnest, downright, Sabbath-keeping, above all the other sinful nations of this sinful earth. It may be, that both his tongue and his foot trip a little on his way home; and his wife, if she be with him, is not addressed in that soft, captivating strain that first won her virgin heart. It has, too, happened, that arrived in his bed-chamber, there has been some difficulty on the part of the mistress and maid in getting off the good man's boots; though, sometimes, he has imperiously waived the ceremony by insisting to go to bed in them. And what of this? hath he not spent his seventh day

without whistling; without singing? Did ever the sinful wish rise within him of a fiddle? did he, like a heathenish foreigner, ever dream of a dance? No; he enjoyed himself like a Christian and an Englishman; ten pipes of tobacco, and eight glasses of very black brandy and water, making but a small part of his nobler recreations.

We have seen the Cockney on his own ground. He is, however, to be viewed to greater advantage when away, not from London merely, but from England. What a delicious fellow is the real Cockney in France! How delightful at the Hague! What a positive blessing is one of the true London breed on the Rhine! All his finer qualities, like Madeira, improve wonderfully by a sea-voyage. His self-importance increases with the distance from Bow church, and he lands at Calais, or Boulogne, with an overwhelming sense of his nationality. He wanders up and down two or three streets, and see—he enters a shop, kept by “John Roberts, from Fish Street Hill,” to make his foreign purchases. The inn at which the Cockney puts up—it is the boast—is kept by an Englishman; the dinners are English; the waiter is English; the chambermaid is English; the boots is English; and the barber who comes to shave him, if he be not English, has, at least, this recommendation—he has, in his time, lived five years in Saint-Mary-Axe, and is *almost* English. More! when the Cockney—his heart set upon a little smuggling—buys a splendid French tea-pot, with a picture on each side of it; the very tea-pot which, from the very moment that the Custom House officer comes aboard, puts our hero, who has the utensil in his hat, in the coldest sweat—that tea-pot, purchased as a “*souvenir*” for Mary Anne, though the innocent Cockney suspects it not, is, ten times out of twenty, English, too.

Although he is in France, the Cockney is at a loss to conceive why there should be French manners—French feelings—French prejudices. We once witnessed a droll illustration of this astonishment. A real Cockney having stalked up and down the room

of an hotel, where were hung several prints—the subjects, Napoleon's victories; and having stared, somewhat sulkily, at every picture, turned himself round, and, with a look of pitying wonder, exclaimed, "Well, I declare, upon my word, they seem to think a good deal of this Bonaparte here!"

Follow the Cockney to Paris. See! he is in the garden of the Tuilleries! What can he be doing near the statue of Diana? Ha! the sentry calls to him, and the Cockney, with thunder in his brow, looks savagely at the foreigner. Our indignant countryman is, however, ordered away, and, swelling with national greatness, he moves on. What could he be doing at the statue! Let us see. Oh, here it is! The Cockney—poor fellow! it is an amiable weakness, he cannot help it—the Cockney has written in pencil his address in full on the right leg of Diana: here it is, "*John Wiggins, Muffin-maker, Wild Street, Drury-Lane, was here on the 20th of July, 1839.*" A most important fact, thinks Cockney Wiggins, and one that ought to be disseminated amongst the visitors of the gardens of the Tuilleries.

We have seen how the Cockney blesses himself on his Sunday proprieties when at home: abroad, however, it is another matter. "When at Rome, you know," he observes wittily, "we must do as Rome does. Eh?" The Cockney disdains not to illustrate the proverb. It is the Sabbath-night: we are at the theatre, Porte St. Martin. Who is that gentleman and party in the front box? Can it be? Yes, it is no other than the Englishman who, at "The Adam and Eve," every summer Sunday, virtuously smokes his pipe, and with a fine sense of self-respect, confines himself to eight glasses of brandy-and-water. There he is, happy as a duck in a shower, with his wife, his sons, and his daughters. Next day, near one of the Barriers, a horse is to be baited by dogs, there is also to be an interesting fight between an ass and a muzzled bear. There, at the show, is the Cockney; there he is: only, however, to express his vehement disgust at the brutality of the French. He returns to England; and having profanely

enjoyed his Sundays abroad, thinks it his duty to sign every petition for the better observance of the Sabbath at home. John Bull is no hypocrite—not he!

The Cockney in his travels, like a mackerel in water, cannot turn without displaying a new beauty in a new light. He is not to be thoroughly known when rooted to London soil. See him bound for the Rhine. He is for the first day or two all anticipation of the coming glories of his voyage; yet, do not wonder if, from Coblenz to Mentz, he remain below, in the cabin, playing cribbage with a congenial fellow-tourist.

“And what place is that!” asked a Cockney who, coming upon deck, suddenly beheld the stupendous fortress of Ehrenbreitstein.

“That, sir, is supposed to be one of the largest fortresses in the world—Ehrenbreitstein.”

“God bless me! very large, indeed, very. Enormous! I ——” and he turned his head to his friend, “I wonder how many beds could be made up there.”

The speculation revealed the calling of the travellers; they were Cockney innkeepers—“The Blue Lion” out upon a jaunt with “The Bag-o’-Nails.”

Even on our English shores, the Cockney is an animal of interest. There is infinite fun and humor in him when, escaped from the counter, and carefully put up in a continental Strand-made *blouse*, he sauntereth dreamingly along, picking up star-fish on Ramsgate sands; or takes his post on Margate pier, with—prudent man!—a paper of shrimps under one arm, and in one hand, ready, like Van Tromp, to “sweep the Channel,” the best of telescopes!

The Cockney is a good fellow at heart; and would be a much better, certainly a much more agreeable animal, had he not the crotchet in his head, that he was not only the cleverest, the wittiest, but, at the same time, the most decent, and the most moral, of all earth’s many-favored babes.



THE DINER-OUT.

If thou wantest anything, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart!

King Henry the Fourth.

THE DINER-OUT.

BY HENRY BROWNRIGG, ESQ.

THE DINER-OUT—we mean the knife-and-fork professor with a good and wide connection—is a man without a care. If he be not, then are the sources of human anxiety too many and too mysterious for us to fathom. But it is impossible that the Diner-Out can feel one touch of mortal misery: steeped in the gravies of his neighbr—fortified with the venison of his hundred friends, ennobled, yea, sublimated above the petty accidents of this dim spot “which men call earth,” by the port, champagne, and burgundy, of his best and dearest acquaintance—the meaner ills of this life fall upon him, hurtless as hail upon an elephant. He passeth on, made invulnerable to calamity by the contributed benevolence of those—the best and the brightest of the world—who “give dinners.” He is at once the child and glory of hospitality; the representative and embodiment of every table-cloth virtue. He is a living and increasing evidence of the goodness of our common nature; a prize biped, fed upon the oil and honey cakes of his liberal fellow-man.

But, it may be objected by some mean-souled wretch, content to feed on figs, penny-rolls, and spring-water—for we have heard of such monsters—that the Diner-Out has no household gods! Ha! ha! has he not? “Better,” says the canting fellow, with a starved look of would-be independence, “better to eat an onion at our own hearth, than ortolans at the boards of the rich.”—Hungry reader! give no ear to such hypocrisy—trust not thin-chapped temperance; but glance at the rosy, shining face—sur-

vey the abominous dignity of our hero, and believe in the Diner-Out!

“The Diner-Out has no household gods!” All the better for him: he is not called upon to sweat and labor for daily offerings of meat and drink—the said household gods being most clamorous, most constant, in their calls on butcher, baker, and brewer; but, turning from his own unconsecrated hearth, quitting his cold, unguarded fireside, the Diner-Out spreads me his cloth in the midst of a hundred worshippers, having the choice of a hundred temples, wherein he may perform with fullest ceremony his social devotions. “Away with the bigotry of knife-and-fork,” cries our Diner-Out; and as that wise philosopher, Sir Thomas Browne, made it his boast, that he could say his prayers with either Turk or Levite, so would our real Diner-Out manifest the greatness of his heart, and the magnanimity of his digestion, by partaking of pilau with Mahomet, or roast kid and pistachio-nuts with Rothschild. Nay, were it possible that the Wandering Jew could put up for a day at either the Clarendon or the Crown-and-Anchor, our Diner-Out would exhibit his triumph over vulgar prejudices, by “cutting the stranger’s mutton!”

“The Diner-Out has no household gods!” We return to this scurvy charge, that we may show the felicity of the Diner-Out to consist in what is foolishly considered his desolate condition.—Household gods are divinities of a most tyrannical character: Mumbo Jumbo and the Blue Monkey are not half so ravenous, require not sacrifices of so terrible a kind, as at times do these said household gods—these domestic prettinesses—wreathed, in the pages of poets and novelists, with immortal roses, and having aspects innocent and beautiful as the faces of cherubim. Such, however, are their holiday decorations—their feast-day looks—when the steam of the kitchen rises around them, and hangs like beads of honey-dew upon their temples. These are the household gods of the rich—these are the divinities who never spoil their plump, ripe apple cheeks, by drawing long faces at an empty

grate; who never blow their blue nails in pitiless January, and sometimes trench upon good manners, by muttering an oath at the unaccommodating coal-merchant. Cheap is the furniture of the Diner-Out, moderate his rent; and if few his sympathies, few his wants. Our Diner-Out—he is ninety-nine times in the hundred a bachelor, either on a broken income, or on a property from the first but small—having no spouse, no children, must pay somewhat for out-door luxuries. Unblest with the soft endearing voice of wife at home, he is compelled to throw himself upon the opera; having no children to feed, clothe, and send to school, he may be lavish in his love of white kid. He gets a dignity out of his bachelorship; and wanting the sweet religion of fire-side divinities, wears many coats in Regent Street. “Household gods!” said Jack Smellfeast, the other day—Smellfeast, be it known, is a Diner-Out of some distinction—“Household gods! Pooh!—I keep a horse.”

The Diner-Out is, certainly, the professor of what may be considered one of the most difficult arts of life. This fact is proved by the hundreds who, in this glorious London, flourish but for a season or two, and then, like swallows, go no man knows whither.

Dining out being, in these days, one of the most profitable of the arts and sciences, we shall consider ourselves in the gratifying light of public benefactors, if, from the practice of a Diner-out, distinguished in the art for many years, we give a few hints to those of our fellow-men, who, like ourselves, look upon dinner to be the most important incident in the whole mortal four-and-twenty hours; its value and beauty still increasing with the smallness of its cost to the diner. We entreat our readers to pause and contemplate the subject with a seriousness and attention of a more solemn and more intent description than any they may devote to the minor morals: people, of really very respectable substance and standing, doing excellently well without morals; whilst there is much ignominy in the squalid fact of doing without a dinner.

To dine well is, in the very largest acceptance of the phrase, to live well.

The Diner-Out must be a man of very moderate humor—of the most temperate and considerate wit. It must be his first study, to obtain and keep the character of a good-natured fellow, a most agreeable companion, at the same time rendering it impossible for those who praise him to tell the why or the wherefore. We know that certain wags have blazed and coruscated for a season or two at a few tables where are to be found the first delicacies of the season, whether of bird or beast, vegetable or man; the first pine-apple or the last author; but these wits are but for a few invitations; the regular professional Diner-Out, and it is of him we speak, is for all cloths. It must, therefore, be his study to display a certain good-natured dulness, an amiability that shall make him repress the brightest jest that ever fell from human lips, if by any possibility the unuttered joke could be thought to tell against one of the party; that one, it may be, happening to possess the noblest kitchen—the most glorious cellar; and, therefore, to be conciliated by a meek politeness, an attentive urbanity, that shall insure the Diner-Out a future summons to his table: for it must be remembered that the Diner-Out, whilst apparently enjoying the delights of the repast, and its after ease and hilarity, is, indeed, laboring to extend his connection. He is not asked to grace a board on the strength of a new picture—a wonderful poem—a galvanic, man-eating, man-slaying novel, or the discovery of new self-supplying sugar-tongs, or for the great merit of having lived with the Esquimaux on walrus-flesh and train-oil: our Diner-Out feasts not upon any such adventitious, any such accidental, principle, but upon higher deserts; yea, he obtains his turtle and burgundy from worthier, from more lasting causes; for in a very flutter of “delight,” he helps any and every lady and gentleman to the wing of a chicken, and with a stereotype smile upon his face, is at a moment’s notice prepared to be “but too happy” to “take wine” with all the world.

The Diner-Out must never be known to utter a brilliant witticism at the cost of any dinner-giver. The people will laugh heartily at the time; but they will all remember that the Diner-Out wears a dangerous weapon; and wits, like drunken men with swords, are apt to draw their steel upon their best acquaintance. He may, at certain pauses, venture a conundrum, or relate the last Yankee exaggeration from the papers; or if he have genius sufficient, he may himself make two or three, swearing by the way that he has read them "in some obscure print:" these matters, wanting the edge of personality, cast around the Diner-Out a halo of cheap humor, and go to the sum of his character as a good-natured and agreeable fellow. He must shun scandal as it were garlic. If any of the party indulge in picking holes in the good names of their friends and acquaintance—a most common and most social pastime—the Diner-Out must keep a curb upon his tongue; and, if impossible to divide off into conversation with his neighbor, must throw himself upon the olives, thereby indicating his want of interest in the immediate subject, and his peace with all the world. Let scandal take the highest pitch, let bright and burning jests abound, the Diner-Out must never seem to enjoy the fun: as though he listened to the drolleries of Malays or Japanese, he may survey the speakers with a mild benignity of look; but for their words, for the edifying matter of their speech, that must be to him as an unknown tongue. At such times, an innocent suckling, smiling at the convolutions and the colors of a nest of snakes, must be our Diner-Out. He may crack nuts, whilst dinner-givers and common men crack reputations. Nor let the young Diner-Out believe for a moment that such moderation will be lost upon the influential persons of the party; if not at the time, they are certain next day to remember the good-nature of "that agreeable fellow, Smellfeast;" or, if his worthy qualities be quoted by another, they will, from the recollection of his meekness, promptly

and fervently corroborate the good report of his knife-and-fork virtues. The wisdom of silence, and a good digestion, are among the brightest qualifications of a regular Diner-Out.

The Diner-Out may sing: that is, if he sing not too well, to give offence to dinner-givers who sing extremely well themselves, and thus, by an injudicious display of his talent, injure his connection. Hence, he may sing, provided he sing small. He may also imitate London actors, crow like a cock, pipe like a bullfinch, or bray like an ass, as occasion may serve, and as he may be solicited to air his merits. He must, however, by all his hopes of his neighbor's knives and forks, take especial care that he never attempt to force a hearing. If conversation take a political turn, he must be dumb as an oyster—the reason is obvious: the Ultra-Whig on his right has a name for champagne; whilst the old Tory opposite is glorified by his burgundy.

The Diner-Out must make himself an especial favorite with the lady of the house: to her he must appear a pattern-man—an excellent person—a virtuous eleven o'clock individual, with the profoundest admiration of that most ennobling, most excellent, and most intellectual of all human institutions, the institution of marriage; failing not to make it understood, that blighted hopes in the morning of his life, have for ever doomed him to the withering state of celibacy.

The Diner-Out must have a most passionate love for children. He must so comport himself that when his name shall be announced every child in the mansion shall set up a yell—a scream of rapture—shall rush to him—pull his coat-tails—climb on his back—twist their fingers in his hair—snatch his watch from his pocket; and, whilst they rend his super-Saxony—load his shoulders—uncurl his wig—and threaten instant destruction to his repeater, the Diner-Out must stifle the agony at his heart and his pocket, and to the feebly-expressed fears of the mamma, that the “children are troublesome,” the Diner-Out must call into every

corner of his face a look of the most seraphic delight, and with a very chuckle, assure the anxious parent that "the little rogues are charming!"

There are, however, houses—places of desolation!—in which there are no children. In this case, the Diner-Out must love the dog. When we say love the dog, we do not mean that he must simply express a liking for dogs in general; but that he must, in the most unequivocal, in the liveliest manner, display an affection—a passion—for the dog of the house: be it

"Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, lurch or lym,
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail,"

the Diner-Out must take the creature to his heart, and love it a little less—and only a little—than its mistress and its master. If there be no dog, the Diner-Out must love the cat, perhaps of the Angola or the Persian kind, and a favorite with the family; (if, indeed, simple man and wife are to be dignified with that most delicious of English collectives). Should there be no cat—for we like, in this our manual, to provide for even extreme cases—the Diner-Out must find a resource in the parrot; if no parrot, in the canary; if no canary, in the goldfinch or linnet; if, however, there be neither beast nor bird to engage his affections, the Diner-Out must fall in love with the china, or any moveable to which, as he may speedily learn by his sagacity, the lady of the house shall—after, of course, her husband—be most attached. We once knew an illustrious Diner-Out—to be sure he *was* a genius!—who took fifty dinners a-year from one family: and why? He had contrived to become desperately enamored with the drawing-room fire-irons; by some adroit means, if a stranger were present, always led the conversation to them, and thus elicited, from one of the household, a legend of the family, in which the courage of the mother—at the time a delicate and lovely creature of little more than nineteen—was most extraordinarily displayed; the virgin defending herself with only a poker from the advances of

a strange unarmed man, generally believed to be a burglar, but by the lady herself suspected to be something considerably worse. We are convinced that we do not err, and we state the fact for the advantage and instruction of all Diners-Out, when we assure the reader that the sagacious Marrowmouth dined off that drawing-room poker fifty times per annum. Yes, fifty times. Now, he, indeed, must be unworthy of the trade of dining out, who cannot find something like a poker in every homestead.

The Diner-Out must take every opportunity of insinuating a knowledge of his high connections. If he really and truly know no Dukes, he must manage to make a few for his especial acquaintance. The intimacy—though it only amounts to that of touching hats—will give a certain glory to the Diner-Out; the lower he condescends to feed, the greater lustre he brings with him. There was Silverprongs—only second to Marrowmouth—who always came into plebeian dinner-parties quite warm from the shake of hand of a Marquis. He, of course, brought something of the latent heat of aristocracy, something that made the visiting commoners—we mean the merely respectable people—very often take wine with Silverprongs, and, on retiring to the drawing-room, smilingly hope for the cultivation of his acquaintance. There is another point to be impressed upon the attention of the pupil Diner-Out. If he visit families who have a great veneration for the literary character—we have already said that we like to provide for extreme cases—he must be hand-in-glove with every illustrious son of pen-and-ink with which these porcupine times abound. If, on the other side, any part of his connection lies among serious families—and we have heard of such, who, when they condescend to dine, make dinner a most devout piece of business—our Diner-Out must speak of proof impressions of portraits from the “Evangelical Magazine,” sent to him with the autograph compliments of the originals.

The Diner-Out must pay particular attention to that portion of his wardrobe which may be said to belong to his profession—his

dinner-suit must be faultless: he must have the last fold—the last wrinkle—the earliest intelligence of enlarged cuffs—of coat-tails narrowed or widened—of trowsers gathered in, or rendered more expansive; and, in these days, he must not fail to let his “wit,” like *Laverdine’s*, in Fletcher’s old play,

“Lie in a ten pound waistcoat.”

A few fathoms of gold-chain, with diamonds (if to be had) for shirt-buttons, and as many rings on his fingers as a rattle-snake has in its tail, are, to the Diner-Out, almost indispensable. He is scarcely fit for decent company, if he do not appear as though he had come from a sitting for the sweetmeat portrait of a gentleman to the “World of Fashion.”

We have, we trust, registered the principal requisites for a professional Diner-Out; a character, as we humbly conceive, blessed beyond his fellow men, inasmuch as he may be said to walk through life upon a dining-room carpet, seeing the best part of human nature—for surely man never so unreservedly displays “the silver lining” of his soul as at, and after, dinner—and judging of the world in its happiest and most benevolent moments.

Dinner!—a word that to tens of thousands of men is associated with anxieties, and fears, and carking cares—a word, involving butchers’ bills, fishmongers’ bills, bills of bakers, bills of brewers, bills miscellaneous, not safely to be thought of at the time of shaving—all these hard and stern realities are to the Diner-Out nothing more than fictions; things that he has heard of, but never known. What is the butcher to the Diner-Out? No other than the executioner to the cook—the cut-throat to the kitchen. The fishmonger is a kind of benevolent Triton; a creature bringing the treasures of the deep to earth, for the especial gratification of our hero; he vends turbot, crimps skate, for the palate of our Diner-Out, who eats in happy ignorance of a future call. The wine-merchant is to him the genial and generous vassal of Bacchus—the cup-bearer deputed by the glorious god—calling men

to drink and never bringing in the score. The gardener, who raises peas at only five guineas per quarter-peck, and flings pine-apples at the head of holly-crowned Christmas, what is he to the Diner-Out, but the servitor of plenty—of plenty in her most luscious and delightful aspect?

Is it possible, then, that the Diner-Out can be otherwise than a good-tempered creature? Can he have one spot in his heart touched with uncharitableness—with malice—with envy of dinner-giving man? Indigestion may come upon him; the gout may, sometimes, make him scream; but, when misanthropic, discontented, folks speak of the frailties of human nature, of the meanness and cruelty of this sometimes mean and cruel world, our Diner-Out will, with an ineffable look of charity, lay his hand upon his belly, and seriously avow his conviction that all men are the very best of people, and that the world itself is a world of milk and honey. He will avow, with almost a grateful tear standing in each eye, that he has lived and dined forty—fifty—sixty—years, and therefore “ought to know.”

And wherefore this charity?—wherefore this philanthropic softness? Why, to our Diner-Out, all men—at least, all his connections, which of course contain all the world—are associated with something luscious and beautiful. Let the faces of his friends pass before his mental vision: they are not the faces of men—the visages of mere humanity; no! they are fantastically, yet withal delightfully, merged into the aspects of kitchen and cellar comforts. The Diner-Out conjures to his mental eye the countenance of his dear friend Tissue, the banker; is it the countenance of Tissue? No! but a *dindon aux truffes*, upon the banker's shoulders; Tissue having been for years immortalised for his turkeys with truffles. The thoughts of our Diner-Out wander to Ledgerly, the Indian merchant; when up starts Ledgerly, with a face distorted to something very like a haunch of venison. Again, our Diner-Out has grateful recollections of Moidore, the great bill-discounter: enter Moidore, with his square head shooting up

into a bottle, whereon Chateaux Margaux is most legibly emblazoned. Thus, with our Diner-Out, his biped friends are but the types of better things. He knows the name of Tissue, of Ledgerly, and of Moidore; but they are endeared to him by their association with turkey, venison, and glorious wine.

We have ten sons; and thrice a day say we, to each and all of them, "**Boys, BE DINERS-OUT!**"

THE FASHIONABLE AUTHORESS.

BY WILLIAM THACKERAY.

PAYING a visit the other day to my friend Timson, who, I need not tell the public, is editor of that famous evening paper, the * (and let it be said that there is no more profitable acquaintance than a gentleman in Timson's situation, in whose office, at three o'clock daily, you are sure to find new books, lunch, magazines, and innumerable tickets for concerts and plays); going, I say, into Timson's office, I saw on the table an immense paper cone or funnel, containing a bouquet of such a size that it might be called a bosquet, wherein all sorts of rare geraniums, luscious magnolias, stately dahlias, and other floral produce were gathered together—a regular flower-stack.

Timson was for a brief space invisible, and I was left alone in the room with the odors of this tremendous bow-pot, which filled the whole of the inky, smutty, dingy, apartment with an agreeable incense. "*O rus! quando te aspiciam,*" exclaimed I, out of the Latin grammar, for imagination had carried me away to the country, and was about to make another excellent and useful quotation (from the 14th book of the Iliad, Madam), concerning "ruddy lotuses; and crocuses, and hyacinths," when all of a sudden Timson appeared. His head and shoulders had, in fact, been engulfed in the flowers, among which he might be compared to any Cupid, butterfly, or bee. His little face was screwed up into such an expression of comical delight and triumph, that a Methodist parson would have laughed at it in the midst of a funeral sermon.



THE FASHIONABLE AUTHORESS.

How fluent nonsense trickles from her pen

"What are you giggling at?" said Mr. Timson, assuming a high aristocratic air.

"Has the goddess Flora made you a present of that bower wrapped up in white paper, or did it come by the vulgar hands of yonder gorgeous footman, at whom all the little printer's devils are staring in the passage?"

"Stuff," said Timson, picking to pieces some rare exotic, worth at the very least fifteen-pence; "a friend, who knows that Mrs. Timson and I are fond of these things, has sent us a nosegay; that's all.

I saw how it was. "Augustus Timson," exclaimed I, sternly; "the Pimlicoes have been with you; if that footman did not wear the Pimlico plush, ring the bell and order me out; if that three-cornered billet lying in your snuff-box has not the Pimlico seal to it, never ask me to dinner again."

"Well, if it *does*," says Mr. Timson, who flushed as red as a peony, "what is the harm? Lady Fanny Flummery may send flowers to her friends, I suppose? The conservatories at Pimlico House are famous all the world over, and the countess promised me a nosegay the very last time I dined there."

"Was that the day when she gave a box of bonbons for your darling little Ferdinand?"

"No, another day."

"Or the day when she promised you her carriage for Epsom races?"

"No."

"Or the day when she hoped that her Lucy and your Barbara-Jane might be acquainted, and sent to the latter from the former a new French doll and tea-things?"

"Fiddlestick!" roared out Augustus Timson Esquire; "I wish you wouldn't come bothering here. I tell you that Lady Pimlico is my friend—my friend, mark you, and I will allow no man to abuse her in my presence: I say again *no rom*;" wherewith Mr. Timson plunged both his hands violently into his breeches-

pockets, looked me in the face sternly, and began jingling his keys and shillings about.

At this conjuncture (it being about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon), a one-horse-chay drove up to the * office (Timson lives at Clapham, and comes in and out in this machine)—a one-horse-chay drove up; and amidst a scuffling and crying of small voices, good humored Mrs. Timson bounced into the room.

"Here we are, deary," said she: "we'll walk to the Mery-weathers; and I've told Sam to be in Charles Street at twelve with the chaise: it would'nt do, you know, to come out of the Pimlico box, and have the people cry, 'Mrs. Timson's carriage!' for old sam and the chaise."

Timson, to this loving and voluble address of his lady, gave a peevish puzzled look towards the stranger, as much as to say "*He's* here."

"La, Mr. Smith! and how *do* you do?—So rude—I didn't see you: but the fact is, we are all in *such* a bustle! Augustus has got Lady Pimlico's box for the *Puritani* to-night, and I vowed I'd take the children."

Those young persons were evidently, from their costume, prepared for some extraordinary festival. Miss Barbara-Jane, a young lady of six years old, in a pretty pink slip and white muslin, her dear little poll bristling over with papers, to be removed previous to the play; while Master Ferdinand had a pair of nan-keens (I can recollect Timson in them in the year 1825—a great buck), and white silk stockings, which belonged to his mamma. His frill was very large and very clean, and he was fumbling perpetually at a pair of white kid gloves, which his mamma forbade him to assume before the opera.

And "Look here!" and "Oh, precious!" and "Oh, my!" were uttered by these worthy people, as they severally beheld the vast bouquet, into which Mrs. Timson's head flounced, just as her husband's had done before.

"I must have a green-house at the Snuggery, that's positive,

Timson, for I'm passionately fond of flowers—and how kind of Lady Fanny!—Do you know her ladyship, Mr. Smith?"

"Indeed, madam, I don't remember having ever spoken to a lord or a lady in my life."

Timson smiled in a supercilious way. Mrs. Timson exclaimed, "La, how odd? Augustus knows ever so many. Let's see, there' the Countess of Pimlico and Lady Fanny Flummery; Lord Doldrum (Timson touched up his travels, you know); Lord Gaster-ton, Lord Guttlebury's eldest son; Lady Pawpaw (they say she ought not to be visited, though); Baron Strum—Strom—Strumpf——"

What the baron's name was I have never been able to learn; for here Timson burst out with a "Hold your tongue, Bessy," which stopped honest Mrs. Timson's harmless prattle altogether, and obliged that worthy woman to say meekly, "Well, Gus, I did not think there was any harm in mentioning your acquaintance." Good soul! it was only because she took pride in her Timson that she loved to enumerate the great names of the persons who did him honor. My friend the editor was, in fact, in a cruel position, looking foolish before his old acquaintance, stricken in that unfortunate sore point in his honest, good humored character. The man adored the aristocracy, and had that wonderful respect for a lord which, perhaps, the observant reader may have remarked, especially characterises men of Timson's way of thinking.

In old days at the club (we held it in a small public house near the Coburg Theatre, some of us having free admissions to that place of amusement, and some of us living for convenience in the immediate neighborhood of one of his majesty's prisons in that quarter,—in old days, I say, at our spouting and toasted cheese club, called "The Fortum," Timson was called Brutus Timson, and not Augustus, in consequence of the ferocious republicanism which characterised him, and his utter scorn and hatred of a bloated, do-nothing aristocracy. His letters in "The Weekly Sentinel," signed "Lictor," must be remembered by all our read-

ers: he advocated the repeal of the corn laws, the burning of machines, the rights of labor, &c. &c., wrote some pretty defences of Robespierre, and used seriously to avow, when at all in liquor, that, in consequence of those "Lictor" letters, Lord Castlereagh had tried to have him murdered, and thrown over Blackfriar's Bridge.

By what means Augustus Timson rose to his present exalted position it is needless here to state; suffice it, that in two years he was completely bound over neck-and-heels to the bloodthirsty aristocrats, hereditary tyrants, &c. One evening he was asked to dine with a secretary of the Treasury (the * is ministerial, and has been so these forty-nine years); at the house of that secretary of the Treasury he met a lord's son: walking with Mrs. Timson in the park next Sunday, that lord's son saluted him. Timson was from that moment a slave, had his coats made at the west end, cut his wife's relations (they are dealers in marine stores, and live at Wapping), and had his name put down at two clubs.

Who was the lord's son? Lord Pimlico's son, to be sure, the honorable Frederick Flummery, who married Lady Fanny Foxy, daughter of Pitt Castlereagh, second earl of Reynard, Kilbrush Castle, county Kildare. The earl had been ambassador in '14; Mr. Flummery, his attaché: he was twenty-one at that time, with the sweetest tufts on his chin in the world. Lady Fanny was only four-and-twenty, just jilted by Prince Scoronconcolo, the horrid man who had married Miss Solomonson with a plum. Fanny had nothing—Frederick had about seven thousand pounds less. What better could the young things do than marry? Marry they did, and in the most delicious secrecy. Old Reynard was charmed to have an opportunity of breaking with one of his daughters for ever, and only longed for an occasion never to forgive the other nine.

A wit of the Prince's time, who inherited and transmitted to his children a vast fortune in genius, was cautioned on his marriage to be very economical. "Economical!" said he; "my wife

has nothing, and I have nothing: I suppose a man can't live under *that!*" Our interesting pair, by judiciously employing the same capital, managed, year after year, to live very comfortably, until, at last they were received into Pimlico House by the dowager (who has it for her life), where they live very magnificently. Lady Fanny gives the most magnificent entertainments in London, has the most magnificent equipage, and a very fine husband; who has his equipage as fine as her ladyship's; his seat in the omnibus, while her ladyship is in the second tier. They say he plays a good deal—ay, and pays, too, when he loses.

And how, pr'ythee? Her ladyship is a FASHIONABLE AUTHORESS. She has been at this game for fifteen years; during which period she has published forty-five novels, edited twenty-seven new magazines and I don't know how many annuals, besides publishing poems, plays, desultory thoughts, memoirs, recollections of travel, and pamphlets without number. Going one day to church, a lady, whom I knew by her Leghorn bonnet and red ribbons, *ruche* with poppies and marigolds, brass ferroniére, great red hands, black silk gown, thick shoes, and black silk stockings; a lady, whom I knew, I say, to be a devotional cook, made a bob to me just as the psalm struck up, and offered me a share of her hymn-book. It was,

HEAVENLY CHORDS;

A COLLECTION OF

SACRED STRAINS:

SELECTED, COMPOSED, AND EDITED, BY THE

LADY FRANCES JULIANA FLUMMERY

—being simply a collection of heavenly chords robbed from the lyres of Watts, Wesley, Brady, and Tate, &c.; and of sacred strains from the rare collection of Sternhold and Hopkins. Out of this, cook and I sang; and it is amazing how much our fervor was increased by thinking that our devotions were directed by a lady whose name was in the Red Book.

The thousands of pages that Lady Flummery has covered with ink exceed all belief. You must have remarked, madam, in respect of this literary fecundity, that your amiable sex possesses vastly greater capabilities than we do; and that while a man is lying painfully laboring over a letter of two sides, a lady will produce a dozen pages, crossed, dashed, and so beautifully neat and close, as to be well-nigh invisible. The readiest of ready pens has Lady Flummery; her Pegasus gallops over hotpressed satin so as to distance all gentlemen riders: like Camilla, it scours the plain—of Bath, and never seems punished or fatigued; only it runs so fast that it often leaves all sense behind it; and there it goes on, on, scribble, scribble, scribble, never flagging until it arrives at that fair winning post on which is written “FINIS,” or, “THE END;” and shows that the course, whether it be of novel, annual, poem, or what not, is complete.

Now, the author of these pages doth not pretend to describe the inward thoughts, ways, and manner of being, of my Lady Flummery, having made before that humiliating confession, that lords and ladies are personally unknown to him; so that all milliners, butchers’ ladies, dashing young clerks, and apprentices, or other persons who are anxious to cultivate a knowledge of the aristocracy, had better skip over this article altogether. But he hath heard it whispered, from pretty good authority, that the manners and customs of these men and women resemble, in no inconsiderable degree, the habits and usages of other men and women whose names are unrecorded by Debrett. Granting this, and that Lady Flummery is a woman pretty much like another, the philosophical reader will be content that we rather consider her ladyship in her public capacity, and examine her influence upon mankind in general.

Her person, then, being thus put out of the way, her works, too, need not be very carefully sifted and criticised; for what is the use of peering into a millstone, or making calculations about the figure 0? The woman has not, in fact, the slightest influence upon

literature for good or for evil: there are a certain number of fools whom she catches in her flimsy traps; and why not? They are made to be humbugged, or how should we live? Lady Flummery writes every thing; that is, nothing. Her poetry is mere wind; her novels, stark naught; her philosophy, sheer vacancy: how should she do any better than she does? how could she succeed if she *did* do any better? If she did write well, she would not be Lady Flummery; she would not be praised by Timson and the critics, because she would be an honest woman, and not bribe them. Nay, she would probably be written down by Timson and Co., because, being an honest woman, she utterly despised them and their craft.

We have said what she writes for the most part. Individually, she will throw off any number of novels that Messrs. Soap and Diddle will pay for; and collectively, by the aid of self and friends, scores of "Lyrics of Loveliness," "Beams of Beauty," "Pearls of Purity," &c. Who does not recollect the success which her "Pearls of the Peerage" had? She is going to do the "Beauties of the Baronage;" then we shall have the "Daughters of the Dustmen," or some such other collection of portraits. Lady Flummery has around her a score of literary gentlemen, who are bound to her, body and soul: give them a dinner, a smile from an opera-box, a wave of the hand in Rotten Row, and they are hers, neck and heels. *Vides, mi fili, &c.* See, my son, with what a very small dose of humbug men are to be bought. I know many of these individuals: there is my friend M'Lather, an immense, pudgy man: I saw him one day walking through Bond Street in company with an enormous ruby breast-pin. "Mac!" shouted your humble servant, "that is a Flummery ruby;" and Mac hated and cursed us ever after. Presently came little Fitch, the artist; he was rigged out in an illuminated velvet waistcoat—Flummery again—"there's only one like it in town," whispered Fitch to me confidentially, "and Flummery has that." To be sure, Fitch had given, in return, half-a-dozen of the prettiest drawings in the

world. "I would n't charge for them; you know," he says, "for hang it, Lady Flummery is my friend." Oh Fitch, Fitch!

Fifty more instances could be adduced of her ladyship's ways of bribery. She bribes the critics to praise her, and the writers to write for her; and the public flocks to her as it will to any other tradesman who is properly puffed. Out comes the book; as for its merits, we may allow, cheerfully, that Lady Flummery has no lack of that natural *esprit* which every woman possesses; but here praise stops. For the style, she does not know her own language, but in revenge, has a smattering of half-a-dozen others. She interlards her works with fearful quotations from the French, fiddle-faddle extracts from Italian operas, German phrases fiercely mutilated, and a scrap or two of bad Spanish: and, upon the strength of these murders, she calls herself an authoress. To be sure there is no such word as authoress. If any young nobleman or gentleman of Eton College, when called upon to indite a copy of verses in praise of Sappho, or the Countess of Dash, or Lady Charlotte What-d'ye-call-'em, or the Honorable Mrs. Somebody, should fondly imagine that he might apply to those fair creatures the title of *auctrix*—I pity that young nobleman's or gentleman's case. Doctor Wordsworth and assistants would swish that error out of him in a way that need not here be mentioned. Remember it henceforth, ye writeresses—there is no such word as authoress. *Auctor*, madam, is the word. "*Optima, tu proprii nominis auctor eris;*" which, of course, means that you are, by your proper name, an author, not an authoress: the line is in Ainsworth's Dictionary, where anybody may see it.

This point is settled then, there is no such word as authoress. But what of that? Are authoresses to be bound by the rules of grammar? The supposition is absurd. We don't expect them to know their own language; we prefer rather the little graceful pranks and liberties they take with it. When, for instance, a celebrated authoress, who wrote a *Diaress*, calls somebody the

prototype of his own father, we feel an obligation to her ladyship; the language feels an obligation; it has a charm and a privilege with which it was never before endowed: and it is manifest, that if we can call ourselves antetypes of our grandmothers—can prophesy what we had for dinner yesterday, and so on, we get into a new range of thought, and discover sweet regions of fancy and poetry, of which the mind hath never even had a notion until now.

It may be then considered as certain that an authoress *ought* not to know her own tongue. Literature and politics have this privilege in common, that any ignoramus may excel in both. No apprenticeship is required, that is certain; and if any gentleman doubts, let us refer him to the popular works of the present day, where, if he find a particle of scholarship, or any acquaintance with any books in any language, or if he be disgusted by any absurd, stiff, old fashioned notions of grammatical propriety, we are ready to send him back his subscription. A friend of ours came to us the other day in great trouble. His dear little boy, who had been for some months attaché to the stables of Mr. Tilbury's establishment, took a fancy to the corduroy-breeches of some other gentleman employed in the same emporium—appropriated them, and afterwards disposed of them for a trifling sum to a relation—I believe his uncle. For this harmless freak, poor Sam was absolutely seized, tried at Clerkenwell Sessions, and condemned to six months' useless rotatory labor at the House of Correction. "The poor fellow was bad enough before, sir," said his father, confiding in our philanthropy; "he picked up such a deal of slang among the stable-boys: but if you could hear him since he came from the mill! he knocks you down with it, sir. I am afraid, sir, of his becoming a regular prig; for though he's a cute chap, can read and write, and is mighty smart and handy, yet no one will take him into service on account of that business of the breeches!"

"What, sir!" exclaimed we, amazed at the man's simplicity;

"*such* a son, and you don't know what to do with him! a cute fellow, who can write, who had been educated in a stable-yard, and has had six months' polish in a university—I mean a prison—and you don't know what to do with him? Make a *fashionable novelist* of him, and be hanged to you!" And proud am I to say that that young man, every evening, after he comes home from his work (he has taken to street-sweeping in the day, and I don't advise him to relinquish a certainty)—proud am I to say that he devotes every evening to literary composition, and is coming out with a novel, in numbers, of the most fashionable kind.

This little episode is only given for the sake of example; *par exemple*, as our authoress would say, who delights in French of the very worst kind. The public likes only the extremes of society, and votes mediocrity vulgar. From the Author they will take nothing but Fleet Ditch: from the Authoress, only the very finest of rose-water. I have read so many of her ladyship's novels, that, egad! now I don't care for anything under a marquis. Why the deuce should we listen to the intrigues, the misfortunes, the virtues, and conversations of a couple of countesses, for instance, when we can have duchesses for our money? What's a baronet? pish! pish! that great coarse red fist in his scutcheon turns me sick! What's a baron? a fellow with only one more ball than a pawnbroker; and, upon my conscience, just as common. Dear Lady Flummery, in your next novel, give us no more of these low people; nothing under strawberry leaves, for the mercy of Heaven! Suppose, now, you write us

ALBERT;

OR,

WHISPERINGS AT WINDSOR.

BY THE LADY FRANCES FLUMMERY.

There is a subject—fashionable circles, curious revelations, exclusive excitement, &c. To be sure, you *must* here introduce a

viscount, and that is sadly vulgar; but we will pass him for the sake of the ministerial *portefeuille*, which is genteel. Then you might do "Leopold; or, the Bride of Neuilly;" "The Victim of Wurtemberg;" "Olga; or, the Autocrat's Daughter" (a capital title); "*Henri*; or, Rome in the Nineteenth Century:" we can fancy the book, and a sweet paragraph about it in Timson's paper.

"HENRI, by Lady Frances Flummery.—Henri! who can he be? a little bird whispers in our ear, that the gifted and talented Sappho of our hemisphere has discovered some curious particulars in the life of a *certain young chevalier*, whose appearance at Rome has so frightened the court of the Tu-l-ries. Henri de B-rd—ux is of an age when the *young god* can shoot his darts into the bosom with fatal accuracy; and if the Marchesini Degli Spinachi (whose portrait our lovely authoress has sung with a *kindred hand*) be as beauteous as she is represented (and as all who have visited in the exclusive circles of the eternal city say she is), no wonder at her effect upon the Pr—nce. *Verbum sap.* We hear that a few copies are still remaining. The enterprising publishers, Messrs. Soap and Diddle, have announced, we see, several other works by the same accomplished pen."

This paragraph makes its appearance, in small type, in the *, by the side, perhaps, of a disinterested recommendation of bear's grease, or some remarks on the extraordinary cheapness of plate in Cornhill. Well, two or three days after, my dear Timson, who has been asked to dinner, writes, in his own hand, and causes to be printed in the largest type, an article to the following effect:—

"H E N R I .

BY LADY F. FLUMMERY.

"This is another of the graceful evergreens which the fair fingers of Lady Fanny Flummery are continually strewing upon our

path. At once profound and caustic, truthful and passionate, we are at a loss whether most to admire the manly grandeur of her ladyship's mind, or the exquisite nymph-like delicacy of it.—Strange power of fancy! Sweet enchantress, that rules the mind at will: stirring up the utmost depths of it into passion and storm, or wreathing and dimpling its calm surface with countless summer smiles (as a great bard of Old Time has expressed it); what do we not owe to woman?

“What do we not owe her? More love, more happiness, more calm of vexed spirit, more truthful aid, and pleasant counsel; in joy, more delicate sympathy; in sorrow, more kind companionship. We look into her cheery eyes, and, in those wells of love, care drowns: we listen to her syren voice, and, in that balmy music, banished hopes come winging to the breast again.”

This goes on for about three-quarters of a column: I don't pretend to understand it; but with flowers, angels, Wordsworth's poems, and the old dramatists, one can never be wrong, I think; and though I have written the above paragraphs myself, and don't understand a word of them, I can't upon my conscience, help thinking that they are mighty pretty writing. After, then, that this has gone on for about three quarters of a column (Timson does it in spare minutes, and fits it to any book that Lady Fanny brings out), he proceeds to particularise, thus:—

“The griding excitement which thrills through every fibre of the soul as we peruse these passionate pages, is almost too painful to bear. Nevertheless, one drains the draughts of poesy to the dregs, so deliciously intoxicating is its nature. We defy any man who begins these volumes to quit them ere he has perused each line. The plot may be briefly told as thus:—Henri, an exiled prince of Franconia (it is easy to understand the flimsy allegory,) arrives at Rome, and is presented to the sovereign Pontiff. At a feast, given in his honor at the Vatican, a dancing girl (the loveliest creation that ever issued from poet's brain) is introduced, and exhibits some specimens of her art. The young prince is

instantaneously smitten with the charms of the Saltatrice; he breathes into her ear the accents of his love, and is listened to with favor. He has, however, a rival, and a powerful one. The POPE has already cast his eye upon the Apulian maid, and burns with lawless passion. One of the grandest scenes ever writ, occurs between the rivals. The Pope offers to Castanetta every temptation; he will even resign his crown, and marry her: but she refuses. The prince can make no such offers; he cannot wed her: 'The blood of Borbone,' he says, 'may not be thus misallied.' He determines to avoid her. In despair, she throws herself off the Tarpeian rock; and the Pope becomes a maniac. Such is an outline of this tragic tale.

"Besides this fabulous and melancholy part of the narrative, which is unsurpassed, much is written in the gay and sparkling style, for which our lovely author is unrivalled. The sketch of the Marchesina Degli Spinachi and her lover, the Duca of Di Gammoni, is delicious; and the intrigue between the beautiful Princess Kalbsbraten and Count Bouterbrod is exquisitely painted: every body, of course, knows who these characters are. The discovery of the manner in which Kartoffeln, the Saxon envoy, poisons the princess's dishes, is only a graceful and real repetition of a story which was agitated throughout all the diplomatic circles last year. 'Schinken, the Westphalian,' must not be forgotten; nor 'Olla, the Spanish Spy.' How does Lady Fanny Flummery, poet as she is, possess a sense of the ridiculous and a keenness of perception which would do honor to a Rabelais or a Rochefoucault? To those who ask this question, we have one reply, and that an example:—Not among women, 'tis true; for till the Lady Fanny came among us, woman never soared so high. Not among women, indeed!—but, in comparing her to that great spirit for whom our veneration is highest and holiest, we offer no dishonor to his shrine:—in saying that he who wrote of *Romeo* and *Desdemona* might have drawn Castanetta and Enrico, we utter but the truthful expressions of our hearts; in

asserting that so long as SHAKSPEARE lives, so long will FLUM-MERY endure; in declaring that he who rules in all hearts, and over all spirits and all climes, has found a congenial spirit, we do but justice to Lady Fanny—justice to him who sleeps by Avon!”

With which we had better, perhaps, conclude. Our object has been, in descanting upon the Fashionable Authoress, to point out the influence which her writing possesses over society, rather than to criticise of her life. The former is quite harmless; and we don't pretend to be curious about the latter. The woman herself is not so blameable; it is the silly people who cringe at her feet that do the mischief, and, gulled themselves, gull the most gullible of publics. Think you, O Timson! that her ladyship asks you for your *beaux yeux* or your wit? Fool! you do think so, or try and think so; and yet you know she loves not you, but the * newspaper. Think, little Fitch, in your fine waistcoat, how dearly you have paid for it! Think, M'Lather, how many smirks, and lies, and columns of good three-halfpence-a-line matter, that big garnet pin has cost you! The woman laughs at you, man! you, who fancy that she is smitten with you—laughs at your absurd pretensions, your way of eating fish at dinner, your great hands, your eyes, your whiskers, your coat, and your strange north-country twang. Down with this Dalilah! Avaunt, O Circe! giver of poisonous feeds! To your natural haunts, ye gentlemen of the press! if bachelors, frequent your taverns, and be content. Better is Sally the waiter, and the first cut out of the joint, than a dinner of four courses, and humbug therewith. Ye who are married, go to your homes; dine not with those persons who scorn your wives. Go not forth to parties, that you may act Tom Fool for the amusement of my lord and my lady; but play your natural follies among your natural friends. Do this for a few years, and the Fashionable Authoress is extinct. O Jove, what a prospect! She, too, has retreated to her own natural calling, being as much out of place in a book as you, my dear M'Lather, in a drawing-room. Let milliners look up to her; let

Howell and James swear by her; let simpering dandies caper about her car; let her write poetry if she likes, but only for the most exclusive circles; let mantua-makers puff her—but not men: let such things be, and the Fashionable Authoress is no more! Blessed, blessed thought! No more fiddle-faddle novels! no more namby-pamby poetry! no more fribble “Blossoms of Loveliness!” When will you arrive, O happy Golden Age?

THE "LION" OF A PARTY.

EDITED BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

A **SUBTLE** Italian, no less a man than the Counte Pecchio, has called London "the grave of great reputations." In simple, prosaic phrase, this our glorious metropolis is—a vast cemetery for "Lions!" They are whelped every season; and frail and evanescent as buttercups, they every season die: that is, they do not die body and bones, but have a most fatal cutaneous and depilatory disorder—a mortality that goes skin-deep, and little more—a disease that strips them of their hide, and tail, and mane; yea, that makes the very "Lions" that, but a few months since, shook whole coteries with the thunder of their voices, roar as "gently as any sucking-doves." The ferocious dignity of the "Lion" in fine condition—the grimness of his smile—the lashing might of his muscular tail—all the grand and terrible attributes of the leonine nature pass away with the season—he is no longer a thing of wonder, a marvellously-gifted creature, at which

"—— the boldest hold their breath,
For a time,"

but a mere biped—simply, a human animal—a man, and nothing more! He walks and talks unwatched amid a crowd; and spinsters who but a year before, would have scarcely suppressed "a short, shrill shriek" at his approach, let him pass with an easy and familiar nod—it may be, even with a nod of patronage; or, if it happen that they remember his merits of the past season, they speak of them with the same philosophical coldness with which they would touch upon the tail and ears of a long-departed spaniel.



THE "LION" OF A PARTY.

God shield us! a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.

Mohammed's dream.

It is a sad thing for a "Lion" to outlive his majesty; to survive his nobler attributes—it may be, lost to him in the very prime of life, thus leaving him bereft of all life's graces. And yet, how many men—"Lions" once, with flowing manes, and tails of wondrous length and strength—have almost survived even the recollection of their leonine greatness, and, conforming to the meekness and sobriety of tame humanity, might pass for nobodies.

Being desirous of furnishing the reader with the most full and particular account of the growth and death of the "Lion" of a Party, from the earliest appearance of his mane—from the first note of promissory thunder in his voice—carrying him through the affecting glories of his too short triumph, until every hair fell from his sinewy neck, his voice broke, and his tail—a thing that had been admired by countesses—was thin, and limp as any thread-paper; being, indeed, most anxious to lay before the reader a truly philosophical account of the emotions of the "Lion," varying with his rise and fall, we wrote a letter, explanatory of our object, to a gentleman—now a clergyman, late a "Lion"—in every way qualified to instruct and delight the reader on the important theme; and beg leave, on the part of our subscribers and ourselves, to acknowledge the spirit of courtesy and promptitude manifested in the subjoined communication—as we conceive, the very model of an epistle, albeit the publisher has his own opinion on the style of its conclusion:—

TO THE EDITOR OF "HEADS OF THE PEOPLE."

SATANSFIELD, Nov. 5, 1838.

Mr. Editor:—In reply to your flattering communication I have to announce to you my readiness to serve you, and instruct your numerous readers, on the terms herein subscribed; and shall, of course, consider the insertion of this letter in your inestimable publication—(I have not yet seen the first number, it having, unluckily, fallen into the hands of Lambskin, a most respectable

attorney of this village, who, in a fit of indignation, consigned it to the flames, for, as he said, "the unprovoked, unprincipled, and atrocious libel contained in 'The Lawyer's Clerk,' on a profession involving the dearest interests of mankind—a profession that, &c. &c. &c.")—I shall, I say, consider the insertion of this letter as an acquiescence in what I trust will appear a very trifling remuneration, which, *as the money is to be expended on charitable objects, it will, I trust, be forwarded to me as above without one minute's delay.**

To begin my history:—

I have been a "Lion;" have been taken "among ladies"—have "aggravated my voice"—have had my mane curled—my tail-knot decorated—my hide made sleek—my teeth filed—my nails sharpened—and have stood amidst a "party" as stands the portrait—(with a proof of which you have kindly favored me)—to these my confessions.

Never shall I forget my sensations as I gradually changed from nobody to somebody—from mere John Nokes, to "Nokes, the author of ——!"

How I rejoiced at the loss of "Mr.!" I was "Nokes!" In simple and expressive oneness—"Nokes!" I no longer owed

* We may be wrong; our memory may deceive us; but when we were sub-sub-sub-editor to "The Gimcrack," the fashionable annual, which admitted no contributor under the rank of baronet, we think—we are pretty sure—we could almost swear—nay, we are ready to take our oath—that we have seen, generally in the form of postscript, the *very words* put in emphatic italic by our contributor from Satansfield, in the maiden's-blush notes, of at least three of the nobility—the literary props and jewels of "The Gimcrack." It may be charged against us, that we have in our notice of this strange coincidence, shown ourselves ungrateful to our late employers; who, in the very dead time of winter, with coals at one-and-ten-pence per bushel, turned us off, and only for not knowing that Sir Mufflehead Bogby was an Irish knight, and not an English baronet; as, when we had given out "his copy"—a very sweet little poem to a "London Sparrow"—to be printed next to the Countess of Dewlap's "Thoughts in an Opera-box;" we had, in our limited knowledge of the baronetcy verily believed. And for this trifling mistake we were turned away, when coals—but an honest sense of pride, and manly independence, makes us dumb.—Ed.

anything to the courtesy of life—to the cheap civilities of society—I had sloughed the common title bestowed on the "great vulgar and the small," and was purely and greatly "Nokes."

"Shakspeare," "Dryden," "Pope,"—"Nokes!"

I was astonished at the discoveries of my admirers. I found by all the reviews, that "I had the grace, the vigor, of——, without the coarseness of——;"—"the imagination of ——, but with no touch of the profanity of ——;" that "though —— had succeeded in depicting certain emotions, not even he, no, not even —— with all his genius, had flown so high a flight as the inimitable Nokes." When reviewers enter into a conspiracy of praise, they do their work, it must be owned, most handsomely; in one little six months

"I had a 'Lion's' mouth, with all my *tail* complete."

In no less than eight reviews did I peruse these heart-delighting words, hanging like a golden fringe to the end of a satin-smooth yard of criticism. "No library can be considered complete without it." IT—the book—MY book—the *book of Nokes!* What a sublime thought is this! and being so sublime, what a pity it is, it was then made so cheap! Happily for my enjoyments, I was then unconscious of its frequent application, and was therefore possessed and elevated by the comprehensiveness of the compliment, that made *me*—Nokes—essential to the refinement of generations present and to come!

"No library can be considered complete without IT."

The Bodleian, wanting me, would be little more than a place for lumber—the library of the British Museum, an undigested mass of printed paper—in a word, every library on the face of the earth, with Nokes absent from its shelves, would cease to be, what Cicero has called it—the "soul of a house;" and must henceforth be considered a chaos of words and sentences.

There was, I repeat it, a conspiracy among the reviewers to lift me high, only to make my fall the greater. With a refinement of

cruelty, they evidently bound themselves one to another, to face it out to all the world, that until Nokes arose, the world was in comparative darkness, but being risen, there was light indeed! From the moment that my roarings were first acknowledged, all men shrunk and dwindled; their brains lost "their cunning;" their books—written o'er and o'er with golden sentences; made beautiful with glowing scenes of life; consecrated against the tooth of time by the noblest wisdom, and the deepest truth (for all these pretty things had been said and printed of them); were, when I drew my grey-goose Hudson, made as "naught." I dipped my pen in ink, and lo! the pages of all other men, from that moment, became blank paper. I nibbed my quill, and a hundred literary throats had mortal gashes!

Nor was this sufficient. It was not enough that all other men were slain, that I might sit upon a throne of carcasses; but the dead—the illustrious dead, as I had heard them called—were dragged from their tombs, and stripped of their winding-sheets to make my robes more ample. I was crowned the King of Foolscap and the Lord of Ink!

Years have elapsed since I felt the glow—the delirium of my new-born fame. I write this "a wiser and a sadder man;" but remembering, as I do, the "Nokes" mania—I had published a poem in quarto, on—(but it matters not,)—recollecting the "*furor Nokesius*" that—brought about by the confederacy of reviewers—afflicted the town, I am convinced—and I write this upon due deliberation, my mind happily raised above such vain distinctions, possessed, as it at present is, by domestic affections, the care of a tolerably large family, two cows, and a flock of geese—I am convinced that had I in my days of literary glory condescended to the meanness of publishing as my own composition—giving to the world as the bright-haired child of my own brain—the very beautiful, and, by the way, too much neglected old English ballad of "Nancy Dawson," I should not have stood in need of benevolent critics, who would have gone up to their very elbows in ink

to make the ballad mine; and, in despite of the production of the original, have sneered it down as a contemptible slander, a venomous invention, the malignity of which was happily its own antidote.—Whilst, as a reinforcement, other generous critics would have risen up, and descanting on the graphic originality of my ballad, have advised—and in words not to be mistaken—"Shakespeare and Milton to look to their laurels!" Maturely considering the indulgence shown to me, can I think otherwise? Was I not eulogised as the first poet who, seeking into the hidden recesses of resemblances, had likened a "virgin" to an "ungathered flower?" Was I not smeared from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot with honey, for the simile of "life" and "a river?" Had any man—it was triumphantly asked—had any poet (and it only evinced the various and sublime capabilities of poetry, observed the reviewer, that so many thousand years had passed, and that so beautiful, and yet withal so palpable an emanation of true poesy had been reserved for the present day)—had any poet struck out so touching, so original a thought?

I swallowed this—every word of it; and every syllable did me, as I thought, a world of good. I fattened upon incense—grew corpulent upon musk. The evil hour came. I was put into a room in a party, with another poet, as Brummell would have said, "damp from the wet sheets of the press;" I caught cold—fell into a rapid consumption—and was in six months, typographically dead. I have dwelt thus long upon the cruel eulogies bestowed upon me by a brotherhood—a sworn band of critics—that the reader may judge me with charity, when shaking my mane, showing my teeth, and twisting my tail at the hundred parties, whereof I was the principal attraction; or, in more familiar phrase, the "Lion!" What an atmosphere of joy I breathed! I stood and moved with five hundred lovely eyes upon my tail; and, wherever I turned my head, I beheld smiles, and now and then heard sighs that—but no! I am now a married man.

How the women would flutter, and smile, and blush as I ap-

proached! how would they drink my words as they were honey-dew; how, with downcast eyes and hesitating lips, would they venture to praise my "divine poem;" and then—how would they bind me in a solemn promise "to write something—if only a line" in their albums!

Was it possible for a mere "Lion" to endure these blandishments with no change of head or heart? Was it possible to hear myself quoted—and by such lips—and remain nothing more than Nokes? To be assured that my lines were inevitably to the end of the world household things—creatures that would perish only with the language—to be told that poetry had "received a diviner form, a higher influence—was destined to work a mightier change in the social habits of a people than could have ever been predicted for it, and all since the appearance of Nokes?" Now, such were the precise words—for they sank indelibly into my heart—conveyed to me at "a party," by a tall gentleman in a blood-colored satin waistcoat, embellished with gold caterpillars, who having hunted me into a corner, and delivered himself of the above opinion, immediately put his card into my hand, and tried, but could not express the sense of honor he should feel, if I would but condescend to sit to him for Somerset House! Now, the painter with the gold caterpillars was the tenth artist who, on the evening in question, had flattered me by a like request. Eight I had already promised, and——

And here I feel it due to Mildpen—(by the way, he had never been a "Lion," though he tried hard for the dignity; but somehow, when he strove to roar, he could rise to nothing better than whistling; and for mane and tail, they would not come kindly, do what he might)—I feel it due to Mildpen to state that it was he who saved me from the ninth promise; for I caught his benevolent eye, and saw his expressive mouth, and I civilly refused; Mildpen congratulated me on my escape; assuring me that the man was "a vulgar dog—a pot-house artist—a fellow who knew nothing of *society*, as he piqued himself on the stern reality of his

likenesses, never putting a single spoonful of sugar into his colors, but painting authors just as they were. Now in the hands of Honeybrush—the gold-caterpillar artist—you are safe; he, depend upon it, will treat you like a gentleman.” With this assurance, I sat to Honeybrush; and am bound to say that he turned me out of hand in a very satisfactory condition. He painted me with a military cloak slipping off my shoulders—most literary lions were then painted in military cloaks, as if at their leisure hours they were majors of cavalry—my hand, with ten rings upon it, supporting my head—my forehead an enormous piece of white paint, and my eyes fixed upon a star, poetically placed in the corner of the picture within an inch of the frame. I was seated on a rock, with a very handsome inkstand beside me, and my right hand grasping, as if in a spasm of inspiration, an eagle’s feather! Altogether I made a very pretty show; though a contemptible critic—after my leonine death—declared the picture to be an ingenious mixture of the seraph and the man-milliner.

It would, probably, Mr. Editor, lead me beyond your prescribed limits, were I to touch upon all the portraits painted of me in my roaring state. It may be sufficient for me to observe, that the artists have caught me in every possible variety of attitude and expression: cross-legged—leaning—sprawling—with arms folded, and arms a-kimbo—contemplative—smiling—sneering—and for the admirers of the sublime and dignified, according to Dryden:—

“I looked a ‘Lion’ with a gloomy stare,
And o’er my forehead hung my matted hair!”

This last portrait, I am happy to state, was hung so high, and in so dark a corner, that very few ladies knew of its existence.*

* Should Mrs. Nokes wish to possess this painting, we are happy to inform her, that it is now on sale, dog-cheap, at the left-hand corner shop of Broker’s Row, Hanover Street, Long Acre; we saw it only yesterday.—Ed.

However, to quit the pictorial theme, which I resign with renewed acknowledgments of the kindness of Mildpen, a really fine fellow—at the present moment, I am told, editing "The Weekly Thunderbolt" in Penzance—an excellent fellow, for it was he, who on our return from a party in Fitzroy Square, in a moment of high excitement, pointed out to me the shop (the only shop in London) in Tottenham Court Road, where white kid gloves were cleaned at only three-pence per pair; white kid gloves being, in my days, a more exclusive wear than at present: a most expensive article of dress too, for mere literary "Lions," for I know not how others have suffered, but I never took mine off at any party, that I did not lose at least one of them.*

I have endeavored to describe my sensations as my leonine nature came upon me; I have now—and I shall as briefly as possible touch upon the distressing theme—to speak of my feelings as I again felt myself falling back to mere man. My fate is, however, the fate of all "Lions."

I was in the strength of my reputation, when Buggins, the great poet and romance-writer, arose.

"We met—'t' was in a crowd:"

but I saw the women hanging round him—all the ten artists, nine of whom had *done* me, watching him to catch him for "Somerset House"—a fashionable publisher (turning his back to *me*) glaring at Buggins, as if he would have looked into his very bowels for "copy,"—and two editors of rival magazines (their

* Mr. Nokes will regret to hear that the worthy individual who kept this most convenient establishment—we knew it well—has since been bankrupt. Mr. Nokes alludes to his losses of kid gloves whilst a "Lion;" in the simplicity and ingenuousness of his nature, he is apparently ignorant of an astonishing but withal complimentary fact. The truth is, let a "Lion" of a Party only unglove himself, and the women—we have seen them do it—steal the kids. The pretty enthusiasts *will* have a relic of "the wonderful creature," and thus commit a theft, which even the sufferer must, as we have observed, allow to be very complimentary. How courageous are women when they really admire! To seize a piece of kid from the very paws of a "Lion."—Ed.

backs to *me*) smiling graciously on what I felt to be *the* "Lion" of the night.

I retired early from the scene; and never—never shall I forget the cool insolence with which one of my former worshippers, a beautiful girl, who had already appeared in one of the handsomest of the annuals, met me retreating to the door, and with her eye on Buggins, and half-turning her back to me, she cried "What! going? good-bye."

I went home, suspecting, nay more than suspecting, my fallen condition. The fact, however, was put beyond a doubt, when in the next number of "The Annihilator," I read the following passage—a passage taken from fifty eulogies redolent of incense. The words were as follows:—

"To say that Buggins has risen beyond all former poets in the portraiture of men and things is to say nothing; as he has surpassed all men, so will no man ever surpass him. In a word, he has all the grandeur (and ten times more) of Nokes, *without* one particle of his weakness!"

That "*without*!" My fate was sealed; from that moment my mane came off by handfuls!

The "weakness of Nokes!" I who had been quoted—landed for energy—superhuman power—but it matters not; had I malice, the evil passion would be more than satisfied, for in a year or two afterwards, I perceived in "The Annihilator," the following gratifying intelligence:—

"For Slopskin—the new star that has risen in the firmament of literature—it may be truly said of him, that he has more than all the vigor of Buggins, without his poverty of expression."

And what is Slopskin now? No "Lion," but Bottom the weaver. Another "Lion" came with a "*without*" a something of Slopskin, and lo! Slopskin is now mere mortal man.

I retired from London in disgust; having, however, had the satisfaction of seeing myself bound in sheep for the use of schools—went to college—entered the church, and here I am in the

parish of Satansfield, on the limited income of two hundred pounds per annum, house-rent, coals, and candles, included; no "Lion," but an unshaken pillar of Protestant ascendancy—please to direct Mr. TYAS to immediately forward me the thirty pounds for this article, and believe me yours, truly and affectionately,

JOHN NOKES.

We will add nothing to the "confessions" of the late "LION:"—they shall stand unmixed "with baser matter."



THE YOUNG LORD.

These are the flies—glorious as Solomons—who toil not, neither
do they spin.

Shelley.

THE YOUNG LORD.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"WHEN a sow farrows," writes Henry Lord Brougham, in his "Dissertations," illustrative of Paley, "each pig"—by the action of the abdominal muscles, being literally thrown upon the world—"instantly runs up to one of the teats, which he ever after regards as his own peculiar property." So far, so well, with the first-born pigs; for his lordship continues:—"When more pigs than teats are produced, the latter ones run to the tail of some of the others, and suck till they die of inanition."*

Never before were the advantages and injuries of primogeniture more strikingly, and withal, more affectingly, displayed. Who could have believed that a parallel was to be drawn between peers and pigs? And yet the Chinese, a philosophic, far-seeing people, must have had some inkling of the curious fact; for, in their harmonious and mysterious tongue, "the word '*shu*,'" says Dr. Mason Good, "means both a *lord* and a *swine*." It is, however, but just to add, that this irreverence of synonym is purely the fault of the Chinese radicals; although, in the whole Celestial language, they "do not exceed four hundred and eleven."

The reader, after the authority we have cited, must admit that pigs are of two kinds: pigs born to teats, and pigs born to tails!

(Let us not be mistaken: far be it from us to mingle in an unseemly crowd sucking pigs with sucking peers. We hope to be understood as speaking philosophically, and not profanely.)

Young lords, like young porkers, are of two kinds: lords born

* See "Dissertations on Subjects of Science," vol. i, p. 208.

to teats, and lords born to tails. Here, however (and for the sake of our common humanity it is great happiness to know it), the parallel ends. Lords, though the twentieth of the same house, do not die of inanition; for though aristocracy has but one teat, the state has many most nutritious tails. The first-born tugs all his life at the family breast; the younger Lords Charleses and Lords Augustuses have, time out of mind, been wet-nursed at the Treasury. When the inhuman mother has refused the bounty of a bosom, a Walpole has benignly given the fatness of a tail. The state, with Lady Macbeth, may cry,

“——I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the lord that milks me!”

And the world has borne testimony to the plumpness of the nursling, to the fulness of its cheeks, the brawn of its thighs, and the loudness of its crying. History has shown the state to be a most kind wet-nurse to deserted noble babes: so kind, that, considering them in the maturity of their powers, it is sometimes difficult to decide who have been most fortunate—the lords of the family teat, or the lords of the Treasury tail.

However, we live in eventful times, in days of daring change, of most profane revolution. The Young Lord of the nineteenth century is a much less enviable person than the Young Lord of fifty years ago. If he be the first-born, with all the advantages of that happy state, the task set him by the hard and grudging spirit of the age is far more irksome, far more difficult, than that conned by his grandfather. His title as a title has not the weight it had; it has lost, too, something of the music of its ring upon the leathern ears of a utilitarian generation. Hard times for Young Lords, when they may not leisurely saunter along the path of worldly honor, lest their heels be wounded by the advancing toes of the viler orders!

Time was when the lord exalted genius; when the poet was a literary serf, and wore the collar of the nobleman. The bard of

high fancies, noble aspirations, was protected by the rank of nobility, and the bay, it was thought, could only flourish near the strawberry leaves. The poet had succeeded the household jester, and was considered the especial property of the patron. His lordship's name was to be held a potent and wondrous idol in the dedication page of the bard, who was to kneel, and duck beneath, and to utter a strange jargon of idolatry and self-abasement. The poet was to clasp his hands in worship of the rewarding genius, and his lips, touched with Apollo's fire, were to kiss the dust from the shoe-leather of his literary life-giver. The sacrifices paid to the Ape with the Golden Tooth are harmless ceremonies to the offerings of genius rendered, within the last hundred years, to the patron-lord. Genius, however, no longer wears the livery of the nominally great, and the lord, the mere lord, has lost his hymning bondsman.

The Young Lord of the present time (we mean, the fortunate first-born), stripped as he is of many of the sweet prerogatives of a former age, has still a deal of good provided for him by the gods. Though his title has not the same music, the like note of terror in its sound, that by turns delighted and awe-struck the vassals of other days, there are still broad lands, waving forests, inexhaustible mines, all in perspective his. Though he may have the ears of Midas, still he shall have his wealth; and if he may not, like his ancestors, hang at his own sweet will, an offending serf at the hall-door, it is still a part of his birthright to make gins to catch the wicked. In this day, however, to be anything he must be something more than a lord; if not, his title is but a glittering extinguisher of the man.

Come we now to the younger brother—the Young Lord, still more hardly treated by the unjust prejudices of the present hard dealing generation. He may, indeed, eschewing a stern, laborious ambition that promises the reward of the student and the statesman, surrender himself to the blandishments of the race-course, and now-and-then give his system a filip with the ancient, time-

honored sport of cock-fighting. If he be no longer by his station the exclusive patron of literature, he may take under his worshipful protection a wonderful rat-killing terrier:—still; there is something in his name that sheds lustre on a badger-bait, and gives no small importance to a hopping-match. Small clubs still woo him as a grace and ornament, and very small men are, in their own esteem, made considerably bigger by his acquaintance. The lord, as a lord, is still a man of topping height among dwarfs; still an oracle to the witless and the dumb. He has been known, in the fulness of his condescension, to drive stage coaches; and, keeping up the drollery of the disguise, has touched his hat to the passengers, thankfully receiving half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences.

The Young Lord may, at times, with nothing else to dispose of—with neither talents for public trust, nor industry nor habits for private dealing—take his title to market, and with it turn a profitable penny. Eastward of Temple Bar, there still are bidders. Although the prosaic spirit of the times has considerably affected the sale of Young Lords amongst the daughters of the counting-house, a title, even if it be not recommended by the most seductive manners, the handsomest figure, and the whitest teeth, finds purchasers in the oriental districts. Like Mrs. Peachem's colored handkerchiefs, the Young Lord may go off at Redriff. He may take this credit to himself; that he has ennobled Barbara Wiggins, the youngest daughter of Ralph Wiggins, tallow-chandler; that he was introduced to the court, and to all the court's great glories, Miss Moidore, the heiress of old Moidore, money-lender and contractor.

Westward, the Young Lord is a dangerous person, to be especially watched by prudent mothers. He is, indeed, of the same family with his elder brother; has admittance to the self-same circle; is, probably, the handsomest of the stock; and therefore, being a younger brother, a person to be more vigilantly considered. The Young Lord moves among fashionable heiresses to the liveliest distress of their disinterested natural guardians: his station

gives him every opportunity of rendering himself the most delightful of men to the susceptible young, whilst the poverty of his fortunes makes him detestable to the reflecting old. His very look has in it an invitation to elope; he cannot whisper, that he does not put the fatal question. These are the fears of the lynx-eyed mother, who very properly descants on the profligacy of the younger brother, of his habits of play, his debts, his horrible *liaisons*, his wickedness in general; forgetting not to cast all his faults into deeper shadow by contrasting them with the manifold virtues and very many gentlemanly qualities possessed by his dear, his excellent relation, the family heir.

There is, however, an easy road to distinction for the Young Lord: he has still within his reach the means of notoriety, with the further gratification of proving to the scoffing vulgar that he is, even in these days, privileged in his enjoyments; that his ebullitions of a warm temperament are more considerably judged than the vagaries of common folks; and that when called to account for his buoyant eccentricity, he is "used all gently," and, on the part of his censors, with due allowance of his social standing. The Young Lord despoils many doors of their knockers, and there is a whim, a novelty in the achievement which makes it "light to Cassio." He breaks a few lamps, and is fined forty shillings: he pays the money with the fortitude of a martyr, and, with a smile, asks his judge if that is all the damage. The judge nods assent; forty shillings from the purse of our Young Lord being, in the punishment inflicted upon him by such a mulct, equal to two months' imprisonment to a poorer wag, with the trifling supplement of hard labor. Thus it is; unless a man have a Young Lord for his acquaintance, and can use a crowbar or fling a stone under the patronage of the aristocracy, he must pay most disproportionately for the recreation. This is obviously wrong, and, in our humble opinion, quite in opposition to the meaning of the excellent King John when, one fine day, he signed and sealed at Runnymede.

The Young Lord is sometimes the centre of an admiring circle; the patron of a knot of eccentric spirits, living on the hem of society, who are yet convinced that the light of the fashionable world is reflected upon them from the countenance of their noble "friend." Under his auspices, in his name, they assemble at a pot-house which, dignified by such a gathering, becomes a tavern: and with true devotion, eat and drink their fealty to the Lord of Broken Paues. He sets the fashion of commonplace debauchery, and has a thousand followers: clerks, shopmen, and apprentices, in humble imitation of their great original model,

"Break the lamps, beat watchmen,
Then stagger to some punk."

The Young Lord, by his own sufferings, makes a watch-house a place of sport for humbler revellers; and fined for being drunk, by the chivalrous air with which he flings down five shillings, recommends intoxication as the best of all possible frailties to his worshipful admirers. To beard a magistrate is to show fine blood; to damn the newspapers, and all their daily histories, high moral valor. Thus the Young Lord has still some influence on social life—still makes his impress on a plastic generation.

We live, however, in times unpropitious to the successful development of romance. Every day the distance between the noble brawler and the plebeian blackguard is lessened, and we know not how soon the Young Lord may, in public opinion, toe the same line with the young cobbler; that is, when both engaged in the same midnight mirth, when both animated by the same dignified purpose. This is a hard truth for the *Pullus Jovis* of the nineteenth century, who may accuse his stars that he fell not on a more feudal age; that, coming late into this revolutionary world, he must even submit to an ordeal unknown to his grandfathers. But so it is. Public opinion is the terrible Inquisition of modern times; and those who, in a former age, were by their birth and office held the elect and chosen, are unceremoniously

dragged forth, questioned, and doomed to an *auto da fê*. We have fallen upon bitter days.

It is next to be considered (policy, humanity presses upon us the necessity of grave cogitation) what is to be done with Young Lords—with those who in a happier time would have been born not to their fathers and mothers, but to the people; with those who, deprived of a teat at home, would have been put out to wet-nurse on the nation. There was a time when the public treasury had many tails; but alas! alas! murderous innovation, with a heart of flint, has cut them off one by one, and already are others marked and doomed for excision.

What shall become of the younger branches of the aristocracy, since they may no longer, to any number, be planted in the garden of the Hesperides, laid out and tended at the public cost?

The Young Lord (be it still remembered, that we speak of second sons, and so downwards) looks around him in this hard, grudging nineteenth century; surveys every yard of once merry England, and, to him, yearning for the sweet fruits of former days, finds the land barren!

The Young Lord peeps into the church. Alas! though a few good stalls still remain, the struggle to get into one of them is made fierce by many candidates. And then, the sweet green nooks, the rich pasturages, the many pleasant places, consecrated for an age to the uses of the sons of orthodoxy, are, in a measure, thrown open, impoverished, made desolate, compared to the exclusiveness and plenty of the good old religious times. There are still, it must be confessed, many delicious corners, a thousand savoury morsels for the occupancy and palates of the sons of the church; but alack! the crowd elbowing for the worldly paradise,—the host, with open mouths, gaping for the food! The Young Lord can no longer lounge into the very *penetralia* of the costly edifice; its manna is not to be had for the mere gathering; he is hustled by a mob of lords as good as he; and hands as white and gentle as his own, claw and scramble for the blessed aliment.

The Young Lord would try his fortunes on the deep. Again,

the spirit of the times levels him almost to the common. There was a day when epaulettes were to be had for votes; and the "aye" of the papa would bring down decorative honor on the shoulder of the son; when gray heads were common among plebeian midshipmen; as common as downy chins among lieutenants and commanders; when, lucky was the child whose father was one of the twenty freeholders, for his merits, made known to the minister, would be exalted. Such days are dead and gone: the Young Lord looks into the gun-room and the cock-pit, and in those chosen spots, where, in former times, one Young Lord sufficed to shed a grace and dignity—there are lords by the half-dozen. Unless more ships are built for Young Lords, they must even tarry in the shade; must be still commanded, when they would fain command.

The Young Lord, disappointed in the church, disgusted with the fleet, looks towards the army. Peace, however, inglorious peace, throngs the service with gentle spirits of his order; he sees a crowd of lords, and, so long has the sword slumbered in the scabbard, not a sprig of laurel amongst the multitude.

The Young Lord turns his looks towards Westminster. He will practise the law. He looks into the courts: what clouds of wigs! How many hands yet innocent of briefs! Yea, every sea is filled with candidates for fees, and there is no abiding place for the Young Lord.

What, then, is to become of our young, our most interesting subject? Are all the avenues to fame and profit closed against him; or, at least, are they so beset by suitors that it is to lose all distinction to mingle among them? What, then is left for our Young Lord?

The reader is to be admonished that we would present society in its inevitable advancement. We do not picture the present Young Lord in this utter state of destitution; we do not assert this to be his case in 1839, but assuredly as his certain perplexing condition as the world wears on; as abuses, that is, privileges hitherto assured to him are amended, swept away by the spirit of the times.

"Young ravens must be fed:" Young Lords must be nourished; and when all the thousand tails whereupon Young Lords exist are cut off by the fell shears of utility, either they must displace their brethren, the happy first-born enjoying all the milk of primogeniture from their feeding-places, insisting on an equal share of goods, or they must descend a step in the social scale, and ruffle it with the vulgar.

But the Young Lord will not so condescend. He has still the pride of birth—of ancestry; is still linked with the representative of his family; still has reflected upon him the barren lustre of his line. What, then, is to be the condition of the younger sons of pride and rank? What, in the social revolution, silently but steadily approaching,—what course is left to them? We see hope—yes, we descry land.

New Zealand—world of promise and of beauty!—rises upon the destitute. The Young Lord has still an outlet from crowded England—from the multitude amidst whom he is undistinguished, to a land where he may wax great and strong by the exercise of those very energies which he may not, from pride and prejudice, put forth at home. The position we have taken may, to the unreflecting—to those who see in the social state of the present day the type of that to come—appear Utopian, foolish; insulting to the illustrious persons to whom the argument applies. And yet the very progress of things indicates the issue. Saint Giles has sent forth his emigrants, and, in due season, so will Saint James.

The ship may not yet be built; nay, the acorns from which the timbers shall be grown, not yet in the earth; but the prophet sees her dropping down the Thames, and sees aboard her freight of younger sons.

— "The vanes sit steady
Upon the abbey towers. The silver lightnings
Of the evening star, spite of the city's smoke,
Tell that the north-wind reigns in the upper air.
Mark, too, that flock of fleecy-winged clouds,
Sailing athwart St. Margaret's!"

In the meantime, the Young Lord is the nursling of fortune. What knows he of the wants, the strugglings, the sympathies of life? It is ten to one that almost the whole purpose of his education is to render him indifferent to the great interests of humanity, inculcating within him a polished selfishness that reduces the whole world to his immediate circle; that makes him look upon all without that magic ring as naught. At college he takes honors as a matter of course, whilst the plebeian labors for them. Even in academic groves, he becomes fortified in those prejudices which separate him from the great mass of his fellow-men. Whilst ostensibly giving ear to "divine philosophy," he is the frequent scholar of riot and misrule. Bigotry finds him her aptest pupil; a ready soldier for her hoary rights; the panting follower of her low behests. In her cause he can wield a cudgel, and out-bellow Stentor: for her beloved sake he blows a catcall, and knocks down his man. Do you doubt this, reader? To Oxford, then, or Cambridge: go, and be converted.

The Young Lord of our day has, it must be owned, changed from his predecessor of fifty years ago. He is not the same hero of fortune, who, with impunity, might cane his footman, and kick his creditor. He is, by public opinion, put upon his good behavior; and so, generally conforms to all the decencies. There are to be sure, exceptions; but we will not dwell upon them. There was a time when the Young Lord could take shelter from personal insignificance in his title: the nobleman could, as Sheridan has expressed it, "hide his head in a coronet; now it affords no concealment; but, on the contrary, is a mark, drawing the thoughts of men to test the value of the possessor.

The young Lord must march with the times, or must be content to be left behind with the stragglers. This is the more incumbent on him as the old resources of his predecessors become every day less; more urgent, when every day serves to show the different destinies of lords who, like Brougham's pigs, are—lords born to teats and lords born to tails.



THE YOUNG SQUIRE.

— By smiling Fortune blessed
With large demesnes, hereditary wealth.

Somerville

THE YOUNG SQUIRE.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE old squire and the Young Squire are the antipodes of each other. They are representatives of two entirely different states of society in this country: the one but the vestige of that which has been; the other, the full and perfect image of that which is. The old squires are like the last fading and shrivelled leaves of autumn that yet hang on the tree. A few more days will pass; age will send one of his nipping nights; and down they will twirl, and be swept away into the oblivious hiding-places of death, to be seen no more. But the Young Squire is one of the full-blown blossoms of another summer. He is flaunting in the sunshine of a state of wealth and luxury which we, as our fathers in their day did, fancy can be by no possibility carried many degrees further, and yet we see it every day making some new and extravagant advance.

It is obvious that there are many intermediate stages of society amongst our country gentry between the old squire and the young, as there are intermediate degrees of age. The old squires are those of the completely last generation, who have outlived their contemporaries, and have made a dead halt on the ground of their old habits, sympathies, and opinions; and are resolved to quit none of them for what they call the follies and new-fangled notions of a younger and, of course, more degenerate race. They are continually crying, "Oh, it was never so in my day!" They point to tea, and stoves in churches, and the universal use of umbrellas, parasols, cork-soled shoes, warming-pans, and carriages, as incontestible proofs of the rapidly increasing effeminacy of man-

kind. But between these old veterans and their children, there are the men of the middle ages, who have, more or less, become corrupted with modern ways and indulgences; have, more or less, introduced modern furniture, modern hours, modern education and tastes, and books; and have, more or less, fallen into the modern custom of spending a certain part of the year in London. With these we have nothing whatever to do. The old squire is the landmark of the ancient state of things, and his son Tom is the epitome of the new; all between is a mere transition and evanescent condition.

Tom Chesselton was duly sent by his father to Eton as a boy; where he became a most accomplished scholar in cricket, boxing, horses, and dogs, and made the acquaintance of several lords, who taught him the way of letting his father's money slip easily through his fingers, without burning them, and engrafted him besides with a stock of fine and truly aristocratic tastes which will last him his whole life. From Eton he was as duly transferred to Oxford; where he wore his gown and trencher cap, with a peculiar grace, and gave a classic finish to his taste in horses, in driving, and in ladies. Having completed his education with great *éclat*, he was destined by his father, to a few years soldiership in the militia, as being devoid of all danger, and, moreover, giving opportunities for seeing a great deal of the good old substantial families in different parts of the kingdom. But Tom turned up his nose, or, rather, his handsome upper lip, with a most consummate scorn at so grovelling a proposal, and assured his father that nothing but a commission in the Guards, where several of his noble friends were doing distinguished honor to their country, by the display of their fine figures, would suit him. The old squire shrugged his shoulders, and was silent, thinking that the six thousand pounds purchase-money would be quite as well at fifteen per cent. in consul shares a little longer. But Tom luckily was not doomed to rusticate long in melancholy under his paternal oaks; his mother's brother, an old bachelor of immense

wealth, died just in time, leaving Tom's sister, Lady Spankitt, thirty thousand pounds in the funds, and Tom, as heir-at-law, his great Irish estates. Tom, on the very first vacancy, bought into the Guards, and was soon marked out by the ladies as one of the most *distingué* officers that ever wore a uniform. In truth, Tom was a very handsome fellow—that he owed to his parents, who, in their day, were as noble looking a couple as ever danced at a country ball, or graced the balcony of a race-stand.

Tom soon married; but he did not throw himself away sentimentally on a mere face; he achieved the hand of the sister of one of his old college chums, and now brother officer, the Lady Barbara Ridemdown. An earl's daughter was something in the world's eye; but such an earl's daughter as Lady Barbara was the height of Tom's ambition. She was equally celebrated for her beauty, her wit, and her handsome fortune: Tom had won her from amidst the very blaze of popularity, and the most splendid offers. Their united fortunes enabled them to live in the highest style. Lady Barbara's rank and connections demanded it, and the spirit of our Young Squire required it as much. Tom Chesselton disdained to be a whit behind any of his friends, however wealthy or highly titled. His tastes were purely aristocratic: with him, dress, equipage, and amusements, were matters of science. He knew, both from a proud instinct and from study, what was precisely the true *ton* in every article of dress or equipage, and the exact etiquette in every situation. But Lady Barbara panted to visit the continent, where she had already spent some years, and which presented so many attractions to her elegant tastes. Tom had elegant tastes too, in his way; and to the continent they went. The old squire never set his foot on even the coast of Calais: when he has seen it from Dover, he has only wished that he could have a few hundred tons of gunpowder, and blow it into the air;—but Tom and Lady Barbara have lived on the continent for years.

This was a bitter pill for the old squire. When Tom purchased

his commission in the Guards, and when he opened a house like a palace, on his wedding with Lady Barbara, the old gentleman felt proud of his son's figure, and proud of his connections. "Ah," said he, "Tom is a lad of spirit; he'll sow his wild oats, and come to his senses presently." But when he fairly embarked for France, with a troop of servants, and a suit of carriages like a nobleman, then did the old fellow fairly curse and swear, and call him all the unnatural and petticoat-pinioned fools in his vocabulary, and prophesy his bringing his ninepence to a groat. Tom and Lady Barbara, however, upheld the honor of England all over the continent. In Paris, at the Baths of Germany, at Vienna, Florence, Venice, Rome, Naples—everywhere were they distinguished by their fine persons, their fine equipage, their exquisite tastes, and their splendid entertainments. They were courted and caressed by all the distinguished, both of their own countrymen and of foreigners. Tom's horses and equipage were the admiration of the natives. He drove, he rode, he yachted to universal admiration; and meantime his lady visited all the galleries and works of art, and received in her house all the learned and the literary of all countries. There you always found artists, poets, travellers, critics, dilettanti, and connoisseurs, of all nations and creeds.

They have again honored their own country with their presence; and who so much the fashion as they? They are, of course, *au fait* in any matter of taste and fashion; on all questions of foreign life, manners, and opinions, their judgment is the law. Their town house is in Eaton Square; and what a house is that! What a paradise of fairy splendor; what a mine of wealth, in the most superb furniture; in books in all languages, paintings, statuary, and precious fragments of the antique, collected out of every classical city and country. If you see a most exquisitely tasteful carriage, with a more fascinatingly beautiful lady in it, in the park, amidst all the brilliant concourse of the ring, you may be sure you see the celebrated Lady Barbara

Chesselton; and you cannot fail to recognise Tom Chesselton the moment you clap eyes on him, by his distinguished figure, and the splendid creature on which he is mounted—to say nothing of the perfection of his groom, and the steed that he also bestrides. Tom never crosses the back of a horse of less value than a thousand pounds; and if you want to know really what horses are, you must go down to his villa, at Wimbledon, if you are not lucky enough to catch a sight of him proceeding to a levee, or driving his four-in-hand to Ascot or Epsom. All Piccadilly has been seen to stand, lost in silent admiration, as he has driven his splendid britchzka along it, with his perfection of a little tiger by his side, and such cattle as never besides were seen in even harness of such richness and elegance. Nay, some scores of ambitious young whips became sick of sheer envy of his superb, gauntlet driving-gloves.

But, in fact, in Tom's case, as in all others, you have only to know his companions to know him; and who are they but Chesterfield, Conyngham, D'Orsay, Eglintoun, my Lord Waterford, and men of similar figure and reputation? To say that he is well known to all the principal frequenters of the Carlton Club; that his carriages are of the most perfect make ever turned out by Windsor; that his harness is only from Shipley's; and that Stultz has the honor of gracing his person with his habiliments; is to say that our Young Squire is one of the most perfect men of fashion in England. Lady Barbara and himself have a common ground of elegance of taste, and knowledge of the first principles of genuine aristocratic life; but they have very different pursuits, arising from the difference of their genius, and they follow them with the utmost mutual approbation.

Lady Barbara is at once the worshipped beauty, the woman of fashion, and of literature. No one has turned so many heads by the loveliness of her person, and the bewitching fascination of her manners, as Lady Barbara. She is a wit, a poet, a connoisseur in art; and what can be so dangerously delightful as all

these characters in a fashionable beauty, and a woman, moreover, of such rank and wealth? She does the honors of her house to the mutual friends and noble connections of her husband and herself with a perpetual grace; but she has, besides, her evenings for the reception of her literary and artistic acquaintance and admirers. And who, of all the throng of authors, artists, critics, journalists, connoisseurs, and amateurs who flocked there, are not her admirers? Lady Barbara Chesselton writes travels, novels, novellets, philosophical reflections, poems, and almost every species of thing which ever has been written, such is the universality of her knowledge, experience, and genius: and who does not hasten to be the first to pour out in reviews, magazines, daily and hebdomadal journals, the earliest and most fervent words of homage and admiration? Lady Barbara edits an annual, and is a contributor to "The Keepsake;" and, in her kindness, she is sure to find out all the nice young men about the press, to encourage them by her smile, and to raise them, by her fascinating conversation and her brilliant saloons, above those depressing influences of too sensitive modesty, which so weighs on the genius of the youth of this age, so that she sends them away all heart and soul in the service of herself and literature (which are the same thing); and away they go, extemporising praises on her ladyship, and spreading them through leaves of all sizes, to the wondering eyes of readers all the world over. Publishers run with their unsaleable MSS., and beg Lady Barbara to have the goodness to put her name on the title, knowing by golden experience that that one stroke of her pen, like the point of a galvanic wire, will turn all the dulness of the dead mass into flame. Lady Barbara is not barbarous enough to refuse so simple and complimentary a request: nay, her benevolence extends on every hand. Distressed authors, male and female, who have not her rank, and, therefore, most clearly not her genius, beg her to take their literary bantlings under her wing; and, with a heart as full of generous sympathies as her pen is of magic, she writes but her

name on the title as an "Open Sesame!" and, lo! the dead becomes alive, her genius permeates the whole volume, which that moment puts forth the wings of popularity, and flies into every bookseller's shop and every circulating library in the kingdom.

Such is the life of glory and Christian benevolence which Lady Barbara daily leads, making authors, publishers and critics all happy together, by the overflowing radiance of her indefatigable and inexhaustible genius, though she sometimes slyly laughs to herself, and says, "What a thing is a title!—if it were not for that, would all these people come to me?"—while Tom, who is member of parliament for the little borough of Dearish, most patriotically discharges his duty by pairing off—visits the classic grounds of Ascot, Epsom, Newmarket, or Goodwood, or traverses the moors of Scotland and Ireland in pursuit of grouse. But once a year they indulge their filial virtues in a visit to the Old Squire. The Old Squire, we are sorry to say, has grown of late years queer and snappish, and does not look on this visit quite as gratefully as he should. "If they would but come," he says, "in a quiet way, as I used to ride over and see my father in his time, why I should be right glad to see them; but here they come, like the first regiment of an invading army, and God help those who are old and want to be quiet."

The old gentleman, moreover, is continually haranguing about Tom's folly and extravagance. It is his perpetual topic to his wife, and wife's maiden sister, and to Wagstaff. Wagstaff only shakes his head, and says, "Young blood! young blood!"—but Mrs. Chesselton and the maiden sister say, "Oh! Mr. Chesselton, you don't consider: Tom has great connections, and he is obliged to keep a certain establishment. Things are different now to what they were in our time. Tom is universally allowed to be a very fine man, and Lady Barbara is a very fine woman, and a prodigious clever woman!—a prodigious clever woman!—and you ought to be proud of them, Chesselton." At which the old gentleman breaks out, if he is a little elevated over his wine,—

"When the Duke of Leeds shall married be
To a fine young lady of high quality,
How happy will that gentlewoman be
In his grace of Leeds' good company!

"She shall have all that's fine and fair,
And the best of silk and satin to wear;
And ride in a coach to take the air;
And have a house in St. James's Square."

Lady Barbara always professes great affection and reverence for the old gentleman, and sends him many merry and kind compliments and messages; and sends him, moreover, her new books as soon as they are out, most magnificently bound; but all won't do. He only says, "If she'd please me, she'd give up that cursed opera-box. Why, the rent of that thing, only to sit in and hear Italian women, and men more womanish than any women, squealing and squalling; and to see impudent, outlandish baggages kicking up their heels higher than any decent heads ought to be—the rent, I say, would maintain a parish rector, or keep half-a-dozen parish schools a-going." As for her books, that all the world besides are in raptures about, the old squire turns them over as a dog would a hot dumpling; says nothing but a Bible ought to be so extravagantly bound; and professes that "the matter may be all very fine, but he can make neither head nor tail of it." Yet, whenever Lady Barbara is with him, she is sure to talk and smile herself in about an hour into his high favor; and he begins to run about to show her this and that, and calls out every now and then, "Let Lady Barbara see this, and go to look at that." She can do anything with him except get him to London. "London!" he exclaims, "no; get me to Bedlam at once. What has a rusty old fellow, like me, to do at London? If I could find again the jolly set that used to meet, thirty years ago, at 'The Star and Garter,' Pall Mall, it might do; but London is n't what London used to be; it's too fine, by half, for a country squire, and would drive me distracted in twenty-four hours, with its everlasting noise and nonsense!"

But the old squire does get pretty well distracted with the annual visit. Down come driving the Young Squire and Lady Barbara, with a train of carriages like a fleet of men of war, leading the way with their travelling coach and four horses. Up they twirl to the door of the old hall. The old bell rings a thundering peal through the house. Doors fly open, out run servants—down come the young guests from their carriage; and, while embraces and salutations are going on in the drawing-room, the hall is fast filling with packages; upon packages; servants are running to and fro along the passages; grooms and carriages are moving off to the stables without; there is lifting and grunting at portmanteaus and imperials as they are borne upstairs; while ladies' maids and nurse maids are crying out, "Oh, take care of that trunk!—mind that ban'-box!—oh, gracious! that is my lady's dressing-case: it will be down, and be ruined totally!" Dogs are barking, children crying or romping about, and the whole house is in a most blessed state of bustle and confusion.

For a week the hurly burly continues: in pour all the great people to see Tom and Lady Barbara. There are shootings in the mornings and great dinner parties in the evenings. Tom and my lady have sent down before them plenty of hampers of such wines as the old squire neither keeps nor drinks; and they have brought their plate along with them; and the old house itself is astonished at the odors of champagne, claret, and hock, that pervade—and at the glitter of gold and silver in it. The old man is full of attention and politeness both to his guests and to their guests; but he is half-worried with the children, and t' other half worried with so many fine folks; and muddled with drinking things that he is not used to, and with late hours. Wagstaff has fled, as he always does on such occasions, to a farm-house on the verge of the estate. The hall and the parsonage, and even the gardener's house, are all full of beds for guests, and servants, and grooms. Presently, the old gentleman, in his morning rides, sees some of the young bucks shooting the pheasants in his home park,

where he never allows them to be disturbed; and comes home in a fume to hear that the house is turned upside down by the host of scarlet-breeched and powdered livery servants; and that they have turned all the maids' heads with sweet-hearting. But at length the day of departure arrives, and all sweep away as suddenly and rapidly as they came; and the old squire sends off for Wagstaff, and blesses his stars that what he calls "the annual hurricane" is over.

But, what a change will there be here when the Old Squire is dead! Already have Tom and Lady Barbara walked over the ground and planned it. That "horrid fright" of an old house, as they call it, will be swept as clean away as if it had not stood there five hundred years. A grand Elizabethan pile is already decreed to succeed it. The fashionable architect will come driving down in his smart close cab, with all his plans and papers. A host of mechanics will come speedily after him by coach or by wagon. Booths will be seen rising all round the old place, which will vanish away, and its superb successor rise where it stood, like a magical vision. Already are ponderous cases lying loaded, in London, with massive mantel-pieces of the finest Italian marble, marble busts, and heads of old Greek and Roman heroes, genuine burial urns from Herculaneum and Pompeii, and vessels of terracotta, gloriously sculptured vases, and even columns of verde-antique, all from classic Italy, to adorn the halls of this same noble new house. But, meantime, spite of the large income of Tom and Lady Barbara, the Old Squire has strange suspicions of mortgages and dealings with Jews. He has actual inklings of horrid post-obits; and groans as he looks on his old oaks as he rides through his woods and parks, foreseeing their overthrow; nay, he fancies he sees the land-agent amongst his quiet old farmers, like a wild cat in a rabbit-warren, startling them out of their long dream of ease and safety, with news of doubled rents, and notices to quit, to make way for thrashing machines and young men of more enterprise. And, sure enough, such will be the order of the day the moment the estate falls to the YOUNG SQUIRE.

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THE WAITER.

Away, you rogue; dost thou not hear them call?

STICKBOMT

THE WAITER.

BY PAUL FRENDERGAST.

Two jolly gownsmen, drinking at "The Dragon," or, perhaps we had better say, at a certain hotel, in a certain street, not far from a certain square, had just emptied their third decanter.

"Waiter! bring another bottle of claret," cried one of the twain in accents not remarkable for clearness.

"Dimsdale," said his companion, "you must have no more wine; you have had too much already; you're drunk."

"Nonsense, Compton; you know I never get drunk so soon as you. Waiter, I say! Waiter!"

"He can't hear you, the rascal. Here, waiter, you thief!"

"Yes sir—yes sir!"

"Bring another bottle, will you?"

"Instanter, do you hear?—and take that with you!"

"*Do'nt* be unpleasant, sir; thanky sir, yes sir!"

"Did n't miss your tip there, Jemes," said a brother official, as the Waiter, rubbing the part on which the pointed toe of a fashionable boot had told rather too strongly to be quite agreeable, bustled down the coffee room.

"If them gents gives you two shillin' presently, I should rather say you'll have had two and a *kick*," said another.

"I should be a little tenacious, though, of goin' too near them next time," remarked a third.

"Gentlemen as is tipsy is often playful," said the recipient of Mr. Dimsdale's bounty. "They laughs as wins."

And accordingly the Waiter laughs. When his bodily feelings are materially outraged, he is *hurt*, of course, like other men; but

he will bear any given amount of insult and abuse without minding it in the least—so long as he is sufficiently paid. We said that the Waiter laughs; it is more correct to say that he smiles. However harassed, hurried, or hunted he may be; by what name soever he may be called: whatever may be thrown at his head, provided that it does not hit him, his countenance still beams with a placid, resigned, and gentle smile: a smile of satisfaction, content, and hope; of satisfaction with himself, of content with his lot, and of hope of his fee.

The individual at whom we have just taken a glance belongs, in a double sense, to the “higher circles;” for, in the first place, he attends upon the description of people so called, and in the second, is himself a person of some rank in his own profession. Indeed, his dress avouches as much; for, were it not that his clothes do not fit him quite so well as they might do, and that he wears white cotton stockings, his decent suit of black and his white neckcloth might cause him to be taken (the expression of his face not being observed) for a young clergyman. Perhaps, as a facetious friend has suggested to us, he may conceive himself entitled to assume a clerical appearance, from the circumstance of his *taking orders*.

The complexion of the Waiter is usually such as to render him what young ladies call “interesting;” that is to say, it is very sallow. At least, it *would* make him “interesting,” were his face uniformly devoid of color; but it unfortunately happens, in a great many cases, that a transference merely—not an obliteration—of tint, is what takes place, and that the nose is enriched at the expense of the cheeks. He is generally knock-kneed; but the peculiarity by which he is especially distinguished is that, from frequently running up and down stairs, the ligaments of the sole having given way, and its arch having been consequently destroyed, he bears a strong resemblance to a barge, or a flat-bottomed boat. The Waiter’s voice is remarkable. It has all the persuasive—or, so to speak, the saponaceous—qualities by

which the accents of the linen-draper, fancy-stationer, trinket-seller, and, in short, of all those whose business it is to coax people into parting with their money, are characterised; combined with all that rapidity of utterance with which a parish doctor questions his paupers. The Waiter must keep a tongue as expeditious as it is civil in his head; and this is no very easy feat to accomplish; but, like making a bow on the tight rope, though difficult, it may be achieved by practice. It asks, however, divers grimaces and contortions of the mouth in the due performance of it; and, even if the speaker combined in his own person the knowledge of a Walker and of a Murray, would be totally incompatible with either correct pronunciation or diction.

The Waiter has great opportunities of observing human nature, and enjoys the singular advantage of very frequently surveying it at a time when men are proverbially unreserved. He needs only to be a good listener, to become a wise man. What discussions must he not have heard on manners, morals, literature, politics, metaphysics, and theology—particularly on the last three subjects? How well, on these at least, he might learn to talk! But he has something else to think about, and something better to do; he intends to be, one day, himself landlord of an hotel; and, in the mean time, his perquisites are to be earned.

The conversation of the young gentlemen whom we left over their wine, was such, perhaps, that our waiter lost much by not attending to it; but it will be more to the present purpose to relate his own, carried on, at the farther extremity of the coffee-room, with a coadjutor.

“Well, them young gents in No. 5 certainly enjoy their wine; that’s *one* thing I know.”

“Uncommon, Jemes. But what sort of gents, now, should you say they wor?”

“Why, ’Vausity, I take it, William. Arry, you’re wanted—pay, No. 8.

"'Vausity! what, Stinkymalee, as they say? Can't be, surely."

"Law love you, no! Oxford or Cambridge gents; parsons, you know, as is to be."

"C'legians you mean; ah! I should n't wonder. I'm partial to C'legians, they're always sure to tip."

"Tip, or tippie, did you say, William?"

"He! he! he! a little bit of both, I should rather say."

"Some of 'em is peculiar pleasant when they've got a mind. What do you think the long one hast me just now?"

"What? I can't guess."

"What I'd take for my choker."

"Well, that *was* a question! What did you say?"

"Whatever they'd please to give me. It's always best to humor 'em, you know. Well, and didn't you 'ear what the short one, 'im in the cut-away, said of you?"

"No—did he though? What was it?"

"He said you was just like a Sim as he knew at 'John's' "

"Sim! What's a Sim? I never 'eard a Waiter called a Sim before."

"Waiter! Bless you, 't ant a Waiter; 'John's' is n't a otel; it 's one of their college places; and I fancy a Sim is some top sawyer there."

"My eye, is it? That 's a nice young gent—that short one: he did 'nt 'urt you much just now, did he?"

"Not remarkable. A precious nice life they must lead! To hear them two talk, not, you 'd say they 'd been tipsy every night for the last week. Ah! should n't I jist like to have their time of it!"

"Don't you wish you may get it, Jemes? What! do you want to be a hangel at once, as the old man said to his wife?"

"Well, to be sure, we must take what comes. But what chaps they are to laugh! One of 'em hast what cold meat there was. Says I, 'There's some very nice cold 'am in the 'ouse, sir.' I

don't know what there was in my sayin' that; but it seemed to amuse 'em uncommon."

"Ah! and as I was goin' by up at that end of the room when they fust come in, 'Dimsdale,' says the longest of 'em to t'other, 'why don't you wear your 'air like that 'ere?' and then the little one looks at me, and out he bustes like fun."

"Well, them sort of jokes breaks no bones. Allo! That's they callin'. Comin', sir; yessir!"

And away tripped the Waiter.

"Waiter, let us know what we have to pay."

"Pay sir, yessir, directly sir, thanky sir."

"Now that fellow will be an age, I suppose. What is that placard there, look, on the back of that gentleman in difficulties.

"There are two—Oh no! I see—What is it? Noble Art—Self Defence—Grand set-to! Let us go."

"Very well. Waiter, you vagabond! be quick."

"Yessir. Sorry to keep you waitin' sir. Bill, sir?—two fifteen."

"There, take that—we've no time to stop for change; and now be off, and call a cab immediately."

"Thanky sir; much obliged t'ye, sir; yessir—directly, sir."

We have noticed the somewhat canonical style which characterises the Waiter at an hotel. In this respect, he is resembled by Waiters at inferior inns and coffee-houses, in the same proportion, perhaps, as that in which a rich rector may be by a poor curate. The Waiter, however, at an eating-house, is not always, nor indeed generally, thus attired. His neckcloth may be a black one; he may wear a blue coat with brass buttons; or he may be equipped in a striped linen jacket, either of an ordinary make, or of that species sometimes denominated a "duck-hunter." His style and manners, too, are peculiar; and his abbreviations, modifications of grammar, and technical terms, are more numerous than those of any other Waiter. He has also that which, were there any music in it, might be called a tune for all that he has

occasion to say in the way of business, either when he is calling to the cook below, reciting the bill of fare, or enumerating the liabilities of a customer. The manner in which he cries—"Roce-beefantatoes," "Bilemutnancapesauce," "Aplpudn," or "Rub-ubpie," is as definite, if not quite so melodious (though there may be more opinions than one on this point,) as the song of a bird. All this is owing to his desire to supply as many people as possible with their dinners in as short as possible a time, and to carry out the principle, not always so successfully acted on, of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number."

May we be permitted to observe, by the way, that "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" is precisely that which the Eating House Waiter, aided by the cook, butcher, and baker, is so instrumental in enabling us to enjoy?

"Waiter, I ordered some roast pig an hour ago." "Coming up, sir, d'rectly sir. John, hurry that pig! Porter for you, sir? In *one* minute, sir. 'Erald,' did you say, sir? here's 'The Times.' What d'you please to take, sir?"

"What have you got?"

"Jugdare, sir, jist up—aunchamut'n—breastavealanoystus, very nice—curry fowl, sir—rocegoose—leg a lamb an' sparags." Having thus said, the Waiter begins rubbing the table-cloth with his napkin.

"Hum! I'll take some jugged hare."

"Jugdare, sir. Yessir. Any vegetable, sir!"

"Potatoes."

"'Tatoes, sir? Yessir." Hereupon, he bellows down a pipe "Jugdare antatoes!" at the top of his voice.

"Waiter, bring me a pint of ale."

"Hale, sir? Yessir. Burton or Kennet, sir? Burton, sir. Yessir, in *one* moment, sir."

"Waiter! Hallo! Here! What's to pay?"

"Yessir. Vealanam-eight, 'tates-one, one bread, goozpie-four, cheese and aspinetale. One-and-five, sir. Thanky sir."

The remuneration of the Eating House Waiter, though based on the voluntary system, is yet a fixed one, like a physician's fee. His honorarium is the moderate sum of one penny. He has frequently a help (we use the word in its American sense) in the shape of a damsel, who has sometimes no mean pretensions to personal charms; on which account she is appointed to preside over a separate room, whither it generally happens that a number of young men connected with the hospitals repair; and where also one or two old gentlemen turned of seventy, are very often to be seen.

At a chop-house, properly so called, the Waiter, again, is a distinct personage. His dress is not so strictly professional as that of the rest of his brethren, and he differs, moreover, from the generality of them, in not being so intolerably civil as they are, and also, in many instances, in being a very honest fellow. Chop-houses, old established ones at least, have certain daily frequenters, with all of whose faces, and with some of whose names, the Waiter is perfectly acquainted, and to whom he is himself equally well known: so familiarly, in fact, that they always call him by his Christian name, Tom, George, or Bert, as the case may be. The business of these places being conducted on a systematic plan, from which no deviation is ever made, the Waiter has nothing more to do than to go through his customary routine of duties, assured, by the continued patronage of the same persons, that he gives universal satisfaction, and under no fear whatever of not obtaining his gratuity, or, in vernacular language, of "missing his tip." On such easy terms is he with his visitors, that it is not at all an uncommon thing to hear one of them entering the room, exchange sentiments with him concerning the weather, or on the agricultural, or even political state of the country; or answer his inquiries respecting some former guest. And then the order is given, and "Cook two mutton down together," "One rump-steak—thoroughly done," or "Two pork—to follow one

another," shouted by the Waiter, either to the upper or nether regions, secures its speedy execution.

There are certain taverns in London, chiefly in the neighborhood of the large theatres, well known to most young men as places where, after the play, a tolerably cheap supper may be expeditiously obtained. At these, also, the Waiter is commonly invoked by the name which his godfathers and godmothers (if he ever had any) bestowed on him. To be sure, he is pretty well known to not a few of his patrons; but the familiarity with which he is addressed by some of them, arises from a different cause; many of the younger sort esteeming it fine and manly to do or say anything whereby it may appear that they are frequently out at night and, by the same token, no longer subject to control. Perhaps, too, they feel, if not some degree of regard for the Waiter, some admiration, at least, for his bustling, off-hand, and independent manner, of which their own, in society, is sometimes not a bad imitation. From him and his fellows, moreover, they acquire divers additions to their vocabulary, their knowledge of which they take good care to evince on all convenient occasions. But as they learn something from the Waiter, so the Waiter learns something from them. A slight alteration (if we may take so great a liberty with the words of Shakspeare) will render what Falstaff says of Justice Shallow and his servants exactly in point:—"They, by observing him, do bear themselves like waiter-like clerks; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a clerk-like waiter." Sometimes, he is even a more decent-looking fellow than they; and we have seen one individual of this class, who, by the orderly arrangement of his exterior, composed and leisurely voice, and serious and tranquil physiognomy, might really, not being engaged in the performance of his official duties, be supposed to be a member of one of the learned professions. This Waiter, however, is a distinct being, the qualities by which he is marked are peculiarly his own: it is very evident that he is a Waiter who thinks for himself, and highly probable that he is an

educated Waiter. He must surely have been brought up at an academy—and one, too, conducted on the principle of the school advertised some time ago, in a provincial paper, where instruction in the art of behavior was made an extra charge, the terms of the gymnasium being thus stated: “A new school tuppuns a weke, and them as larns manners pays tuppuns more.” We do not mean to insinuate that he paid so small a sum as “tuppuns;” on the contrary, it is quite clear that he has been indoctrinated in a first-rate, and, therefore, an expensive style. The way in which he responds to the demand of “Waiter, what’s to pay?” is a thing worth observing. He speaks, unlike all other Waiters, in a low, and measured tone, and in an extremely *confidential* manner; his body, supported by means of the knuckles of one of his hands on the table, slightly inclining towards the person he is addressing; and his other hand, the arm being bent at right angles, resting on his hip.

“Pray, did you say, sir? Ye-a-s, sir. What have you ’ad?” We feel confident that no Waiter could say *had*.

“Let me see—why” (gentlemen who have taken sundry pints of stout, and glasses of grog, often find their recollection a little foggy) “why, I’ve had a pint of stout.”

“Ye-a-a-a-s, sir.”

“Pint o’stout—Welch rare-bit,”—

“Welch rare-bit; ye-a-a-a-s, sir.”

“Welch rare-bit; two poached eggs.”

“Ye-a-a-a-s, sir. Whiskey, sir?”

“Whiskey? eh?—yes—no—gin; two goes o’gin.”—

“Any cigars, sir?”

“Cigars? oh, ah! yes, two cigars.”

“Ye-a-a-as, sir. Pint of stout, five; Welch rare-bit, seven—twelve;—two poached eggs, eight—one and eight;—two goes of gin, and two cigars—fourteen two and ten. Two and ten, sir. Thank you, sir; much obliged to you, sir. Wish you a good evening, sir.”

Waiters at these taverns usually go through the process of calculation, continually turning their heads about, and looking alternately over each shoulder, apparently with the object of preventing any unscrupulous gentleman from making a clandestine retreat without paying his shot.

The Waiter at a "Free-and-Easy," or a place where "Harmonic Meetings" are held, looks, in general, like a great scamp; and is, most probably, what he appears to be. He is always dirty and uncombed, and, not unfrequently, impudent. His business, in addition to receiving and executing the commands of those present is to run about, in the intervals between the songs, with a large tray, on which certain small measures, containing alcohol in various forms are disposed, crying,—“Gentlemen, give your orders; give your orders, gentlemen; whiskey, brandy, gin, and rum—rum, gin, brandy, whiskey. Brandy, sir—whiskey, sir—gin, sir—rum, sir; rum, whiskey, brandy, gin; give your orders; gentlemen; gentlemen, give your orders.”

“Now, then, waiters, look alive there!” cries the *maitre de hotel*, and Coryphæus of the songsters.

“Fried-’am-an-eggs for you, sir?” “Sassages, did that gentleman say? Sassages is all gone, sir.” “Go-’ whiskey, for you? This here is whiskey.” “Tripe, sir? Yes sir.” “Dozen ’iceters?—in one minute. Not done, sir—sorry for it, sir.” “Go-’rum did you say?—go-’rum, sir.”

“Order, order? Silence waiters. Gentlemen, if you please, I’ll sing a song.

* * * * *

“Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that famed lawless fellow,
Once feared, now forgot, sleeps in peace wi-i-i-ith the dead!”

“Now, then, Waiter, bring that gentleman’s kidneys. Chop and shalots for the gentleman oppo-*site*. Look alive there—be brisk!”

“Kidneys for you, sir? Copy of the song just sung, gentlemen—copy of the song; celebrated song, sir—thanky, sir. Song

gentlemen, song; orders, gentlemen, orders—gentlemen give your orders!”

There may, perhaps, be some other Waiters, who may be arranged in separate classes; but it appears to us, that the above are all those whom it is worth while to particularise.

We understand that the gains of a Waiter at a good coffee-house or hotel, are very considerable; insomuch, that some of them are enabled to keep their gig, or buggy, and indulge occasionally, on a holiday, with their wives and families, in the delights of a Cockney excursion. That a very considerable number are in a thriving state, is apparent from the fact, that the generality of the younger ones are in a fair way to be married; that is to say, if we may judge from the flattened curl which adorns the forehead of so many of them; and which, we believe, is denominated a love-lock. Of the domestic habits and manners of the Waiter there is not much to be said, as he does not get home till late at night, and is obliged to be stirring with the lark in the morning. Whether, therefore, he beats his wife, for instance, or loves and cherishes her, it is not easy to decide: the probability is, that being very tired, he neither does the one nor the other.

Of the principles and opinions of the Waiter, it may, perhaps be expected that we should speak; but it is our conviction that he has none; for although, as we before remarked, he must necessarily hear a great many good things in the course of his life, whatever enters at one of his ears escapes very speedily at the other.

We believe, however that the Waiter has some literary taste though not of a very refined description: because we have often observed him, even when the daily papers belonging to the coffee-room have been disengaged, attentively perusing certain publications illustrated with clumsy wood-cuts, to be seen in divers small cigar and snuff-shops in the environs of town. We imagine that he is a considerable patron, in his way, of the unstamped press. It is, moreover, remarkable that, wanting an hour's amusement,

and not being inclined to stir out (supposing yourself to be staying at an inn), if you ask the Waiter to bring you some book, he is sure to produce the "Terrific Register," the "Newgate Calendar," "God's Revenge against Murder," or some such interesting compilation.

Having thus concluded our sketch of the waiter, we shall only observe, that should any alteration for the better, in the tie of the neckcloth, the cut of the coat, the style of the hair, the gait, manners, morals, or pronunciation of his fraternity, take place in consequence of our labors, we shall feel, in no ordinary degree, the emotions of pride and satisfaction; of pride at the attainment of our end, and of satisfaction in the indulgence of our philanthropy.



THE DRESS-MAKER.

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks?

King Henry IV. Part I.

THE DRESS-MAKER.

BY HENRY BROWNEIGG, ESQ.

THE "original sin"—charged upon the frailty of the sex—is, in its consequences, visited tenfold upon the children of the blooming culprit. Sadly enough do those poor daughters of Eve, who live by needle and thread, pay for the peccadillo of their first mother! Bitterly do the sisterhood of Cranbourne Alley and Regent Street expiate the transgression of Eden.

Is there a more helpless, a more forlorn and unprotected, creature than, in nine cases out of ten, the Dress-Maker's Girl—the Daily Sempstress; pushed prematurely from the parental hearth, or rather no hearth, to win her miserable crust by aching fingers? Crust—literally crust—is nearly all the reward of hours of drudgery; of a monotonous task, at which the heart sinks, and the eyelids are fain to droop, until roused and strung anew to labor. Daily bread—a phrase that to most people combines many things—is to our heroine a literal truth—a cold reality. She is a thousand times more to be pitied than yonder ballad-singer, with her feet imbedded in highway-mud, bawling the last effusion of the author whose noblest aspiration is to "be a butterfly;" or, in shrill treble, screaming the semi-political satires of the poets of Seven Dials. She—the minstrel—has no "respectability" to keep up; she has not to stint her appetite, that she may have a plurality of gowns; she has not to soothe a hungry stomach with a bit of gauze, a yard or so of riband—any morsel of finery—that shall at least be the type, shall present a show, of a condition of comfort, although the cupboard shall remain empty for it. The ballad-singer, the char-woman, the maid-of-all-work, none of

these—her more fortunate sisters—are required by the hardness of their destiny to “be genteel.” They live not, as it were, on the frontiers of higher society; they are never in a condition to be confounded with their betters. They have their marked, defined places in the world, with generally a sufficiency of means to compass their limited desires. The Dress-Maker may be in thought, in feeling, nay, in education, one of the gentlest, noblest, meekest of her sex; and, with all these sensibilities, pine in genteel squalor—in “respectable” starvation. How many hundred such may, at this moment, be found in “stony-hearted” London!

Let us, however, “take a single victim;” let us present the Dress-Maker’s Girl, but a year in her teens, compelled, it may be, to aid in the support of younger brothers and sisters. How many bleak, savage winter mornings does she rise, and, with half-frozen fingers, put on her scanty clothes—all insufficient to guard her shrinking limbs from the frost, the wind, and rain—and with noiseless feet, that she may not disturb “any of the lodgers,” creep down three-pair of stairs, and, at six o’clock, pick her timid way through mud, and cold, and darkness, to the distant “work-room?” Poor, gentle thing!—now, hurrying on, fearing that she is five minutes too late, and now pausing, and creeping into a door-way, to let some staggering drunkard pass, roaring and reeling home. It may be, too, that this little creature was born in the lap of comfort—was the pet, the hope, of a fireside—was the darling of a circle—the child of competence, of luxury. Death, however, has taken her father—the sole prop and stay of a house of plenty; and the widow, after struggling from year to year, has passed from bad to worse; and now, with four children—our little Dress-Maker’s Girl the eldest—pines in three-pair back room, whence, every morning, our young heroine, with a patience and a pensive sweetness—the gifts of early adversity—sallies forth to unremitting toil.

Gentle reader—is this a false picture? Is this a colored thing,

tricked out to cozen sensibility?—the creation of a florid story-writer—the flimsy heroine of a foolish novel? On, no! do not think it: at this moment, hundreds upon hundreds of the fairest and the most delicate human buds—of creatures who, born in the regions of May Fair, had been painted, and their portraits scattered through the empire, as very triumphs of “the excelling hand of nature”—work twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours per day—for what? For just enough to prove how very little human nature may exist upon. To proceed.

Our little Dress-Maker has arrived at the “work-room.” After two or three hours, she takes her bread-and-butter, and warm adulterated water, denominated tea. Breakfast hurriedly over, she works, under the rigid, scrutinising eye of a task-mistress, some four hours more; and then proceeds to the important work of dinner. A scanty slice of meat—perhaps, an egg—is produced from her basket: she dines, and sews again till five. Then comes again the fluid of the morning, and again the needle until eight. Hark! yes, that’s eight now striking. “Thank heaven!” thinks our heroine, as she rises to put by her work, “the task for the day is done!”

At this moment, a thundering knock is heard at the door:—“The Duchess of Daffodils *must* have her robe by four to-morrow!”

Again the Dress-Maker’s Apprentice is made to take her place—again she resumes her thread and needle; and, perhaps, the clock is “beating one,” as she again, jaded and half dead with work, creeps to her lodgings, and goes to bed, still haunted with the thought that as “the work is very back,” she must be up by five to-morrow.

Beautiful, and very beautiful, are the dresses at a drawing-room! Surpassingly delightful, as minutely described in the columns of “The Morning Herald,” and “The Morning Post!” To the rapt imagination they seem woven of “Iris’ woof,” or things manufactured by the Fairy Queen, and her Maids of

Honor; yet may imagination, if it will, see in the trappings the work of penury, of patient suffering, and scantily-rewarded toil. How many sighs from modest humble worth have been breathed upon that lace! How much of the heart-ache has gone to the sewing of that flounce! "All the beauty of the kingdom," says the Court Chronicler, for the thousandth time, "was at her Majesty's Drawing Room!" What! all the beauty in brocade, in satins, and in velvets? Is none left for humble gingham—none for homespun stuff? Oh, yes! beauty that has grown pale at midnight, that wealthy beauty might shine with richer lustre the next court day! Beauty that has pined and withered in a garret, that sister-beauty might be more beautiful in a carriage!

We have given the day's work of our little Dress-Maker's Girl. She has, however, certain glimpses of holidays: she is despatched to receive orders, to take home work; and, despite herself, if the weather be fine—if it be not her fate to trudge, ankle-deep in mude, with band-box in one hand, and umbrella in the other—she cannot but pause at shop-windows, and indulge in a day-dream that shall possess her of a few trinkets from the jewellers, her eye unconsciously wandering towards the wedding-rings—at the next window a new bonnet—at the next, a gown for very great occasions.

Besides these little trespasses upon the time of her mistress, the Dress-Maker's Girl is but too apt to tarry and muse upon the play-bills. She knows nearly all the actors and actresses, for she has seen most of them once; and, moreover, has her especial favorites in tragedy, comedy, and opera: will, in the work-room, publish her decided preference to Mr. Macready over Mr. Charles Kean; and, in her own words, "thinks Mr. Warde the dearest of men!" marvels why Malibran could ever have died; and pronounces Mr. Balfe to be "a wonderful composer." These tastes, be it understood, gradually unfold themselves in the "work-room," where, on certain occasions—particularly in the absence of the mistress and the forewoman—the whole round of arts

and letters is criticised with no less fervor than freedom. The Dress-Maker's Girl will, for a certainty, point out which is the best likeness out of the ninety-nine portraits of that most ill painted of all ladies, her most gracious Majesty; at the same time hopes and trusts that no "filthy foreigner" will marry her; whilst she gives it as her private, but most stubborn opinion, "that there must be a sweetheart somewhere."

The Dress-Maker's Girl is a reader of novels. She thinks Bulwer divine, "especially if he's anything like that angel of a fellow that sits cross-legged to *Leila*;" but fears that Marryatt is low. She sometimes wonders why Mr. Moore does not "do" some more "Melodies;" and a minute after will speculate "if Mr. Haynes Bailey is a married man?"

The Dress-Maker's Girl has a profound secret—a secret hidden in the inmost recesses of her virgin heart. "A lieutenant of the Guards—(take care of that lieutenant)—such a pensive-looking, melancholy, elegant young man, kissed his hand to her twice in Pall Mall." This secret she has revealed to nobody except ten familiar friends. She learns a song—something about "A Soldier's Bride"—which she hums whilst working, unconscious of the tittering of her sister-sempstresses; and only breaks off to blush and tell them "not to be so silly."

These, however, are green, sunny spots in the life of the Dress-Maker's Girl; as she grows towards womanhood, years bring with them a deeper sense of her forlorn and unprotected condition; effacing her beauty, saddening her mind, and making her taste all the bitterness of that bitter morsel of bread, earned by tasked needle-work. Her position as an attendant on the wealthy and the great, her almost daily visits to the abodes of luxury, occasionally vex her rebel spirit; rising as it will, against the insufficiency of twelve and fifteen shillings per week, for raiment, food, and lodging. A thousand and a thousand times, she wishes herself a washerwoman—a hop-picker—any drudge of the lowest class, not forced, by the necessity of a "genteel look," to submit

to deadly privations; to stint herself in the humblest necessities of life, that she may, in her external appearance, "do credit to the shop." Can there be a more forlorn, more pitiable condition than that of the Daily Sempstress, growing old and lonely on the wages of her ill-paid craft. Follow her to her room—the top-most nook of some old, gloomy house, in some gloomy court; survey the abode of penury; of penury, striving with a stoutness of heart, of which the world knows nothing, to put a bright face upon want; to smile with patience on the greatest, as on the pettiest privations. This is the Dress-Maker, long since past her girlhood; the Sempstress, no longer out-stared in the street—followed for her beauty—flattered—lied to; tempted with ease and luxury, when her own home offers nothing but indigence and hardest labor. This is not the young, blushing creature, walking in London streets, her path full of pit-falls; the lawful prey of selfish vice—the watched-for prize of mercenary infamy. No; she has escaped all these snares; she has, in the innocence and constancy of her heart, triumphed over the seductions of pleasure: has, "with the wings of a dove," escaped the net spread for her by fiends with the faces of women. She has wasted the light-heartedness of her childhood, and the bloom of her youth, in daily, nightly toil; and arrived at middle age, she is still the working Sempstress—the lonely, faded spinster—the human animal vegetating on two shillings per diem. Is not this the fate of thousands in this our glorious metropolis.

And yet, how much worse, how much more terrible the destiny of thousands of others; of poor, unprotected creatures, with hearts in their bosoms, once throbbing with the best and purest hopes, once yearning with the noblest and tenderest affections—creatures in whom the character of wife and mother might have shone with the brightest lustre—cast abroad and trodden on like way-side weeds: loathed and scorned by one sex; outraged, bullied by the other; until deceived, wounded, and exasperated nature rises against its wrongers; and, denaturalised in voice, face,

and feeling, we cannot recognise the Dress-Maker's Girl—the modest, gentle thing, with blushing face and dewy eyes—in that screeching virago, that howling, raving Jezabel; now stamping in the impotence of drunkenness and rage, at that stone-faced policeman; now tumbling, dead, as a carcase, in the mire, and weeping mandlin tears of gin and vengeance! And why is this? What has worked this grievous transformation? What has effected this awful, this disgusting change? Alas! some ten—nine—seven—years ago, temptation showed its thousand gifts—apples of seeming gold, with ashes at the core—to the poor Dress-Maker; proffered life-long ease, all the happiness and luxury enjoyed by her high-born sisters; and, to assist temptation, there was a yearning of love—a faith, an easy credence in the woman's heart, that made her not altogether selfish, calculating: whilst, on the other hand, there was incessant labor, and pinching economy, and—and—but the story is the story of hundreds; she fell and

“The once fall'n woman must for ever fall!”

The modest, virgin flower is become the scoff of the multitude, the mockery of a mob.

Let us, however, leave this picture—the more terrible as it is from the life—to dwell upon the trials and annoyances of the Milliner's Girl in her daily vocation. What bursts of temper has she to meet, and, if she can, vanquish by smiling meekness! What arrogance, what heartlessness of wealth, has she to encounter with placid, yea, with appealing looks, for faults—or fancied faults—not one of them her own! We own it; we have sometimes felt enraged at the cold-blooded insolence with which women—most respectable people, too!—have rated their humble sisters. In the other sex, a spirit of gallantry is apt to soften censure; but for a woman—a dress-maker, for instance, a bonnet-maker—a lady's maid—a housemaid, or a female cook—to be mercilessly scolded—to be abused with a seeming forgetfulness of all the charities of life, takes nothing short of a woman herself,

Men are beaten out of the field by the force of feminine vituperation. ("Hard words," says the lady reader; "hard, ma'am, but very true.")

Among many of the most annoying trials of life, the trial of a new dress by a wayward, aristocratic customer, or what is infinitely worse, by purse-proud ignorance, is not the least to the poor Dress-Maker's Girl, who may be commissioned to take the garment home. If there be a failing in a flounce, the slightest error in a sleeve, if a cuff be a hair's breadth too broad, or a thread too narrow, down will come a shower of hard words—and that, sometimes from the prettiest, and seemingly the meekest of mouths—about the astounded head of the Dress-Maker, who with helpless looks for the omission of others, or, what is equally likely, for the forgetfulness or new whim of the lady herself, stands silent and abashed; or flutteringly hesitates an excuse, or promises instant amendment. Such promise, however, for the time, only increases the storm; until the culprit finds that silence is the best defence, and she is at length ordered "to take the thing away," and if she please, "to throw it on the fire!"

Now, ere we proceed, will all our lady readers put their fair white hands upon their gentle hearts, and, with unblushing faces, declare that never, at any time of their lives, did such a scene—as that above described—pass between them and the Dress-Maker; the innocent scape-goat of the faults and the caprice of the employers and the employed? "We pause for a reply."

With a short story, illustrative of the hard fate of the Dress-Maker—of the taunts and sufferings which she is called upon to bear with "patient shrug"—a story not invented, but taken from the iron book of real life, we propose to end our present essay. The names, the reader may be assured, are the only fictions in the narrative.

Fanny White was the daughter of a naval lieutenant, left with her widowed mother, to the bleak charities of the world. She had been tenderly reared and educated; and what is more, seemed

born with the delicacy, the refinement, the meekness, the sweetness, of a gentlewoman. When the lieutenant's funeral bill was paid, the widow found herself with one unbroken guinea in the world. Fanny was then sixteen, and, with looks as cheerful as if she were going to a dance, she would rise, long ere daylight, in winter mornings, and pick her path to the "shop," where, by the greatest good luck, she had, very shortly after her father's death, gained admission as a neophyte milliner. Great was the triumph felt by Fanny on the first Saturday night, when she placed in the hand of her mother, six shillings!

Fanny White soon became a favorite, from her exceeding gentleness: the constant smile that was in her face, and the alacrity with which she would sometimes anticipate the commands of her employers. In a little time, Fanny was the chosen ambassador to any very particular, any very difficult customer. Thus Fanny walked through London streets, yet was there not in her beautiful—her happy face—for she was supremely happy in the nine shillings (three being in due time added to the six, that every Saturday she carried home)—a charm to awe the trading beldam into silence, albeit Fanny would pass on "in maiden meditation fancy free." She walked in the furnace of London, and still the bloom of health and innocence was on her cheeks.

Miss Arabella Snaketon—the daughter of a singularly sharp attorney, long since retired from a very lucrative business, to ponder on the good he had done on earth, and to muse upon the reward of heaven—Miss Arabella Snaketon, living at the West, was about to bestow her hand, and twenty thousand pounds, on a surpassingly clever, middle-aged stock-broker, from the East.

Miss Arabella Snaketon had ordered her bridal dress—who shall tell the cost of the smuggled lace?—at the "house" where Fanny White studied the arts of millinery. The dress finished, Fanny, followed by the porter, was despatched with it to the impatient virgin—the fluttering and expecting bride.

(We tell not what is to follow, in the vain hope that it will

touch the hearts of the great family of the Snaketons: people who get gold by the crooked means with which *they* obtained it, wear an impenetrable armor of guineas above their breasts—yea, they are more impenetrable than crocodiles!—However, to our story.)

Fanny, arriving at the house, was speedily summoned to the room, where sat in proudest silence, Mrs. Snaketon, and her daughter Arabella. The mother heard the rustling of the bridal robes, but took no more notice of the polite and beautiful little Milliner, than if she were made of the same material as the Milliner's box. The wedding-dress was displayed; and Mrs. Snaketon, still seated in silent dignity, watched her daughter as she proceeded to try it on: scarcely a word had, as yet, been spoken to the Milliner.

Miss Snaketon's head emerged from a sea of satin, and with the ready assistance of Fanny, she had almost donned the garment, when it hung somewhere about the bodice, and Fanny, who was vigilantly regarded by Mrs. Snaketon, endeavored to pull it straight: in this laudable attempt, however, the hand of Fanny passed over the bare shoulder of Miss Snaketon. Mrs. Snaketon, in a whirlwind of indignation, bounced to her feet!

"Why you—you—you impudent hussey!"—it was in these words she addressed the astounded Fanny; "you wouldn't dare"—passion almost denied the mother words—"dare—to—to—*touch her flesh!*"

Fanny White had not the heart to make answer, but after a moment's struggle, she hid her face in her hands, and wept bitterly.

Oh! ye high and noble born—for the race of Snaketons is incorrigible—deign to cultivate some sympathy for the poor and lowly!

Oh! ye painted porcelain of human clay, think not Fanny Whites mere red-earth pipkins!



THE COACHMAN.

He will bear you easily, and reins well.

Twelfth Night.

THE COACHMAN AND THE GUARD.

BY NIMROD.

WHOEVER doubts the importance of a Coachman's calling, admits that he has not looked much into books. There is none more classical; few have been considered more honorable; in fact, we should write our inkstand dry were we to enumerate a tithe of the honors paid to those who have distinguished themselves in the management of the reins and the whip. One of the finest passages in Virgil, and one in which he is thought to have excelled Homer when alluding to this subject, is his description of a skilful charioteer, in which he is said by one of his critics to mount the soul of the reader, as it were, on the box with him, and whirl him along in the race. When Æneas takes up Pindarus into his chariot, to go against Diomed, he compliments him with the choice either to fight or manage the reins. Nor is the answer of the hero less worthy of remark: he tells Æneas that it would be better that he should drive his own horses, lest by not feeling their proper master's hand, they might become unruly, and bring them into danger. That men of high quality were thus employed is evident from the mention by Homer of the skill of his heroes in the driving art. Both Hector and Nestor are represented as great in the art; and after the manner of the former, the father of Hercules, although he is said to have left other exercises to masters, was himself his instructor in the management of horses in harness. Again; Theocritus assigns the celebrated charioteer Amphitrion, as the tutor to his own son, on the box, as a matter of the greatest consequence;—

To drive the chariot, and with steady skill,
 To turn, and yet not break, the bending wheel,
 Amphitryon kindly did instruct his son:—
 Great, in the art, for he himself had won
 Vast precious prizes on the Argive plains;
 And still the chariot which he drove remains,
 Unhurt in th' course though time has broke the falling reins.

But independently of poetical associations, the Coachman is illustrious from his connection with classical lore. The car of Cuchullin is magnificently described by Ossian, even the horses' names being given. Pelops is immortalised by the first of Grecian bards, for his ability to drive at the rate of fourteen miles in the hour; and the story of the ivory arm is but a metaphorical illustration of the merits of his punishing whip hand, when contending for a wager with a royal brother whip. In addition to all this, the Coachman is celebrated for the morality with which his name is associated;—"All the world's a stage!" says Shakspeare.

So much for the honor of the ancient charioteer. Neither is there anything like "small potatoes" in the character and demeanor of the modern Coachman. He is not only, next to his master, the greatest man in the inn yard, but there are times when his word of command is quite as absolute as was that of Wellington at Waterloo. For example:—who dares to disobey the summons of "Now, gentlemen, if you please," given as he walks out of a small road-side house, on a winter's night, into which himself and passengers have just stepped to wet their whistles, whilst the horses are being changed? Then see him enter a country town—"the swell dragsman;" or what Prior calls,

—"the youthful, handsome charioteer,
 Firm in his seat, and running his career;"—

why, every young woman's eyes are directed towards him; and not a few of the old ones as well. But can we wonder at it? How neatly, how appropriately to his calling, is he generally

attired! How healthy he looks! What an expressive smile he bestows upon some prettier lass than common; partly on his own account, and partly that his passengers may perceive he is thus favored by the fair sex. But in truth, road Coachmen are general favorites with womankind. It may be, perhaps, that in the tenderness of their nature, they consider their occupation to be a dangerous one, and on the long-established principle, that "none but the brave deserve the fair," they come next to the soldier in female estimation, amongst a certain class.

But how manifold are the associations connected with a road Coachman's calling? The great source and principle of human happiness, in a worldly sense, is *novelty*; and who can indulge in this equally with the traveller. To spend our lives with one set of unchanging objects, would afford no variety of sensations, images, or ideas; all around us, indeed, would soon have the sameness of a cell; whereas, to the traveller, every fresh scene is a picture, and every object affords food for a contemplative mind. In fact, the benefits of travelling are innumerable: it liberalises the mind, and enlarges the sphere of observation by comparison; dispels local prejudices, short-sightedness, and caprice; and has always been considered essential to the character of an accomplished gentleman. How delightful is it, then, to live in a country in which, as in England, travelling is so perfect, and can be occasionally indulged in with comfort, by all classes of the community. We are denied a passage through the air; but who can wish for anything of this nature beyond being conveyed at the rate of ten miles in the hour, on a road nearly as hard and as smooth as a barn floor, and by horses that appear to be but playing with their work! Then the extraordinary, the unique comfort of an English road-side inn! There is nothing like it in all the world besides; and since first we read of our Harry the Fifth's revelings with Falstaff, and the merry men of Eastcheap, at the sign of "The Boar's Head," we have always had a penchant for those temples of jollities and comfort—English inns. Next, a

modern stage coach!—what a pretty specimen of mechanism reduced to practical usefulness and comfort does it exhibit; and how lamentable is it that it should be about to be put aside, to make room for that “nasty, wheezin’, crackin’, gaspin’, puffin’, bustin’, monster”—as Master Humphrey calls it—the steam-engine and its appurtenances, with which England is now cursed; and this, perhaps, for the rest of her existence as a country, to the utter extinction of her pastoral character, heretofore her most beautiful and distinguishing feature. Then, again, the really classically dressed healthy-looking Coachmen and Guards, metamorphosed into smoke-dried stokers, and greasy engineers; their passengers conveyed through the country like thieves, amidst hosts of police officers and constables, and locked up in vans, as if on their road to Newgate; and all this with the chance of being blown up into the clouds, or decapitated on the spot!

Quitting this disgusting scene, let us revert to the once boasted heroes of the road; and looking at the “HEADS” that are presented to us, endeavor to illustrate the originals. According to the rule of *seniores priores*, we will commence with the “old ones”—the old fashioned Coachman of former days; and we know not how we can better develope his character and calling, than by letting him at once speak for himself. We will then introduce him in conversation with his box-passenger, on his first start from a country town, a hundred and fifty miles west of the metropolis, But, reader, observe this:—no Coachmen of the old school, nor many of the new, say a word to their passengers for the first two miles of the journey. They have sundry important matters to occupy, if not monopolise, their ideas for the time. There is the way-bill; the parcels to be dropped on the road; the state of the horses since their last journey; a calculation of their own lawful receipts, together with how much may be added to them by the help of the short pocket; and sundry other affairs which concern only themselves. Let us, however suppose the ice to be broken,

and after a slight survey of his person, imagine our Jehu of the old school, thus addressing his fellow-traveller:—

Coachman.—Booked through, sir?

Passenger.—Yes.

C. Nice day for your journey, and you'll find this a good coach.

P. Not very fast.

C. If she aint fast, she aint slow; and though she loads heavy, she keeps her time. You'll be in Lunnun to-morrow morning, sir, as the clock hits nine.

P. A good coach for Coachmen and Guard, I'll be bound.

C. No great things, sir. We does contrive to make tongue and buckle meet, as the saying is, and that's all; although I have been a coachman thirty years come next May, I am worth next to nothing. Then to be sure I've had a heavy family, and if it was n't for the help of the short pocket now and then, I know not what would have 'come on us.

P. Short pocket!

C. Some calls it shouldering, sir.

P. Oh I understand you; you mean occasionally putting some money into your own pockets, instead of into your employer's!

C. Why, to be sure, sir; I can't say but it is a bit wrong, but a Coachmcan's place is no 'heritance, and there aint half-a-dozen in England as doesn't do it, and very few proprietors as doesn't know it.

P. And will they stand it?

C. Not all on 'em, sir; nor some passengers wont if they knows it. For instance:—the last journey but one, I axed a passenger who sat behind me on the roof, if he would walk on a little way on the road, while I changed horses, and he said he would. At last, he asked me *why*? “Why, sir,” said I, “I means *to swallow you this morning*.” “Swallow me!” said he; “what do you mean?” On my telling him I meant to put his fare (it was

but a trifle, as he warnt going very far, nor warnt on the bill) into my own pocket, he said, he should do no sich thing. Now, says I to myself, what sort of a chap can this be? And who do you think he was? Why a Methodist parson! Blow me, says I to the Guard, but I didn't think there was' as much honesty in all the Methodist parsons in the world.

P. Then all proprietors will not stand shouldering?

C. No, sir. I lost a sarvice by only shouldering a soldier two stages, and made it a rule never to shoulder another of that sort of live timber. A proprietor can see 'em a mile off by the color of their coat, and the feathers in their cap.

P. Well, it was no feather in your cap?

C. No, nor out of it, for the coach was no great things, and I've been on this ever since.

P. Driving must be a healthy occupation, and as you say you have been a coachman nearly thirty years, you prove it to be such, for you look hale and hearty.

C. No doubt but it's healthy, sir; that is to say, provided a man takes his natural rest, and keeps the right hand down. For my own part, I never lay rest a score journeys in my life, except when I broke this here leg, and had my hand frost-bitten.

P. What do you mean by keeping the right hand down?

C. Why, you know, sir (*smiling*), we takes the glass in the right hand; what I mean is, not to take too much liquor.

P. What do you call too much liquor?

C. Why, sir, d'ye see, we stands in need, and especially o'er this high and cold ground, of something comfortable to keep out the weather. For my own part, I never called myself much of a drinker; but what curious notions some persons have about what a man like me should drink.

P. You rather might say, what a man like you does drink, or *ought* to drink.

C. Well, sir, have it that way if you like: a few journeys back I had a doctor on the box along with me, and he would have it

that hot rum-and-water—and that's the liquor I always takes on the road—is poison.

P. Poison!

C. Yes, sir, downright poison; so much so, he said, he was quite sure that two glasses every day would kill a man in three years.

P. And what did you say to that remark?

C. Why, you know, sir, it warnt for me to contradict a doctor; but I made bold to ask him, what sort of stuff he thought I must be made of, for, said I, I have drunk no less than six every day on the road, for the last nineteen years, besides what I takes with my dinner and supper, and something comfortable with my pipe at night; and I don't know now, whether the 'Surance Office people wouldn't have my life before the doctor's, for he looks as white in the face as my near leader does.

P. You must meet with all sorts of people in your daily vocation.

C. Yes, and of all sizes too: I consider myself no small weight: but I had a gentleman alongside me on the box a few journeys back, that made me look like a shrimp. I axed him what he weighed, and he said, six-and-twenty stone *on the weigh-bridge*, for no scales would hold him.

P. Now what description of passengers pay you best?

C. Why, sir, next to a drunken sailor, just paid off, there is nothing like Eton schoolboys, and Oxford gentlemen. You see, sir, when they leaves school, or the 'Varsity, they are very happy at the thoughts of getting away from the big wigs, and their books; and when they returns, they are full of money, and don't think much of a few shillings?

P. But the drunken sailor.

C. Pardon me, sir; I don't mean to say, all sailors are drunkards, but I mean to say this, there's nothing, in our line, comes near a sailor, a *little sprung* with money in his pocket. When I drove the old "Liverpool Mercury," commonly called on the

road (saving your presence), the "Lousy Liverpool," I have sacked two pounds on a journey for weeks together in the time of war; and the landlord of the inn at which the coach stopped to breakfast has been heard to say, it was worth five hundred a-year to him.

P. How could that be?

C. How, sir? Why, Jack, you see, could never eat nothing at that time in the morning; but calling for something to drink for himself and messmates, would chuck down half-a-guinea, saying he never took no change.

P. And how came you to lose such a coach as that?

C. Aye, that's the job, sir. I told you before our place is no 'heritance; we had a bad mishap; we had four horses and three passengers all drowned at one go.

P. And was you the cause of it?

C. Worse luck, I was.

P. Drunk, I fear?

C. No, sir, I warnt drunk, nor warnt sober. I wos what we calls stale drunk; the liquor wos a dying in me, like; but that warnt the cause. It wos a terrible foggy night; we had a terrible awkward bridge to go over; and as bad luck would have it—we were shocking badly horsed in that coach—every one of the team that night was blind. Now what could be expected in such a case as this, with only one eye among us, and that one wos mine? I missed the bridge; into the river we went, drowning all the horses, and three drunken sailors asleep, in the inside. Of course, I got the sack.

P. And what are your worst payers?

C. Why, God bless them, sir—for I loves them to my very heart for all that, and have had two heavy families by two wives—women are the worst, and parsons next. Many a woman thinks she behaves handsome, if she gives a Coachman sixpence for driving her fifty miles, and helping her to swear that her child aint seven years old, when she knows it is eight, and ought to

pay full fare; and as to parsons, you might as well expect to squeeze blood out of turnips, as more than a shilling out of them, especially those who have their hats turned up behind, and a bit of a rose in front, like that at the side of our coach-horse's bridle-fronts. But I sarved one of them out some years back. I hap-pened to swear twice on the journey, when he made that an excuse for not giving me any thing. Well, sir, when I sets him down at his house, he wanted his carpet bag; and also a heavy trunk that was in the roof: "You shall have your carpet-bag, sir," said I; "but as *you* have done your duty, I must do *mine*. I shall take your trunk to the office, and you will have seven-and-sixpence to pay for it." If he had given me something, you see, he would have had nothing to pay for his trunk.

P. I am at a loss to know how you distinguish your horses, when you have occasion to speak of them to the various horse-keepers on the road.

C. You see, sir, some on 'em are named by us, and others by the horse-keepers. For example:—this here near-wheeler was christened Alderman in the stable, because he is such a devil to eat; and his partner, I calls Lawyer, because he wont do nothing without being well paid for it, and as little as he can help, then. In short, he is a shifty rascal, and no more minds the whip than a lobster does a flea-bite.

P. And what do you call your present leaders?

C. Why, sir, I christened them both myself. The little bay horse on the near side, I calls Barleycorn, because he was bought of a publican, who brews the best ale on this road; and his partner, the gray mare, Virago.

P. Why Virago?

C. Well; to tell you the plain truth, sir, she is much like my first wife; God rest her soul, she warn't a bad kind of woman neither; but terrible violent if put out. And that's the case with that there mare. If I was to hit her two or three times, smartly, under the bars—not that I am a-going to insinuate that my poor

missis and I ever came to blows—she wouldn't be herself again for all the rest of the stage. Then again you see, she wears something like a shade before her eyes, what we calls a mope, and this because she's apt to be what we calls megrimy.

P. What do you mean?

C. Why, if she runs with the sun in her face, she is apt to be taken with the megrims, and then she's down on her back in a crack, if not pulled up.

P. Has that any thing to do with temper?

C. I shouldn't wonder if it has, for the neighbors used to say, my wife was very full of megrims, and I see no reason why it shouldn't be the same case with horses.

P. From what does it proceed?

C. I can't say exactly; but our farrier says it has something to do with the head. Now if I was to give my opinion, it comes from the head in horses, and from the heart in women; but both are apt to be queer in their temper, and difficult to handle, so as always to keep them in the straight road. Both, you know, sir, are given to bolt at times, and now and then to kick over a trace, or jump over the pole; not that I am a-going to insinuate that my first missis ever went so far as this, at least, not to my knowledge.

P. But, Coachman, I fear your trade will soon be over; they tell me we are to have steam-carriages on the road as well as elsewhere.

C. Oh, sir, that won't be in my time nor yours; the Guard tells me, though, that our Lunnun man has been talking about them.

P. Who do you mean by your London man?

C. Him who drives over the upper ground into Lunnun. These Lunnun men, you see, sir, knows a many things that we down in the country knows nothing about.

P. Was you never in London.

C. Never could reach it, sir; never could get beyond the middle ground. It ain't on account of Coachmanship, for I wouldn't

turn my back to any man in England, in our line, and that our proprietor knows, or I shouldn't have been on this coach for the last nineteen years; the stock speaks for that; but the truth is, we country Coachmen arn't thought quite 'cute enough to bring a coach—especially a night coach—in and out of Lunnun: so many thieves, you know. A brother of mine, who druv the Holyhead mail through Wales, where a man aint hanged above once in fifty years, was done brown the first week he druv a coach into Lunnun: a man comes up to him in Piccadilly, with fine lace on his hat, and says—"Now, Coachman, *be alive*; my master's luggage; there it is, that ere carpet bag;" so, taking the first that was handed down to him, *off* he goes with it; and of course, before night, my brother was *off* the coach. Then they tells me, some of them Lunnun Coachmen are quite like gentlemen, and able to talk with gentlemen on any matter, and in any language. Our Lunnun man, indeed, the passengers tells me, speaks Greek and Latin, and that which the Jews talks, as well. But for my part, I thinks some of those fine Lunnun Coachmen are a little above their situvation; not but what I would have every man, in our line, keep himself respectable. Indeed, I could not help saying to our Guard, t'other day, when he told me he met one of what they calls the "swell-dragsmen" out of Lunnun, at work in kid gloves, and with a bunch of curls sticking out on the off-side of his hat, that I should like to put a twitch on his nose, and trim him about the head, as we do a horse. I'd put the dog-skins on him too; what real Coachman ever druv in any thing but dog-skin gloves? It's coming it too strong, sir. Then our Guard told me another queer go. He said, an old fellow-servant of mine had given notice to quit his place at the end of the month, and what do you think this place is? Why no less than thirty miles in and out of Lunnun, two coaches in twenty-four hours, and all night-work! Why, I reckon the blockhead wants a place in the House of Commons.

P. I think your friend is something unreasonable, but I don't

understand one expression of yours. You speak "night work," as a recommendation.

C. Nothing like "night work," sir, for a Coachman. Proprietors snug in bed arter a certain hour; always something to be picked up on such a road as his.

P. But you must suffer in cold weather.

C. Can't say we doesn't, sir. I've had my box-coat so froze that it could not be unbuttoned; actually obliged to have the buttons cut off before I could get out of it, and then it would stand up for all the world as stiff as if I had been in it. Then Meeting a storm of hail—sore work for the eyes, because, you see, sir, we are obliged to raise the eyelid, or we can't—

P. I don't comprehend you.

C. Why, sir, if you'll try, you will find that, though you can see the wheel-horses, and half way along the leaders' backs, with your eyelids down, and your head in its natural place, you can't see their heads, still less the road before them, unless you raise your eyelids, and then you expose your eyes to the storm. I have had a pellet of hail strike my own good eye, ready to knock it out of the socket, and what a pretty go would that have been.

P. Well, driving and guarding a coach through a winter's night, or even a winter's day, must be punishing work, and doubtless attended with no small degree of danger. It is on this consideration that I always feel disposed to reward Coachmen and Guards well; here are three shillings for yourself, and I shall pay the Guard where we leave him.

C. Much obliged to you, sir; I shall drink your health after my dinner, with my usual toast.

P. Pray what is your usual toast?

C. "As we travel through life, may we live on the road."

P. (*to himself*). *Dum vivimus, vivamus*; and very well translated.

At the next change, a different sort of person gets on the box, commonly called, when, as in this case, there are three Coachmen

on the whole length of ground, "the middle-ground man." He is generally a cut above "the lower-ground man;" not so provincial in manner or language; in other words, a smarter and more wide awake looking person altogether. By way of correctly illustrating him, we must continue the dialogical style.

Coachman.—Charming day, sir; any thing new down the road?

Passenger.—Not that I am aware of. That fellow servant of yours, we have just left behind, is a droll hand; but I wish he were not so fond of galloping his horses, and flogging them.

C. A capital coachman, sir; but of the old school; been used to weak horses and heavy loads, in former times, so can't keep his right hand still ("Nor *down* neither,") said the passenger to himself). A terrible hard bitter: can almost lift a leader off the ground, as we say, with the point of the thong, and the draw.

P. But, surely, he was not used to galloping in former days?

C. No, sir; neither need he to gallop now if he could persuade himself to pass by a public-house without calling; but he can't do that for the life of him. He's then obliged to gallop to fetch up the time he loses in taking "his allowance," as he calls it, and chattering to the mistress of the house, or the landlord: but there is no necessity for galloping on this coach, although she is rated at ten miles an hour. You'll see no horse of mine gallop, except just at the bottom of a hill, with another in the face of it, which gives the horses a bit of a lift, by keeping the coach alive ("the *vis vivida*," muttered the passenger); and as to whipping, a knot of Nottingham cord lasts me a twelvemonth. I don't use my horses to whipping; and though I don't pretend to be as good a Coachman as old Joe Randles, or One-eyed Joe, as we call him, I can coax my horses over their ground, and keep time, without all that whipping. You may whip horses till they wont go any pace without it; and after all, why punish poor dumb animals, who havn't the power to complain, if you can do what you want,

without it? That off-leader, for example:—she has been in this coach eleven years: well for the first six miles, she is as good as she ever was; in fact, she *will have* the bar; but she drops off the last four. In fact, there aint much left in her besides her good heart; and a man must be a brute to whip that out of her.

P. I suppose you oftentimes find similar cases to hers in coach-horses.

C. Yes; and if all Coachmen would give it consideration, we should hear of fewer accidents than we do. For instance:—many wheel-horses will take a coach down a hill without skidding, at the beginning of a stage, and then Coachmen expect they can do the same at the end of it. But the case is altered. They are then often much distressed for wind and power—consequently, weak; and thus accidents happen by the coach getting the better of them.

P. One-eyed Joe, as you call him, has been a hard drinker in his time, I have reason to believe.

C. Almost all Coachmen of the old school drink more than they should, but it is all over now with drinking on the road. A glass of sherry, and a biscuit, is all I take over my ground; and I believe our London Coachman only eats an apple.

P. A great improvement; but our friend, One-eyed Joe, wont hear of improvements, or, I rather had said, innovations. He wont believe that we shall ever see steam-coaches on the road.

C. Neither will I, sir: I have seen one of those unsightly objects at work, and am of opinion that not only will the machinery be constantly liable to be out of order, but I doubt much whether the wheels have sufficient bite of the ground to prevent their turning round without moving the carriage forward, particularly on hills, and when the road is glazed by ice. Joe says, he wishes the man who invented steam had been smothered in the birth; and I am also of his opinion, for they tell me, travelling by steam on railroads, will soon become general, and

then it is all over with coaching, unless here and there, on some cross-roads; with those dangerous things called light pair-horse coaches.

P. Most the pity; now it is brought to such perfection; and the Coachmen, what will they do?

C. God only knows, sir. What is such a man as One-eyed Joe good for, off his box? He can just read well enough to make out what is on his way-bill, but as for writing, you never beheld such a scratch; and how can it be otherwise, for his fingers are nearly as thick as a horse's leg. Indeed, he says himself, that he hopes, when he is taken off the box, that he may at once be booked by the down mail.

P. That is talking rather lightly, Coachman. I would advise One-eyed Joe to ask for a little time to make up his account in another way; in other words, to make reparation, or supplicate forgiveness, for all he has put into the "short pocket." But I feel for proprietors of inns and publicans on the roads, who have embarked their capital, as well as for Coachmen and Guards, should steam conveyance for travellers become general. Thousands of hearts will be broken, and should it not eventually turn out to the country's benefit, the experiment will have been made at a great price. Rely upon this, it may be resorted to from necessity, other modes being done away with; but it will never be a favorite conveyance with Englishmen; a bad substitute for the well-appointed English stage coach, in, and about which, as Mr. Cobbet so forcibly expressed himself, you might see nearly the whole population of a village, carried away at the rate of nine miles in the hour, and as safe as when they were in their beds. For my own part, although I am no coachman beyond driving a gig, I am fond of everything that belongs to what you call the road, and I wish to ask you a few questions.

C. Beg pardon, sir, but your mention of a gig puts me in mind of a good story a young Oxford gentleman told me the other day. He persuaded his uncle to take a drive with him in

his gig, assuring him his was the quietest horse alive. Well, the old boy gets in, and he had n't been in long, before he told his nephew that he paid him a great compliment by trusting his person in his gig, as it was only the third time he had ever been in one in all his life. "Oh," said the young one, "my horse beats you by chalks; he was never in one till to-day." I need hardly tell you, the old one was soon out of the gig. But, sir, those gigs are terrible dangerous things; and strange to say, a road Coachman scarce ever gets into one that something do n't happen. I know of four that were killed by being thrown out of them—the famous Dick Vaughan, or H—ll-fired Dick, as the Cambridge scholars christened him, of the number. Give me four wheels, and then you have a chance for your life, if a horse falls, or sets a-kicking. But I will now hear your questions, and answer them to the best of my power.

P. What do you consider the best kind of a horse for what you call road-work?

C. Your question is answered in a few words, sir. Plenty of substance, on short legs, with free action, and a close worker. A horse without substance is of little use in our coach, because horses draw by their weight, and not by the force of their muscles, although it is the force of the muscles that puts that weight into motion. He should, therefore, have good wind, for wind in a horse is strength.

P. How do you know when a horse is a close worker?

C. By looking at him closely.

P. Exactly so, I understand you; there is an increased tension of the frame when a horse exerts his powers in draught. But how do you manage to drive blind leaders, and to make those that see, face all weathers?

C. We should not keep time as we do keep it, if it was not that a coach-horse is always running home, that is to say, his home is at each end of his stage. As for blind horses, they soon know every yard of the ground they run over, and will stop to

within three paces of where they are accustomed to stop. How they measure the ground, is more than I, or any other man, can say; and I am quite sure no human being could do the same thing; and as for blind horses in harness, some of them are delightful to drive, when running up to their bits, as they generally do, to avail themselves of their driver's hand.

P. I observe your horses are not poled up so tightly as those of your fellow-servant.

C. It punishes horses to pole them up short; but it must be done if they are made to gallop, because long pole chains cause the coach to roll. A man must have a very fine finger to gallop his coach with long pole-chains, and few Coachmen of the old school are blessed with a light finger.

P. As you appear to be an observer of circumstances, let me ask you what you consider the best material for roads, with reference to the draught of horses?

C. Why, you will hardly believe me when I tell you, that on good pavement, the draught is not more than a third of what it is on loose gravel, nor more than half what it is on a broken stone surface, after M'Adam's plan.

P. You spoke just now of "the draw," in allusion to the whip, when applied to a leader.

C. I did, sir, but it may be difficult to explain what is meant by that word. It signifies the mere act of a Coachman throwing out the point of his thong, so that on its return it invariably comes back across his breast to his hand, and never hangs in the bars or the pole-chains. They tell me that nowhere but in Great Britain is there any neatness, still less science, displayed in the use of a four-horse whip by Coachmen. On the continent, I am told the whips used are similar to those with which Irishmen drive their pigs, when they come over to this country in droves. The manufacture of four-horse whips, in England, is now arrived at great perfection, and affords employment to many hundreds of persons. On the continent, a stick cut from a hedge or copse, and a slip

of what is called whit-leather are all that are considered necessary for a four-horse whip.

Our traveller again changes the scene—we rather had said, his companion. We have now not merely the “Lunnun man,” as One-eyed Joe calls him, but the modern Coachman of the very first class, who is at once recognised as such by the respect paid to him by his horse-keepers, the high polish of his harness, the superior condition of his horses, and the dress and address of the man. We will at once start him on his journey, and having taken a slight survey of his passenger, suppose him thus to open the ball.

Coachman.—I hope you have had a pleasant journey, sir; found the coach what it ought to be, and likewise the Coachman.

Passenger.—Quite so. I do not profess to be much of a judge of Coachmen, but I think you are fortunate in having an amusing man on one part of your ground, and a very decent civil person on the other.

C. You mean One-eyed Joe, I suppose, sir, as the first? I have only seen him once, and then not on his box, but he appeared quite a character; and they tell me that, after the fashion of the old school, he is a right good Coachman. His lingo, to be sure, is a queer one, also of the old school; and I wish you could hear him give a description of himself at a wedding dinner, given by a sporting baronet at his mansion, in his part of the country, to a favorite road Coachman. It is far from being amiss, I can assure you, from the technicality of the style, showing how intimately his ideas sympathise with his calling. I will endeavor to repeat that part of it which relates to his conduct in the servants' hall:—“I walks in,” says he, “as free as hair; hangs my hat on a peg behind the door; sits myself down alongside a young woman they calls a lady's-maid, and gets as well acquainted with her in five minutes as if I had known her for seven years. At last we goes to dinner; starts with some soup—very different tackle from what I gets at “The Black Swan,” on my journey down in the

winter time; and next comes some fish. They was what are called trouts, spotted for all the world like any coach-dog. Then, a loin of veal, as white as hallybaster; the kidney fat as big as a lady's bandbox, I aint lying, so help me —. A couple of ducks, stuffed with sage and innions, fit for any lord; and a pudding yon might have druv a coach around. Red port and sherry white like puddles on the road; no end to 'em, one after t'other, like hopposition coaches; and I almost feared the butler would have broke his harm, a-drawing cocks. Then we finishes with tea and toast in the house-keeper's room, where all was right for a long time; but at last, I turns my eye o' the near side, and sees Bill Simms of the Bristol mail, a making too free with a young woman on the next chair. Says I to myself, I'll put the drag chain upon *you*; Bill, says I, keep your hands in their places; that wont do; there must be nothing but whot's genteel *here*; recollect you aint at Bristol now."

P. Capital; the ruling passion.

C. Yes, sir, strong in drink, as Pope says it is in death; and I heard the other day, a remarkable instance of the latter, in a horse-dealer. A person had been trying to make a purchase, but there was the sum of five pounds between them, as the saying is, The chapman however, called the next morning to make a second attempt to buy, and asked to see the dealer, who happened to be ill at the time. "Master died in the night, sir," said one of his men in the yard; "but he left word you should have the horse."

P. Capital again; but what a splendid road is this!

C. Indeed, it is, sir; in fact, the prophecy which says, "Every valley shall be exalted, every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain," appears to be about to be fulfilled on our roads.— See what has been done here! We are now absolutely going down hill, where our fathers went up on this very spot. Only fancy the road having once gone over the top of that hill. But

the fact is, road-makers a century back, were very dull fellows. They fancied a straight line to be the shortest direction between two points, and therefore the most eligible for a road. But this opinion is not well founded. In some cases, indeed, both premises and conclusions are false; and in many cases, the premises may be granted, and the conclusion denied. A straight line is, indeed, the shortest distance between two points on a plane; but over a conical hill, it is longer than a circuitous line; and over a hill which forms a hemisphere, it is exactly of the same length, with a line round half the base.

P. (looking surprised). You appear to have studied this matter.

C. Not particularly, sir; a man at my time of life ought to know something of everything, and a good deal of what belongs to his calling. If Eschylus had not bled on the plains of Marathon, he could not have celebrated, on the stage, the triumphs of his country; and if road Coachmen were now and then consulted about these matters, fewer mistakes would be made, and less expenses incurred.

P. Pray, what is your opinion of steam?

C. Why, sir, every age and every country of which I have either heard or read, has beheld some science the object of preference. Physics and mathematics are now on the throne; and we may be said to have entered upon a locomotive era.

P. Are you of opinion that steam will be applied to carriages on the roads?

C. I am not of that opinion, sir; but as I have just observed, science has produced a new era, and although it will put us Coachmen on the shelf, such is the triumph of intellect over matter, that there is no saying what cannot, or what will not, be done. The substitution for inanimate, or as the scientific men call it, elementary, for animal power, is one of the most important improvements in the means of internal communication ever introduced,

chiefly as to economy of time; that it will never be given up on railroads, is my belief, but my opinion is decidedly adverse to its ever becoming general on the road.

P. The last Coachman, was adverse to them, and stated a few reasons for his opinion.

C. It strikes me, as it strikes him, that the wheels would not have sufficient bite of the road; in other words, that the periphery of the wheel would not have sufficient hold of the ground to make an available fulcrum. Then, in ascending hills, if a locomotive engine on a rail-road can scarcely propel itself up an inclined plane of moderate elevation, how is this to be effected on a road, where the friction is still more severe? But the greatest evil would be—were steam-carriages to become general—the entire destruction of our roads, from greater weight being carried over them, than their strength would bear. There is certainly a strong prejudice against steam-carriages on the road, but that would give way to experience with all but those who resist all attempts to quit the beaten track. Horace, you know, sir, considered navigation a violation of the laws of Nature; an impious defiance of the will and power of the gods; a mark of the impiety of mankind; and—I beg pardon, sir; did you notice the Coachman who has just passed us on “The Magnet?” Perhaps you never saw so diminutive an one; still there are few better on the box; and as you appear to be amused with our road lingo, I can give you an anecdote of him.

P. Why, I have observed that most Coachmen, those on fast coaches especially, have a peculiar readiness of answer—a sort of epigrammatic style, which I admire. No humming and hawing; no waste of words, but out it comes at once,—short, but to the point. In fact, Mr. Locke says, “Perspicuity of language merely consists in proper words or terms (the fewer the better) for our ideas or thoughts, when we would have them pass from our mind to that of another.” But your anecdote.

C. A certain lord, very fond of the whip, was complimenting

the person I alluded to, on being so powerful a man on his box, and so small withal. "My lord," said he, "what others does by strength, I does by hartifice." Now were it not for his murdering the English, one might have supposed this fellow to have understood Greek, and had been reading Homer, who makes Nestor tell his son that although his prads were got old and slow, they would beat their rivals in the chariot race, *by his superior coachmanship*; and Atrides, you know, had no chance with him. "It is not strength but art, obtains the prize," is a literal translation of his words.

P. But how is it, Coachman that you quote Horace and Homer?

C. The fact is, sir, I was designed for the church, and took a degree at Oxford; but not being at all sure that I should make a good clergyman, but on the other hand, pretty sure that I should make a good coachman, I am what you now see me. Moreover, I had no interest in the church that would lead to the loaves and fishes; and in my opinion, a poor parson works to a great disadvantage. He should be able to administer bodily as well as spiritual comfort to no small portion of his flock. That I dropped in the social scale, I admit, but—

"Honor and shame from no conditioe rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

P. Perhaps it may be all for the best, in your case; and if there were more well educated men in your line of life than there are the road would be the better for them. We should hear of fewer accidents; less cruelty to horses would be practised; and the whole system would be still more refined and improved than it is. Now let me ask you a few questions, some of which it might have been useless to have put to either of the other Coachmen, because they would not be inclined to speak out. First:—what are the principal causes of accidents to coaches?

C. They may be classed thus:—carelessness the first; fast driv-

ing round corners, and down hills, next; and both combined in the first. Thirdly:—broken axletrees, not altogether unavoidable, but, to a certain extent, to be traced to carelessness in not taking care that the weight to be carried by a coach is not too great for the sustaining powers of the axletrees, which may be proved by the iron they are made of being tried before use with an hydraulic press, the test being double the pressure it may have to sustain. Also that it is free from flaws. But so long as coachmen are ignorant of the impetus of motion, and the gravitating preponderance of a loaded coach, accidents in descending hills, and swinging corners, will continue to prevail. Were you to talk to One-eyed Joe of the properties of falling bodies; that the velocity of falling bodies is proportionate to the times from the beginning of their fall, that is,—the falling body receives a new impulse equal to what it had before in the same space of time, received from the same power; that its velocity, in fact, at the end of two seconds of time; is double what it was at the end of the first and so on in proportion to the time of its fall, he would only smile in your face, and ask you what nonsense you were talking? and yet he never drives a coach down a hill that he does not prove the truth of these axioms; and if he goes fast off the top of it, adding impetus to impetus, he experiences the difficulty his wheel-horses have in holding back the coach. Then suppose you were to talk to him of the centre of gravity, or a centrifugal force. He knows nothing about either, but how many times has his coach been within an inch of losing the one, which would of course have thrown her on her side, and nearly swung off her legs by the preponderating influence of the other, without his being aware of it and this, in great measure, by the improper position of the load, which disturbs the equilibrium of his coach. But there is now about to be a new source of accidents; the driving horses not properly harnessed, which chiefly had its rise in affectation. Light-mouthed leaders may be driven with safety without bearing reins, but the omission of them on wheel-horses has already caused some

fatal accidents by the cross bar of the bit becoming fast in the pole-hook. On the Exeter road, two lives were lost on one night from this cause; and more than a dozen of the other passengers were very seriously injured. In fact, Seneca's distinction between the epithets *tutus* and *securus*, often occurs to me, on my box. The one, he says, signifies out of danger; the other free from the dread of it. Passengers by coaches should have no causes for alarm, beyond those which, unavoidably, attend all the actions of our lives.

P. I should like to have your opinion on the effects of speed, as generally affecting the profit and loss of *coaching*; for that, I believe, is the term applied to the conducting of public conveyances on the road.

C. I consider the expenses nearly keep pace with the rate at which a coach is timed; in other words, the expense increases up to the practical limit of speed, nearly as the velocity. The efficiency of horses in draught diminishes as their speed increases, so that, for fast coaches, a superior horse, with superior keep, is required, and his services are necessarily shortened.

P. What is the maximum of speed of horses in harness?

C. I know of nothing on the road that exceeds Mr. Sheward's exploit. He drove four horses fifteen miles in fifty-four minutes.

P. There is not, I think, so much cruelty towards coach-horses, in these days, as was formerly practised.

C. Certainly not. Road Coachmen used to pride themselves, as One-eyed Joe does, on being what they called hard hitters, that is to say, able to punish horses unmercifully with their whips. All this is bad, and too often unnecessary. As Shakspeare says, "It is excellent to have a giant's strength, but tyrannous to use it like a giant;" and a noble sentiment it is. For my own part, I abhor cruelty towards animals—horses above all; and have never forgotten that beautiful passage in Lord Erskine's speech, which I believe I can repeat:—"We are too apt to consider animals under the domination of man," said his lordship,

“in no view but that of property. The dominion granted to us over the inferior part of the animal world, is not confided to us absolutely. It is a dominion in trust. The animal over which we exercise our power, has all the organs which render it susceptible of pleasure and of pain. It sees, it hears, it smells, it tastes, it feels with acuteness all the sensations of pleasure and pain: how mercifully then ought we to exercise the dominion entrusted to us!” For my part, I wish a pathometer could be invented, to enable us to judge of the suffering of the animal creation. It would make us all more merciful towards them than we are.

P. I asked the last Coachman how he knows when a horse is doing his share of work? He told me he judged partly by looking at his body.

C. He is right, sir. A horse may appear to work up to his collar, and to keep something like a tight trace, and still be doing but little. It is by observing a tension of the whole frame that we can best judge of the power he is exerting in draught. The vital principle of giving out that power at will, will ever remain inexplicable to us; and it is the necessary increase of it, when going at a quick rate, and in ascending hills, that occasion distress to horses. It is said that the increment of power necessary to take a horse without anything upon or behind him up a hill rising three inches in a yard, is equal to one-twelfth of his weight.

P. What do you think of gentlemen Coachmen, and the length to which, some years back, they carried their passion for the coach-box?

C. Why, sir, I think they did a great service to their country, although some of them remind us of the young gentleman, so well described by Ovid, in his *Metamorphosis*, who would drive the horses of the sun; they sometimes meet with more than their match, and get floored. But depend upon this, sir, neither the roads, nor the coaches, nor Coachmen, nor horse-keepers, would be so efficient as they now are, but for the gentlemen Coachmen.

And why should not a gentleman drive his own coach? Kings have done so in the best of times; and I think I have read of a Roman figuring on the box in the streets of Rome, during the period of his consulate.

P. Yes, but only by night, when consul. Lateranus was the person you allude to.

C. One-eyed Joe would have said, "I wonder what sort of lamps the gentleman used." But English gentlemen need no apologist for their driving propensities; and we shall meet one of them presently who, like Camillus of old, has not driven a horse of any other color but gray, for the last forty years; and another, who sticks to the roans. They are both capital Coachmen, and very worthy men.

P. I should like to have your opinion of a perfect road Coachman.

C. The modern road Coachman, sir, is generally to be appreciated by the time his coach is rated at. As coaches are now horsed, any muff who knows how to put the reins into his hand, can drive a slow coach; but a fast one, hotly opposed, is quite another thing. It requires what we call an *artist* in our line; and he must be as ready with his tongue as with his hands, and able to spring from, and on to his box, with the agility of a harlequin. Neither should he shut his eyes, but like the sailor in the main-top, he must look out for squalls. Then, as a soft answer turns away wrath, so does a short one best become a Coachman's mouth—that is to say, provided it be a civil one. Men in our line, however, will sometimes forget themselves. For instance:—a passenger the other day, put his head out of the window of one of the fastest coaches on our road, at the first change out of London, and wanted to know whether he could have some breakfast? "Yes, sir," replied the Coachman, who was in the act of drawing the reins through the terrets at the moment, and about to spring on his box, "if you can eat it whilst I can count twenty." But you have no idea of the absurd

questions often put to us by passengers. Fancy an old woman wishing to know, the last journey but one, whether I had ever been at Brighton? and on my telling her I had, she asked me, did I know *a* Mr. Jones? But to return to the previous question, as they say in the House. One of the first requisites in a Coachman, is to know when horses are put properly to a coach, on the well-known axiom that "who has made a good beginning has half finished his work." Avoid galloping as much as possible, because when leaders gallop, their bars are not at rest, and much of their draught is consequently lost in the angles described by them. Always take a hill in time—that is to say, never go fast off the top or crown of it. Use your whip as sparingly as you can; keep your eyes open, and your mouth shut, as much as you can; and *never throw away a chance*. In passing or meeting other carriages, clear your bars, and all will be right, and always keep your own side. Still—

"The rule of the road is a paradox quite,
I confess I have thought it so long;
If you go to the left, you are sure to go right,
If you go to the right you are wrong."

P. Speaking to coach-horses on the box is quite out of fashion.

C. Coachmen, forty years back, like Antilochus of old, absolutely cracked their voice by a peculiar roll of it, which no doubt had its effect; but we of this day are not allowed more than two clicks of the tongue—not even a whistle.

P. By the way, alluding to the doings of "this day," what think you of Asphalte?

C. A regular humbug; like many other of the doings of "this day."

P. And the wood-pavement?

C. Invented by an Irishman of course—wood-pavement? What shall we hear of next? They say it is to last for ever, like that which, as Addison says,—

“To proud Rome th’ admiring nations leads.”

P. I know not what we shall next hear of; but I fear many of those who are denied the faculty of hearing at all, will be run over, if that covering for streets becomes general. But why call it pavement, which is derived from the Latin word *pavio*, to ram?

C. Why, sir, it is not miscalled. It is the fashion of the day to ram down people’s throats anything they will swallow, and as Asphalte has rather stuck by the way, they are about to try a somewhat softer material; but, excuse the pun, I should not wonder at the projectors of it being *floored*. However, here we are at Hyde Park Corner; and three minutes and seventeen seconds within our time, instead of being three hours and a-half behind it, as was formerly the case when there were One-eyed Joes on all the ground. I hope, sir, you have had a pleasant journey, and will not fail to recommend our coach.

P. I have had a very pleasant journey, especially the latter part of it, thanks to the information I have received from you. It has greatly helped to shorten its distance by beguiling the time, and although I was amused by One-eyed Joe, I admit that I have received instruction from you.

C. Not much of that, sir (pulling up at “Hatchett’s Hotel,” at the moment); the subject is a barren one. “*Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri.*” I am much obliged to you, sir, and hope to see you on your return to the country.

THE GUARD.

Of all impositions, in a small way, ever laid upon the British public, has been that of throwing upon travellers, the payment—beyond a pittance of half-a-guinea a week from Government—of the services of Guards to mail-coaches, forasmuch as the services of the said Guards have been to them of no avail at all. In fact,

their very duty has required that they should not trouble themselves about passengers that travel by their coaches, beyond opening the coach-door for them, should they chance to be close at hand at the moment; their sole attention being confined to the care and delivery of the mail-bags. Not a carpet-bag, much less a portmanteau, would they touch, notwithstanding which, the cuckoo cry of "Please to remember the Guard, sir," is as familiar to their passengers as the rattle of the wheels, as they revolve. But does he not carry a blunderbuss and pistols to protect the persons of his passengers? Not a bit of it: he has nothing to do with his passengers. His own life and the mail-bags are all he is bound to defend; and a devil of a life must his be on some roads, and at certain seasons of the year, with the thermometer at zero for example, and a hundred miles in his teeth; with the mad woman* inside, and only three out.

But let us not be too hard upon the Mail Guard. He earns his bread dearly; is perfectly trustworthy, and performs the duties of his office with much punctuality and credit. But he must have, for the most part, a sorry time of it when on duty: no companion to converse with; no pretty girl on the roof to say soft things to, as his Coachman often has; no horses to occupy his attention; nothing, in short, to engage his thoughts beyond the next office at which a bag is to be left, and another to be taken up; unless it be either the retrospect of his past life, or a view of his present not very enviable situation; and every now-and-then indulging a foreboding, that one of these nights, either Galloping Jem or Lushing Ben will be the death of him over a certain part of his ground—his wife a widow, and his children helpless! But death or no death, *Time* says the Post-office (always personified on the roads) *must be kept*; gallop they both must, and Ben must drink, forasmuch as his nerves being shattered by drink, he cannot gallop when quite sober.

* The mad woman is a term on the road for an empty coach.

But the phenomenon Time: who knows the value of it equal to a Mail Guard? He may truly be said to exist on time, as the Deity exists in eternity. At all events, not a moment of it passes away unheeded by him when on duty; and so fully occupied with it are his thoughts, that were he to be asked: as the philosopher of old was asked, "What time is?" he would not reply as he did, "*Si non roges, intelligo;*" but at once tell you, *his* time to be at the post-office is thirteen minutes before six, and that he has at that moment three minutes in hand. In fact, eternity to him is a bauble compared with time; I'll answer for his not thinking of it one journey in a score; it is nothing but time, time, time; and as he began his life with it, so does he end his journey, with a minute or two in hand, if he can.

But the Mail Guard runs other risks than being galloped to death by Galloping Jem or Lushing Ben. He often puts his life to hazard in his zeal to forward the bags, when the roads have been rendered impassable to his coach by floods or snow. Some years since, indeed, one lost his life on the Chester road, by being carried away by flood, and another perished in a snow storm. A signal instance of this zeal occurred on the Holyhead road, some twenty years ago. Fourteen Irish mails were due, to the no small inconvenience of the commercial world, and all who had bills to take up from anticipated remittances from England. The stoppage on the road commenced at Corwen, when the bags accumulated were found just a load for a coach. The Guard was determined to make an effort to forward them, and by help of pioneers, got his coach through the snow. At one place of change, however, he was rather put to a nonplus. The horses were refused him, and the stable door was locked. But he soon found a remedy for all this: taking his tool-box in one hand, and his blunderbuss in the other—threatening to shoot the first man who obstructed him—he got the horses out of the stable, and proceeded. He was rewarded for his trouble by the Post-office, and very deservedly so.

The Mail Guard always carries a civil, respectful tongue, and is generally clean in his person when he starts; never being seen without well-polished boots, and above all, a well-brushed hat. He has a peculiar blast of his horn, quite different from that of the Guards to stage-coaches; and, strange to say, there is a certain soothing, if not soporiferous tone in it, not ill adapted to the dead hours of night. If he be not so, generally, he *ought* to be active in person to enable him to mount and dismount quickly when necessary, and he should be an expert skidder of a wheel. One of his fraternity was able to do this, not only whilst the coach was going, but, from great personal strength, he could also release the wheel from the skid, by turning the wheel backwards, without the coach being stopped; but, alas! he did this once too often. The skid struck him on the head, and killed him on the spot. But with few exceptions, there will be no more need for expert skidders of a mail-coach wheel. Their Guards have nothing for it now but to sit on or about their coaches, on what some of them call the h—ll-fire railroads, with mopes before their eyes, after the fashion of One-eyed Joe's Virago; and, instead of being afraid of being killed on the spot by Galloping Joe, or Lushing Ben, have only to fear being blown up into the air, or roasted alive, by their coaches taking fire, as has already been the case, in two instances.

Guards on stage-coaches are somewhat of the inferior order to Mail Guards, but are generally well conducted. They are also required to be powerful men, to lift luggage and all heavy packages; and they had need be in the vigor of life to enable them to stand fatigue. Fancy a man, in this situation, starting on cold and wet nights to go from London to Exeter, one-hundred-and-eighty miles, with scarcely time to take any refreshment on the road, and, as he returns with the next coach but one, only being in his bed one *night* in three.

Guards have often a propensity to speculate on sporting

matters. Among those on the north road, many of them have been rather heavy betters on the turf; and we could now name one who often picks out a winner. Several of them have been famous for game-cocks, but here their occupation is gone. Immoral pastimes are only tolerated in the rich and the great, at the present day.



THE LINEN-DRAPER'S ASSISTANT.

He hath ribands of all colours i' the rainbow—inklies, caddissses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings them over as they were gods or goddesses.

Winters 180.

THE LINEN-DRAPER'S ASSISTANT.

BY HENRY BROWNRIGG, ESQ.

"NOTHING else to-day, madam?"

"N——o; n——othing else," replies the lady; and ere she has deliberately pulled on her glove, there is something else unrolled before her.

"A beautiful thing, madam! and" (this is said half-confidentially) "the first of the season."

The lady, with a predetermination not to buy, asks (but only in the way of curiosity) "How much!" On this, the linen-dra-
per's man, lowering his voice as though he felt within him a glow
of shame to utter to the winds the (to her) absurdly low price for
so "beautiful an article," blandly smiles, and whispers the sum.

"Humph! ha! I don't much like the color,"* says the lady,—
the article being very dear.

"I do assure you, madam, the only color that is—I mean, that
will be, worn;—a beautiful color? Upon my honor! a color that,
of all colors—quite a new color!—so far away from the common
—you really—pray—a thousand pardons!—but allow me to
give it the benefit of a little more light;—a delightful color!—
not but what it looks infinitely better in the dress than in the
piece."

* Ladies have generally a fine eye for color, albeit they sometimes (if we
are to believe Dr. George G. Sigmond) exercise the faculty a little capri-
ciously. The doctor asserts, that even in the article of rhubarb, *color* is a
great object with the fair; for, says the doctor, "it is a well-known fact, that
'fashionable druggists' (there really ought to be 'fashionable' viscera) are
obliged to gratify the eye of an elegant customer; and many a fine lady would
not take rhubarb if the color did not come up to the precise standard of her
inclinations."

"Some colors"—and the lady begins to melt; and her husband's pocket (the poor man at the time, perhaps, driving his honest calling in the corn-markets, or the Stock Exchange; or, it may be, in the sweet precincts of Furnival's Inn or Chancery Lane, displaying the practical philanthropy of the law to ignorant men who cannot understand the full philosophy of costs in its comprehensive excellence): we say, that as the lady relents, the pocket of her husband (if the pocket have sympathy—and some misanthropists have stated it to be the seat of the passions)—must shrink with apprehension. "Some colors," says the lady, "do look better in the dress: I think I'll try it."

(Here have we a golden piece of advice for all husbands and fathers. The advice is, we know, second-hand, but, like a second-hand guinea, has not lost part of its value in its transit from a friend.

The Very Reverend Archdeacon Paley, in one of his familiar table discourses, touching upon the expenses brought by original sin upon husbands and fathers in the way of cambrics and satins, says:—"I never let my women" (be it understood he spoke of Mrs. Archdeacon Paley and the Misses Paley)—"I never let my women, when they shop, take credit, I always make them pay ready money: sir, ready money is such a check upon the imagination!"

There is fine philosophy in this,—a fine orthodox view of human nature. However, as some readers may dissent from the implied wisdom of the position, we can supply such disagreeing parties with an antagonistic axiom from the self-same reverend author: for it is also to Archdeacon Paley we owe the following advice:—"Never pay money until you can't help it: *something may happen.*"* The reader may say, "Here are two principles,

* A living Jew had doubtless made this maxim; for having, not many months since, been cast in an action in damages, said confidentially to his attorney when speaking of payment to the histrionic plaintiff, at the time very ill, "For God's sake, put him off; *he may die!*"

opposite as white and black;" to which we make answer, that we show the said principles as the linen draper shows his goods of many hues: our customers may select the color that suits them best.)

It is the prime duty of the linen-draper's shopman to make wants for his gentle customers; his one question succeeding inevitably the sale of an article—"Nothing else?"

"*Nothing else?*" This sinister interrogative, this mischievous Puck, waylays men in their private walks; comes to them day-dreaming a-bed; infests the hearth; nay, goes with them to the Exchange; and has been known to possess very respectable people, supposed, at the time, to be giving all their hearts and ears in their family pew, to a touching sermon on "The Vanity of Human Wishes."

"*Nothing else?*" Captain Brace had made a very handsome fortune in the South Seas;—the whales had taken to him kindly;—and he came home, bought house and land in Devonshire, grew his own corn, and killed his own mutton. Who so happy as Captain Brace? What, "nothing else?" inquired the imp, one day meeting the captain in a pensive mood—"Nothing else?" The query sufficed. The captain immediately set his heart upon a coach and house in town: he kissed his wife, hugged his children, took ship for "only another voyage,"—and behold! coming home, the ship went down, and the captain's bones lie buried in the Goodwins!

"*Nothing else?*" Our great Aunt Penelope was a charming independent maiden at the age of forty-one; a happy soul, with one of the handsomest country-houses in the west of England: her currant wine was as spotless as her virtue, and many a licensed dealer in champagne would have blushed the deepest crimson at her real gooseberry. Suddenly she became serious: Aunt Penelope sighed, and assured inquiring friends, that she was wasting to a shadow! What could ail Aunt Penelope? In an evil hour, a regiment from Cork had been quartered in the

town; and one fine sunshiny Sunday, as the veterans marched to church, her eye fell upon Serjeant Macfillyloo, a warrior of six foot three; and, as their eyes met, the demon of all domestic mischief whispered, in the sweetest tones, to Aunt Penelope, "Nothing else?"—and the unwary maiden bought the serjeant out, married him, and became—almost within the same month—Mrs. Macfillyloo, and the most wretched of women.

"*Nothing else?*" is, in matters of trade, the peculiar weapon of the linen-draper. He puts the question in the most unquestionable way: he is sure there *is* something else; he knows the wants, the wishes of the fair dealer, and with a benevolent alacrity, proceeds to unrol another article. For the time, the price is not to be thought of; every meaner consideration is utterly forgotten in the crying necessity of the customer. Silks and cambrics lie glistening "many a rood" upon the counter, and the fascination is, nine times out of ten, irresistible. "Let no man say," exclaims Sterne, "'I'll write a duodecimo;' matter grows under our hand." Let no lady say, "I will buy three yards of muslin:" gowns are to be sold!

We know of no race of dealers so gracious, so alert, and so unwearying, as linen-drapers. To be sure, they are every day twelve hours at school, and are taught by the prettiest teachers. Their governesses are among the loveliest of the earth; and the manners of the pupil must necessarily smack of the gentleness and forbearance of the preceptress.

And yet these men (so capricious and so discontented is human nature) are at this moment clamoring for leisure—for time for self-improvement! What would they have? Are they not the chosen servitors of the fair? Do they not for nine, ten, eleven hours per diem, only six days out of the week, live in the very atmosphere of beauty? What have they to do but to take down and put by; to smile, to speak softly, to protest; and, for the benefit of the "concern," to tell a lie with the grace of perfect gentlemen?

"My friends and fellow-sufferers," said one of these men at a recent public meeting, somewhere convened, to consider the rights and wrongs of the shopmen:—"Friends and fellow-sufferers? the Linen-Draper's Assistant is little better than a hedgehog [Hear!]: for twelve hours a-day he has little more to do than to unrol, and then roll himself up again!" [Cheers!]

Still, there are bright minutes in the long day of the Linen-Draper's Assistant;—minutes of half-confidence with shopping beauty, coveted in vain by other dealers: and the address, the delicacy displayed by him on these occasions, test him as the master of his craft. There are certain questions which he hazards with a self-deprecating look, as though he were "dallying with an interdicted subject." It is, as we have observed, the linen-draper's province to suggest the want of things, the very existence of which is not to be merely doubted, but to be utterly unknown to mankind at large. It is his business to harp continually, by inference, upon the result of the "fall," and to impress upon the minds of Eve's daughters the consequence of their first mother's transgression. And this the linen-draper does in so bland, so smiling a manner;—in the generosity of his nature is so utterly forgetful of the share his own sex bears in the general calamity, that it should be no wonder when we see ladies as generously forgive the insinuation, and as largely buy.

Charles Lamb, in one of his letters, in allusion to the fruitless condition of our original father, says, "It irks me to think of poor Adam laying out his halfpenny for apples in Mesopotamia!" This regret of the philosopher presents to our mind Eve at the linen-draper's. We see the shopman bow and smile, and roll out, and roll out, and roll out! The lady purchases; and, it may be, the necessity of the purchase—the evil that makes it indispensable—is, for a time, wholly forgotten in the loveliness of the article bought. "Nothing else?" asks the shopman: and other trifles are rolled out—measured—cut. At length, the Assistant assumes his delicate privilege; and having suggested all the

known and palpable common-places of dress, stops, smiles, and, with his palms upon the counter, and his eyes half-abashed, half-closed, lets two words escape flutteringly—"Any flannel?"

And yet these are the men who wish their condition ameliorated! Men, licensed to put queries such as these to the best beauty of the earth—the aforesaid beauty taking the interrogative with the sweetest possible grace, and thus granting indulgence for new inquiries! "Any flannel?" But we cannot—we may not pause to philosophise on the question: we leave it in its suggestive simplicity to the imagination of our readers.

The Linen-Drapers' Assistants crave time that they may improve their minds: they would fain know if all human existence is to be passed in unrolling and rolling goods, and pressing remnants thereof. They thing it much to work twelve and fourteen hours a-day, albeit half the time be spent in pretty protestations to pretty faces, for the benefit of the firm! What would they learn—morals? If so, do they think, by the successful pursuit of the study, they would render themselves more available to the masters of Oxford and Regent Streets?

"Will it wash?" was once the inquiry of a gentlewoman, as the linen-draper displayed to her a "beautiful article," quite new. "Will it wash?" asked the lady. "Wash, madam!" replied the shopman, "I'll warrant it to wash!" The piece was bought; and in a fortnight or less, the lady returned to state her grievous wrong. "You told me, sir, the print would wash!" she exclaimed, showing to the unmoved shopman the colorless purchase. "Very true, madam—I said it would wash—I pledged myself to the fact—but I did not say it would keep its color." This man—we really speak of breathing flesh, and not of any linen-draper of the imagination—was a genius; and had his rightful reward in the approving smiles of his master. Let us, however, suppose that he had had time for self-improvement, and had answered the "Will it wash?" in the spirit of honesty, replying in the negative. He would probably have received sundry silver medals

in token of the feelings of his master on the occasion, with a recommendation to seek a nobler sphere for the exercise of his heroic virtue.*

We want to know what these misguided young men wish to have. If they become rigid truth-tellers, there is an end to business. "I don't know any house," said the most respectable head of a most respectable firm, "I don't know any house that could last a month with such a state of things. Truth, sir, truth is very well in a story, or in a sampler, or in any matter of that sort; but the downright, naked, plain truth behind a counter—pooh!—I should like to know how, by such means, we are to pay rent and taxes."

"There'd be a pretty list of bankrupts every week, I take it," cried another, with a sly wink and an anticipatory chuckle at the social chaos.

"When I was a young man," says a retired linen-draper, who during the war, had a confidential, and withal not unprofitable, correspondence with sundry gallant smugglers—"When I was a young man I never heard of such an article as mind."

"Nor I, neither," observes another; "but I suppose it is a new thing, just come up."

We entreat the Linen-Drapers' Assistants to dwell in their present Arcadian simplicity; to enjoy the many delicious prerogatives of their profession, and, by calmly and deliberately considering the foregoing sentences—would we could print them in gold!—of heads of firms, to put it to themselves what must necessarily be the forlornness of their condition, if, by resolving to improve their minds, they raise themselves, in vulgar phrase, above their business! Can Cato measure muslin? Can Aristides put in a bad article, and swear it to be first-rate! Why should a man,

* It is stated that Mrs. Siddons, it is supposed absorbed in the consideration of professional matters, once put to a linen-draper, "Will it wash?" in tones that made the shopman gasp again: had she, as Lady Macbeth, asked, "Are you a man?" she could not have produced a greater effect upon her auditor.

whose doom it is to tear calicoes, attend a lecture on the solar system? What has "The Quarterly Review" to do with

"Lawn as white as driven snow."

What is there in common between gingham and geometry?—what in the study of Malthus and fashionable checks!

The spring season should have its peculiar charms in the thousand new patterns that it brings—but it is therefore only spring. Why should the Linen-Draper's Assistant wish to know if grass be green, or if, indeed, there be vegetating sprigs, or, indeed, sprigs of any description, save in his prints and his muslins? If the shop-window blossom, it is enough for him; if the yard measure—seeming dead wood—bud like Aaron's rod, and bear golden pippins for the master, it is, or it ought to be, all-sufficient for the man. Cannot the Assistant sweat under the gas without yearning to haunt the mechanics' Institution, to learn the nature of the vapor that poisons him? Does he pant to die instructed? Can he not pledge his honor, in consideration of his wages, without mischievously inquiring into the moral responsibilities of civilised man?

At the present moment, the privileges of the Linen-Draper's Assistant are many. He is allowed, in his own person, to work a most interesting experiment; namely, to prove upon how little it is possible for a young man to wear a good coat and white linen. The journeyman bricklayer may beat him at wages, but he must beat, if possible, the man of independence, in the fineness of his apparel. It has been stated to us that, at this moment there is a conspiracy among the shopmen in a certain West-end house, to out-dress an Illustrious Count; and, sinking the shirt-studs, it is thought that one Assistant has already achieved the undertaking!

Next for time: we know it to be the custom of many establishments to give at least one whole hour per diem to the shopmen, for needful recreation of limb and abstraction of thought from

the pressing demands of business. One whole hour! Now, we very much doubt if any patriotic prime minister, with the good of his country thumping at his heart, could ever boast of so much positive leisure in the whole live-long day. (It is one of the objects of this work to eschew all personalities, or we would incontinently send to Brighton, that this our speculation might be satisfactorily resolved.)

We have thought it due to the interests of the world at large, to dwell thus at length on the present movement of the Linen-Drapers' Assistants; for we see, in the success of their struggle, the beginning of an utter change in our whole condition. Let it be granted, that the linen-drapers succeed in their demand for leisure—in their cry for time to unroll their minds, to see of what stuff and pattern they are composed; let us allow that they have obtained their end: well, does any reasonable tradesman suppose that the evil is finished? Certainly not. What, then, is the next calamity? Why—yes—absolutely—

“ We see, as from a tow'r, the end of all!”

we behold the fluttering of ribands—the waving of handkerchiefs: we see the milliner's girls in wild rebellion! They, too, cry for leisure!

The result of all this is as plain as the nose in Mammon's face—the result is an utter subversion of the present principles of society.

John Bull—should the linen-drapers succeed, and after them, the milliners, and after them, whatever class chooses to march through the breach made in the outworks of trade—John Bull must undergo an utter change of character. By the way; it was but three days since that we viewed the type of trading John Bull, in all his fulness, and, at the risk of offending a few of the sons of John, we will tell them what it was:—

A mountain of an ox, almost crushed upon its knees by its own unnatural fat, limping through Fleet Street, triumphant from

the Smithfield show; its horns decorated with sky blue ribands; its eyes dead as lead; its tallowy glories a burthen and a misery to it! "What a beautiful animal!" cried some of the unthinking worshippers of superabundant fat. "What a lovely ox!" exclaimed (it might be from his looks) the purse-proud owner of thirteen drapers' shops. "What a lovely ox!" cried he, and stood to gaze. "What a nasty beast!" said we, and pushed through the crowd.

Now the John Bull of trade is but too often little more than the prize ox; an animal whose whole nature is to eat and eat, and to accumulate in its own carcase, a weight that makes it hideous. Have we not the oxen of commerce, crammed with oil-cake from the bank; with a thousand and ten thousand lean and withered feeders of the one thing, all mouth? "Well," they begin to say, "we will not for twelve hours a-day do nothing but cram this ox; let us, at least, have a little leisure to look about us, and see what the world is made of, and not pass all our lives at the meal-tub of another!" This is the present cry of the linen-draper: a cry that will sooner or later be heard from one end of the kingdom to the other; and, as the cry be unheeded or responded to, will the great mass remain mere money-diggers, or become thinking, reasoning men! A guinea is a good thing—an excellent thing; but, after all, it is not the best thing; there is a leisure that is better than gold.

To return, in conclusion, to our Linen-Draper's Assistant. There may be, among our readers, those who have felt annoyed at the perseverance with which the man has prayed them to purchase: alack! he may have had the dearest cause for his pertinacity. We will illustrate this probability by a true story:—A gentleman entered a certain shop, and was shown some article by a youth of the establishment: the article was rejected as unfit; and the stranger was about to leave, when he was earnestly entreated by the lad to "buy something." The agitated manner of the boy excited the curiosity of the customer, who begged to

know why he so earnestly pressed goods that he might perceive were not required.

"I am obliged to do it, sir," said the boy. "I have nobody in the world to help me, and have to do what I can for my widowed mother; and, sir, it is a rule in *our house*, that whoever lets a person leave the shop without buying something is discharged that very night."

The gentleman, doubtful of the truth of this, inquired of the master, who could not deny the statement of his servant. Fortunately for the lad, he had appealed to one with heart and means to assist him, and he was immediately preferred to a better destiny.

Now, THIS IS TRUTH!

THE CHAPERON AND THE DÉBUTANTE.

BY MRS. GORE.

It is a curious fact, that almost all the by-words we have borrowed from the French language, have ceased to be used in a similar sense in their own country. The designation *débutante*, for instance, is only applied in France to first appearances at the theatre; and the word *chaperon* is nearly obsolete. In the higher classes of Parisian society, unmarried girls are so rarely to be seen (never, unless under the protection of a parent), that an occasion seldom presents itself for the use of the terms *chaperon* and *débutante*.

Among ourselves, meanwhile, they have become naturalised. Among ourselves—where marriage, instead of being “dealt with by attorneyship,” and, consequently, placed within every one’s power of attainment, is, as well as entering a business or a profession, the result of preference or caprice—young ladies are introduced into society, in all the innocence of ringlets and white muslin, as soon as they are able to distinguish a quadrille from a galoppe—orgeat from lemonade; and, whereas, at the same tender years, their youthful minds might not be equally skilled to discriminate between the good match and the pitiful younger brother—the gentleman with serious intentions, and the mere ball-room flirt—the “wisdom of our ancestors” provides them with a female friend or relative—a temporary guardian of their person—a full dress governess—under whose turban is supposed to reside as much knowledge as under the wig of the Lord Chancellor; under whose starched draperies is concentrated all the discretion of a Mrs. Chapone.



THE DÉBUTANTE.

The world is all before her, where to choose.

Alfred.



THE CHAPERON.

The old, weather-beaten, she-dragon, "who guards you."

Shenjan.

In contemplating the soft, blushing, trembling, smiling *Débutante*, tricked up from head to foot as though she had just stepped out of a *Journal des Modes*, ready to sink into the earth with confusion, under the gaze of the profane, we are tempted to exclaim with the poet,—

“ Was ever thing so pretty made to stand?”

But a prosaic parody on the line suggests itself, the moment we turn towards her obligato accompaniment—the officious, lynx-eyed Chaperon; till we can scarcely resist murmuring

“ Was ever thing so fussey made to stand—*still?*”

One of the peculiar faculties of the experienced Chaperon is ubiquity. She is in all places at once; beside the refreshment table; in the card-room, watching the dancers; nay, retreat into the furthestmost and most flirtiferous corner of the ball-room, with the *Débutante* leaning on your arm—behind a door, a screen, a curtain, a rose-tree—and, on looking up, you will find the piercing gray eyes of the Chaperon fixed inquiringly upon your manœuvres. They can penetrate, like Perkins’s steam-gun, through a six-inch iron plate; and as to common deal, it becomes diaphanic as gauze, whenever the Chaperon approaches. Damask hangings are mere air when interposed between her and the object of her solicitude; and, like hunger, she can eat through a stone wall, if divided, for nefarious purposes, from her kitling. Parents and guardians, nurses, governesses, turnkeys, keepers, inspectors of police, are not to be compared, in point of vigilance, with the Argus-like zeal of an accomplished Chaperon.

The Chaperon is usually a spinster having much leisure and little superfluity of coin; or a widow, without offspring of her own; or a matron, who, having married off her own daughters, is desirous to benefit the rising generation with the results of her experience. The mother, accompanying her own children into society, and exercising her maternal solicitude in their behalf,

does not come under the denomination of Chaperon. It is usually with interested views that the gratuitous office is undertaken. The Débutante in want of a Chaperon, is often the daughter of a widower—to whom it is good to make apparent that so tender and valuable a protectress would be still tenderer and more valuable as a step-mother. In other instances, the office is assumed by the prudent spinster, having no equipage of her own, with a view of being franked to the various fêtes for which she has secured invitations. By a spinster still further removed from the world's favor, the post of Chaperon to an attractive Débutante is actually sought as a letter of introduction to the pleasures of society. Miss Clarissa Spyington, for instance, being well aware that the rich and lovely Helena Lennox will be invited to all the best balls of the season, prevails upon the young lady's guardian, her cousin, Sir Paul Spyington, the wealthy banker of Portland Place, to institute her Chaperon to the heiress. In order to do honor to her office, she even stoops to assume brevet rank; and, thenceforward, prints herself upon her cards "Mrs. Spyington." The matronly designation invites confidence, and repels raillery.

Sir Paul is certainly so far justified in his election, that the maiden lady, whether a Miss or Mistress, is admirably qualified for the discharge of her duties. Having simpered away the days of her own debutancy at Bath, so long ago, that the memory of her charms has passed away with that of the beauship of Nash or Tyson, she has since successively paraded the parades of all the watering-places in the three kingdoms. The pantiles could swear to the tread of her Spanish leather slipper—the Steyne prate of her whereabouts: Cheltenham, Malvern, Lemington, Harrowgate, Weymouth, Ramsgate—nay, even the esplanade of Beulah Spa, have their tales to tell of the marchings and counter-marchings of the un-fair Clarissa.

In the course of these transitions, Mrs. Spyington has necessarily picked up useful knowledge, "as pigeons peas." She has the peerage, baronetage, ay, and even the voluminous records of

Burke's landed gentry at her fingers' ends; with all their family histories, genealogies, arms, and emblazonments. Let not, therefore, the partner aspiring to the hand of the charming Helena Lennox in the waltz, presume to give himself to be understood as one of the "Heathcotes of Rutlandshire;" Mrs. Spyington will detect his vain pretences; Mrs. Spyington will put him in his place. Before he had been twice in company with the *Débutante*, Mrs. Spyington managed to ascertain that he was only a young barrister, the son of "people in Baker Street;" people without a country seat, whom she remembered in cheap lodgings at Broadstairs; people comprised under the comprehensive designation of "the Lord knows who." It was not for such a man to be seen dancing a second time in the course of the evening with the heiress of the late Sir Hector Lennox, of Lennox Castle.

But it is not alone with the name and nature of the *Débutante's* partner she is conversant: the Chaperon is familiar with the birth, breeding, and history of everybody, in every room she enters; not a carriage drives along Portland Place but, from the arms and livery, she can predicate concerning the names and fortunes of its owners, as a gipsy reads them in the lines of a hand that has been duly crossed with silver or gold. Nay, when at fault concerning the features of some consequential dowager, the Chaperon is able to identify her by her very diamonds.— "That must be the Dowager Marchioness of Methuselah; I remember her at Queen Charlotte's Drawing Rooms, in the early part of the present century, when I always had a Star Chamber ticket from a friend in the Board of Works. Lady Methuselah was then a very sweet woman; I have a perfect recollection of her in that very aigrette and bouquet, in a yellow crape hoop, leaped up with white acacias and Roman pearls. It was just when there was the talk of an invasion. The marchioness's charming daughters were at that time unmarried; Lady Maria and Lady Harriet. Lady Maria is now the Duchess of Dunder-

head; but Lady Harriet made a poor match—Lady Harriet, poor thing, is only Lady Harriet Titmouse. The Titmouses have a fine estate in Essex, but they are no great things. Between ourselves, I have heard it whispered in their neighborhood, that the grandfather of the present Titmouse was a sheriff of London, citizen and cordwainer, or some dreadful thing of that description. But the marchioness, of course, knows not a syllable of the matter. The marchioness, like all those belonging to that venerable old court of Queen Charlotte, is exceedingly nice on such points. Any one may perceive with a glance that the marchioness is a conservative. She has not varied so much as the set of her diamonds for the last fifty years. In these fantastical days, it is not so easy to identify a woman by her jewels. Reform, reform, reform, in every direction: and pray admire the result! All the beautiful old breast-knots and stomachers, which were shamefully transformed into aigrettes, buckles, and broaches a few years ago, are actually being converted into stomachers again, and family diamonds are treated with as little reverence as a close borough or a sinecure. Ah! things would be very differently managed if we had a few more such women in the world as the Marchioness of Methuselah.”

At first, the *Débutante* is charmed with the loquacity of her Chaperon, which serves as a cover to her timidity. By degrees, she learns to prize it on other accounts. While Mrs. Spyington gabbles on about the marchioness, of whom she knows nothing, Miss Lennox is enabled to give her attention to the Mr. Heathcote of whom her Chaperon wishes *her* to know nothing; and who profits by the monologue of the lady in the turban, to place himself in Paradise close to the ear of Eve. But it is not so easy to deceive the vigilance of the professional dragon. Though the Chaperon, like the “blind mole, hears not a footfall,” she has an intuitive sense of the approach of danger; and, even as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings, long before the hovering hawk is preceptible to human eyes, Mrs. Spyington, though the

son of the "people in Baker Street" is still invisible, crooks her arm like the pinion of a well-trussed fowl, twitches off the *Débutante* into a less dangerous neighborhood, and plants her on a bench of dowagers, unapproachable by anything short of the Duke of Wellington, or the conqueror of the Hesperides. Whenever a tender *Débutante* is seen thus guarded round with turbans, ruffs, ruffles, and India shawls, let it be understood she is in limbo—in *durance*, not vile, but illustrious; a sort of honorary ward in chancery; like the crown jewels in the Tower of London, seen by candle-light through a grating.

It is a curious branch of ball-room science to examine, step by step, the mental progress of the *Débutante* of another class—Miss Tibbs. At her first ball, her preceptions are vivid, her impulses natural. Enchanted to have escaped from the school-room, Mrs. Marcel's rational conversations, Herz's exercises, roast mutton and rice pudding; to have exchanged *jaconot* or *merino* for silk or tulle, and the heavy morroco slipper for one of sandalled satin; the first twang of Weippart's harp, as she enters the dancing-room,

"Takes her imprison'd soul,
And laps it in Elysium."

The clustered lights of the chandeliers and girandoles dazzle her unpractised eyes; the glitter of jewels, the gleam of satins, the glow of flowers, excite the flutter of her girlish spirits. The very heart within her twitters as she hears her name announced, and sees a hundred admiring eyes directed towards her new dress; with how different a pulsation, alas! from the tender anxieties she is likely to experience in re-entering the same scene six months afterwards.

Unless provided with a *Chaperon* of real and acknowledged merit, that is, of extensive connections and persevering officiousness, the young lady, at her first *entrée*, trembles for her chance of a partner. What if all the pains bestowed upon her well-

starched petticoat, her satin slip and aërophane tunic, her transparent stocking, close-fitting shoe, and still closer-fitting glove (for to be *bien ganté* is beginning to be an article of ball-room religion in London, as it has always been in Paris); what if the anxious care bestowed by Monsieur Rigodou for the last ten yeras on her feet, and by Monsieur Nardin for the last half-hour on her head, in order that the *bandeaux* of the one may be as exquisitely smooth as the *pas de bourrées* of the other, should end in her being fated to sit still all the evening, and write herself down "a bencher of the inner temple" of Terpsichore!

Agitated by these misgivings, she wonders to see her Chaperon take her place deliberately in the card-room, as though there were no such thing as quadrilles and waltzes in the world—as though people came to a ball to shuffle their cards instead of their feet. She is so placed, however, as to command a view of the dancing-room; and, by dint of edging forwards her seat (to the indignation of a corpulent gentlewoman, into whose knees she carelessly inserts the angular corner of the chair she is coaxing, edgeways, to the front rank), manages to place herself within view of the young gentlemen lounging up and down, in order to pass in review the belles of the evening, for the election of partners. One or other of them, she fancies, cannot fail to be struck by the elegance of her costume and manners. But her great difficulty consists in preserving the downcast air, insisted upon by her Chaperon as indispensable to the character of a Débutante, and keeping sufficiently on the alert to ascertain whether anything eligible in the way of partnership is approaching.

During the first five minutes, she is convinced that every young gentleman in a white cravat, waistcoat, and kids, with varnished pumps and cobweb stockings, long straight hair and short curled whiskers, who looks a second time at her, has "intentions." But, alas! they pass and make no sign! "Another

and another still succeeds;" the fiddles quavering, the violoncello grunting, the harp twanging, the flageolet squeaking invitingly all the time—still, alas! no partner!

At length, one of those who had gazed most fixedly upon her charms (a slim adolescent, in a flashy waistcoat and black cravat, against whom, the moment she caught sight of him, she decided in the negative as, "a shocking style of man"), accosts the lady of the house: and, while directing her observation towards the corner where the hapless *Débutante* is ensconced, is evidently asking an introduction to "the lovely creature in white crape with pink roses." The breath of the *Débutante* comes short: she is undecided what to do. He is certainly ill-calculated to make a figure in her journal. She fears he will not do to write about in her next letter to dear Matilda, at Brighton. Ten to one his name is Smith—"JOHN SMITH!" or he's an ensign in a marching regiment, or a banker's clerk, or a clergyman's younger son! She has half a mind to decline dancing altogether. Still, it seems ill-natured to refuse a young man who means well, and has done nothing to offend her; and, after all, an indifferent partner is better than no partner at all. Moreover, when once seen figuring in an "*en avant deux*," she is sure of having crowds of eligibles at her feet. On the whole, therefore, she thinks it better to be placable; and, as the lady of the house advances towards her, followed by the agitated youth, kneading in his hands the edges of his new silk hat, by way of keeping himself in countenance, she looks the other way, and tries to appear as unconcerned as she can. Fancying that the eyes of the whole room are upon her, the elated *Débutante* trembles lest her perturbation should be too plainly visible through the folds of her lace tucker.

The lady of the house is now opposite, bending towards her, as well as a hard steel busk, and a corset as rigid as a bench of Middlesex magistrates, will admit, till all the feathers of her satin hat are set a-nodding by the discomposure of her equilibrium. The

Débutante, meanwhile, feels her color rising with contending emotions: but it rises still higher, when she hears her corpulent neighbor addressed by the lady of the house with, "Will you give me leave, my dear Mrs. Hobbleshaw, to present to you the only son of your old friend, Lady Pinchbeck? Sir Thomas is a stranger in town, and vastly desirous of the honor of your acquaintance." Whereupon the young gentleman in yellow kids bows awkwardly, and, taking his station behind the chair of the corpulent gentlewoman, commences an interesting dialogue, and turns his back upon the Débutante for the remainder of the evening.

The poor girl is ready to cry with vexation. She would not have come to the ball, had she expected to be so treated! Nor does her irritation diminish when her Chaperon turns towards her, at the close of the third rubber, with an inquiry of "Miss Tibbs, my love! haven't you been dancing? Dear me, how provoking! It is all on account of your hiding yourself in that foolish corner. Would n't you like to take some refreshment?" Cramped with sitting three hours and a-half upon a cane-bottomed chair, the Débutante is right glad to hook herself to the Chaperon's arm, elbow her way into the refreshment-room; and, while waiting half an hour for her turn to approach the table, and feeling the roses of her trimming crushed flat as crown pieces in the throng, she accepts the offer of some vanille ice, receives it over the head of a squat lady at the risk of dislodging it into her neighbor's turban or her own bosom; and, after soiling her gloves with a wet spoon, and getting her elbow jogged at every mouthful, to the imminent risk of her white satin slip, is anxious to crush her way back again into the dancing-room. The Chaperon, however, is still diligently at work on an overflowing plate of lobster salad, to which tongue and chicken, or a slice of *gallantine*, are likely to succeed. *She* has managed to obtain a snug berth for herself at the supper table; and is ensconced, with a glass of champagne at her right hand, a tumbler of sherry and water at her left, with-

out any idea of giving in for twenty minutes to come. The Chaperon has, constitutionally, an untireable voracity: she is the shark of the female world. Like her prototype, the Dragon of Wantley, she is able to devour houses and steeples (of spun sugar and Savoy cake), and wash them down with an ocean of Roman punch. Throughout her six rubbers per night, she continues to imbibe, every ten minutes, glasses of negus in winter—of ice in summer; solidified by basketsful of sponge biscuits and maccaroons, which disappear as if thrown into a limekiln, and leave not a trace in her recollection. The Débutante, on the contrary, “scarcely confesses that her appetite is more to bread than stone.” Like other humming birds, she is nourished upon saccharine suction. It suffices for her to *look* once a day at a spoonful of minced veal; and, like the boa-constrictor, to make a heavy meal once a month on—the wing of the partridge. Unless caught at her private luncheon time, the Débutante was never seen to eat!

At the close of the Chaperon’s prolonged repast, feeling thoroughly restored, she observes aloud to her charge, “Well, now that we have made ourselves quite comfortable again, I am sure my dear, you would like to dance.” The nine-and-sixpence she has netted, inclines her to return to the card-table; and as the Débutante, who is musing over the destruction of her ball-dress in the crowd, remains pensively silent, the Chaperon sidles up to their hostess, and executes a mysterious whisper, to which the weary lady in the hat and feathers, who has been courtesying for the last three hours and three-quarters, with various signs of condescension, replies by an assenting nod. The result of this diplomatic conference becomes apparent, when, five minutes afterwards, the lady brings up for judgment a genteel youth in nankeen pantaloons, an inch or two of whose meagre wrists are perceptible between the dress-coat he has outgrown and the overgrown gloves which wrinkle down over his thumbs; and whose straight, yellow hair is combed up, tent-wise, on the top of his

head, like the brass flame with which the gas manufactories crown the ornamental bronze vases on their gate posts; a shapeless booby, whose only care is not to giggle during the presentation. "You *must* dance with him—it is her own nephew;" whispers the Chaperon, foreseeing the refusal of her charge; and with indignant soul, accordingly, poor Adeliza Tibbs deposits her fan and bouquet, and stands up, for the first time of her life, in the most insignificant corner of the most insignificant quadrille that has been danced in the course of the evening.

Nevertheless, the display, poor as it is, revives her spirits. She sees a tall, distinguished-looking young man, her *vis-à-vis*, inquire her name, and decides that he intends to invite her for the next dance; she is sure he is meditating an introduction. Previous, however, to the final *chassé croisé* of the odious set into which she has been betrayed, the Chaperon glides insidiously towards her with the intelligence that "the carriage has been waiting for the last hour; that her papa is terribly particular about his horses; and that she faithfully promised Mr. Tibbs not to keep either his coachman or daughter out after two o'clock." The boa and mantle, pendent upon her skinny arm, attest the firmness of her sinister intentions; and the poor *Débutante*, having no engagements to plead in opposition, is muffled up, and carried off in triumph. Not choosing to confide the mortifications of the evening to the attendant by whom she is disrobed, she is forced to pretend fatigue as the origin of her fallen countenance; when her mangled ball-dress is held up to her commiseration, with an exclamation of "Lauk, Miss! how you *must* have danced to have been squeezed to pieces in this way!"

Three months afterwards the *Débutante*, even when not endowed with the weighty attractions of a Miss Helena Lennox, has, probably, contrived to recommend herself so far to the civilities of the dancing world, as to be sure of partners to her heart's content. The finest optical glass in Dollond's shop would not *now* enable her to discern the hapless youth in the nankeen con-

tinuations, although he contrives to cross her path fifty times at every ball, and to obtrude as her *vis-à-vis* whenever she has the misfortune to undergo a partner not sufficiently adroit, to provide one of her own selection. The *Débutante* has become fine, choice, exclusive. She has no further objection to the permanent establishment of her Chaperon in the card-room; having succeeded in persuading that august functionary that the crowd in the doorway often renders it impossible to rejoin her between the dances. She is engaged three deep both for waltz and quadrille; and, lest she should be missed by her *cavalier* at the moment the dance is making up, contrives to be passed from partner to partner, throughout the evening, like an Irish vagabond handed from parish to parish, all the way from Dover to Holyhead. You see her smiling in succession upon the arm of every beau in the room. Majors, captains, lieutenants, cornets, ensigns; "the three black graces—law, physic, and divinity;" raw baronets, and hobble-de-hoy heirs-apparent, claim her successively as their own.

'T is, "Si, signor;"

'T is, "Ya, mein herr;"

'T is, "S'il vous plait, Monsieur."

To all and each, she utters the same emphasised fractions of common-place, broken up with a view to sweeten polite conversation. The room is shockingly hot, or dreadfully crowded. Strauss's last waltz is infinitely prettier than all the rest; or, she really wonders even the arm-chairs can stand still, when Wieppart is playing Musard's enchanting new set of quadrilles from "*La reine d'un jour*." To fifteen partners an evening does she show her teeth, her wit, and the point of her white satin slipper. The captain, who has the misfortune to snap the encrusted sticks of her fan à la *Louis XIV*, is now a "horrid creature;" the major who procures her tickets for the rehearsal at the opera, a "charming man." When hurried into her father's carriage at the close of four hours' incessant flirtation and salutation, the *Débutante* is

as much elated with her conquests, real or imaginary, as the Chaperon with the solid gains bagged in her card purse.

Three months after this, another change has come over the spirit of her dream. The major is *now* a "horrid creature;" and she will hear of nothing included in the pages of the army-list under a G. C. B. She can recognise a younger brother by the sit of his coat, and prattles of "scorpions" and "detrimentals" like the worst of them; is shocked at the idea of laboring through a quadrille more than once or twice in the course of the evening; and is sure to be engaged for the two first waltzes before she enters the ball-room. Instead of casting down her eyes, as at first exacted by her Chaperon, her enfranchised looks challenge every living soul around her; and the finical Adeliza has even mounted an eye-glass, through which, with a scornful smile, she scrutinizes the Dison's lace of fat Mrs. Hobbleshaw. She has actually refused Sir Thomas Pinchbeck; and is suspected of a design upon the hand of the Honorable Henry Hottentot.

While the Débutante has been thus progressing in her accomplishments, the Chaperon has not been inactive. It is owing to her instructions that Miss Tibbs has acquired so precocious an insight into the mysteries of the peerage, and such accurate powers of detecting the "compliment extern" of a younger brother. It is the Chaperon who has finessed for invitations for her: and spread advantageous rumors of the amount of her father's fortune: to which (sinking the claims of two brothers at Rugby, one at the Naval College, and another at Woolwich, all of whom the Chaperon elliptically passes over) she is *nearly* the heiress. Nor is there a numeration table sufficiently comprehensive for the number of Miss Tibbs's suitors and refusals. The Chaperon will not hear of her settling at present. Having serious intentions of accompanying her to Cheltenham for the autumn, and Brighton for the winter, she suggests that it would be a pitiful thing to accept a Sir Thomas Pinchbeck, a mere country baronet with a wretched two thousand a-year, who

would not be able to afford her so much as a box at the opera. Better wait the result of "another season." Her dear Adeliza's acquaintance is now so much extended, that there is no surmising what might be the result of "another season." The Chaperon has had a private hint of an Irish peer who is immensely struck; who is going to Cheltenham, in the express hope of meeting the sweet girl to whom he lost his heart in a gipsy party at Beula Spa; and who is exceedingly likely to make his proposals in form, before the close of "another season."

The Débutante (who, thanks to the grandiloquence of her Chaperon concerning the ways and means of the house of Tibbs, has now nine obedient humble servants in the household brigade, to say nothing of lancers and light dragoons, an Irish member, and a saucy clerk in the Treasury) is beginning to think imperial Tokay of herself, and will not hear of derogation. She treats her Chaperon like a Turk; comes and goes at the hours that suit her, without regard to the horses or the lady in the turban. She insists upon the footman serving her breakfast in gloves; will not take a glass of water from the hands of her maid, unless brought on a salver; talks politics with the Irish member; is of opinion that Sir Robert is the person to save the country; calls the dear Duke "our own Coriolanus;" and is about as silly and conceited a little Miss as any in her Majesty's dominions.

In a higher walk of life, the Débutante is a less specific personage. Lady Sophia (whose first appearance at Almack's, after her presentation at Court, places her in a scarcely more public position than she has been occupying, evening after evening, for four years previous, at the country seat of her father, the earl) is a very different person from the blushing, fluttering, giggling Miss Tibbs. All that the Débutante of the middle classes is left to discover from personal experience, *she* has learnt from the experience of others. In her very cradle, *she* was too knowing to mistake a younger for an elder son—a new knight for an old baronet; and as to showy officers, the whole army-list figures, in

her imagination, as a set of nobodies, not worth a thought, till they attain the rank of generals of division; the army being an *omnium gatherum*, into which fathers of families thrust their supernumerary sons, who are good for nothing else. Lady Sophia does not vary her pretensions, or cast her nature twice a-year, like the less illustrious Miss Adeliza Tibbs.

Blushes, God help you! *she* has none to lose, 'sir! She was *born* self-possessed; and never knew what it was to be flurried by a partner or a declaration. Instead of humbly following in the wake of fashion, *she* heads the procession; invents flounces—introduces a new *capot*—is great at private theatricals—assumes to herself, without apology, the part of Helen or Venus in a *tableau*—rattles through the *chansonnettes* of Levassor; and all this with such perfect ease of high-breeding and pretence at decorum, that—

“The holy bishops bless her when she is riggish.”

Lady Sophia has no fears concerning her settlement in life. The Duke of Belton and her father have long arranged an alliance between their respective children. But, even were she *not* tacitly affianced to the marquess, one or other of her father's numerous nephews, or guests, or constituents, would be readily attracted by the merits of a damsel so well born, with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds so well secured. “The Morning Post,” and “The Book of Beauty,” take care that her claims to distinction shall not be overlooked; and she is as well advertised as Cox and Savory's hunting-watches. Lady Sophia is one of those *Débutantes* who have no chance of degenerating into Chaperons, unless to daughters of their own.

Of Miss Tibbs, on the other hand, the destinies are less accurately defined by fate. Like all *Débutantes* who fall into the frailty of flirting, it is probable she will come in time to be appropriated as a coquette; to be shunned as a jilt. The roses will shed their leaves, and the thorns become apparent. The brothers at

Rugby, Woolwich, and the Naval College, will grow up: and accompanying her into society, supersede all false notions of her consequence, and the services of the superannuated Chaperon. The Mrs. Hobbleshaw, whom she has quizzed, and the Sir Thomas Pinchbeck whom she has rejected, will seize upon this moment for revenge. As years progress with the mortified damsel, they will preserve a perpetual memorandum of the date of her *début*; thanks to which, the world will privilege itself to discover that her bloom is less variable than of old; her ringlets less liable to the effect of damp than when they were the native produce of her empty head. New Débutantes will display their round fair forms in afflicting contrast with her bony rectangularity. She will be set aside like a last year's almanack; an obsolete edition. The Chaperon—to whom the worthy Mr. Tibbs will, in his dotage, unite himself, in token of gratitude for her extreme care of his daughter and coach-horses—will now recommend her to try a fresh line of business, and attempt a new *début*, as a blue, or a serious young lady, or a political economist, or something still more novel and original. But Adeliza will have grown weary of her vocation. A second *début*, she knows, is like a second attack of small-pox—invariably fatal; and stranger things have happened than her taking refuge from the ignominy of spinsterhood, under the wing of the quondam young gentleman of the nankeens, now a thriving country banker, in drab shorts and mahogany tops; whose yellow crest has given way to a sober baldness, highly becoming the position of a man well-to-do in the world.

It would have been a bold attempt, however, to hazard a prediction of such a termination to her career, when she first blushed her way into society, under the care of her CHAPERON as an aspiring DEBUTANTE.

THE COLLEGIAN.

BY A BACHELOR OF ARTS.

WHILE other folks are busying themselves with frowsy inquiries into parochial schools; computing the proportion of felons who can read and write; and drawing their opposite inferences as to the good or bad effects of education on the lower classes, we invite you, happy reader, to the sweeter atmosphere of Academus—where you will see how the statesman learns patriotism and eloquence—the lawyer, impudence and acuteness—the parson, solemnity and virtue—the diplomatist, cunning—and every grade of aristocracy, the qualifications which fit them for their respective callings. Still it is not to the banks of Isis, or of Granta, that we call you, but rather to that glorious abstraction of a University which, if you cannot straightway form to yourself out of these two, you possess not the only faculty which philosophers tell us distinguish the man from the brute. In a work with so extensive an aim as that to which we are now contributing, it would be derogatory to descend to the petty details which peculiarly characterise either Oxford or Cambridge. Let the student of the one delight more in the dirty occupation of grubbing for the roots of words; the other in the more cruel one of extracting the square roots of letters. Let *this* sacrifice his nights and days to the unknown quantities of Algebra, and *that* to the false quantities of Prosody; *this* be more solemnly dull, and *that* more disagreeably argumentative;—let the hatters in the Strand typify their comparative merits by the different humors of those bits of beaver which they label Oxonian and Cantab. We know not these distinctions. We present to our readers the phenomenon



THE COLLEGIAN.

Ibunt ad collegium, ad capiendum ingenii cultum.

Latin Grammar.

which is common to both: in a word—the Collegian. Oh! Alfred, and all ye other founders of our venerable monopolies of learning! would that ye could descend or arise (as the case may be) from your present abodes, and see the goodly train of youths that even in this distant century crowd regularly each autumn to the scenes of your princely bounty! These are *freshmen*, though little the wiser would ye be by this explanation. From distant Winchester, and Eton, and Harrow, and Westminster, have they come, “smit with the love of sacred song;” and burning to bring to a better market their various accomplishments of making longs and shorts, boxing, rowing, and playing at cricket. There they stand, side by side, in the senate-house, some hundreds of them, taking alphabetically solemn oaths that they will always detest the Pope, and the Pretender; that they will not play at marbles during divine service, nor wear top boots in the High Street. Yet is this a glorious moment for all. It is the beginning of manhood—of liberty—of eagle-eyed independence. Can you not recollect, reader, the delight of feeling for the first time that you were master of your own actions; that all around you was under your control—the room you sat in—the bell you rang—the servant that answered it;—that you could have breakfast when you chose; put in as much tea as you liked; have your own little cellar of wine; your own friends; run up what bills you pleased; and were scores of miles from parents, guardians, aunts, and friends of the family? Every freshman owns this feeling with more or less intensity. Even he, who has to struggle against new necessities on a hardly earned, and still inadequate pittance, is conscious that he is struggling for himself, and has health and hope to cheer him on. Yet on what strangely different destinies do these boys enter from the moment that they have bolted these useful oaths! How differently is the golden gift of independence employed by them! One of them is Lord Leatherhead, a youth who, as wits say, is his own father, and has the management of a guardian whom, the late lord left a certain number of pounds to manage him.

He becomes a rowing man of the first class. He has brought with him to college a large dog, an Italian valet; and last, as well as least, a private tutor. His academical career is a series of triumphs, the dons will tell you—for though he does nothing they swear there was only the will wanting. Although he was plucked the first time for his little-go, it was because he had read too deep for it; and he was only advised not to go up for his degree, lest he might, by some accident, fail to be senior wrangler. What fine sympathies he has! Look at his treatment of his dog. He has taught him as many tricks as he knows himself. How considerate to his private tutor! He gives him leave of absence as often as he likes; nay, sometimes is obliged to force it on him, for he knows his modesty in that particular. Then again, how generous to his friends! Not a day passes, but a score of them are made drunk at his expense. And hear how they praise him! He has the best cigars they ever smoked; the best wine they ever drank; sings the best song, and is, in short, the best fellow they ever saw. Oh! a college was made for a lord! Its rules and restrictions are all well enough for the poor student; for the lord they are wisely relaxed. For him the obsequious gates can open either way, and at any hour. Against him the voice of tell-tale porter, gyp, or laundress, is still as death. Toll away, thou mournful morning bell, for others. My lord's slumbers are not to be disturbed for chapel. In the snug and elevated corner, where noblemen, unjustled, are supposed to offer up their prayers to Heaven, you will rarely find Lord Leatherhead at his matins. His book is in its place, and his cushion—but there is he not. *Stat nominis umbra.* Don't suppose, however, he is always in bed till twelve o'clock. When the hounds meet thirty miles off he can be up and away by daybreak. Lectures are no attraction to him; and if not, says the college tutor, what can be the use of enforcing his attendance. His lordship prefers taking in pupils of his own; and cigars and ale are much more to all of their tastes than Greek or Algebra. Even the noon of a sporting lord's day is

not uninstruative. Here you may see idleness in its least exciting and least attractive form. His lordship is in a dressing-gown, and wears an embroidered skull cap. Half-a-dozen friends are seated around him, all in slippers; some in dressing-gowns—some in rough great coats—but none are dressed, for it is only one o'clock. A full half hour will often pass without a single word being uttered. The whole party sit motionless—their legs stretched out, and their eyes fixed on the ceiling. Not a sound is heard but puff, puff—swig, swig,—and occasionally,—spit, spit. Doesn't Locke define time to be nothing more than the perpetual succession of ideas? If that is a correct definition, time, during these noontide revels, must frequently have ceased to exist, for many a round has the clock made, and no idea presented itself to the minds of the noble Leatherhead and his friends. It is worth your while to examine the furniture of that room, if your eyes can pierce the "tobacco's rolling dun." Prints of dogs, horses, half-dressed women, and Lord Eldon, cover the walls (for mark you, my lord is a Conservative). The shelves of a large book-case are filled with sporting magazines, hunting-whips, gloves, and cigar boxes. At either corner, are statues of Demosthenes and Cicero; and in the middle, the plaster caricature of Lord Brougham, with a stomach-ache. On the faces of the two former the humorous lord has, with his own hand, painted splendid cork moustaches, while on each of their heads, some kindred wit has placed a smoking cap. Leatherhead's associates are either boys of quality and fortune, and of congenial tastes, or impudent, pushing toadies, who find that it is by far the cheapest plan to live at his expense, and that they derive a sort of consequence from being often seen in his company. When he is not hunting, he likes a lark across the country; and no such fun as jumping into a farmer's garden, and then jumping out again. He is fond of a lounge too up the High Street, where he is on ogling terms with several tradesmen's daughters, and *trés bien* with several tradesmen's wives. Nor is this more than fair. The tradesmen have

cheated him enough; and need not grudge him such a return. He sits an hour in a confectioner's shop every day—over soup in winter, and ices in summer. He rarely dines in hall, though, when he does, the Master and Vice-Master are the whole time convulsed with laughter at his prodigious wit. In short, his whole morning, noon, and evening, are one long loll and saunter. It is at night that he really begins to move, and have his being. Walk with us, reader, towards his rooms some night at ten o'clock; and do thou, too, come, thou monger of new things—thou friend of cheap knowledge, thou scorner of other times—look upon yon old quadrangle. This is the habitation which our wise forefathers, in far distant ages consecrated to the high purposes of piety and science. Here have thought and struggled the best and wisest of the earth. Is thy fancy so dull that thou dost not see their stately shadows through the dim religious light of those deep venerable cloisters?—and does thy cold soul glow with no new warmth at the sight of that old mouldering chapel, on which the moon is looking down so serenely, and gilding with the light of heaven? Hark! what is that distant murmur? Is it the chaunting of some holy youth at his restless vigils?—Now other voices chime in—

“With his Too-rul-loo-rul-loo-rul-loo.”

'T is Leatherhead and his wine-warmed friend singing after-supper songs. These are, of a truth, classic revels; Bacchus presiding over all that is done, Venus over all that is said. The long table is covered with punch-bowls, tobacco-pipes, cigars, and every variety of wines and spirits in bottles. Some of the party are blind drunk—some roaring drunk—some dead drunk. In short, every stage of drunkenness is there exhibited in all its glory. Olivini puts his master to bed quite senseless, at three o'clock, and then goes to bed himself; and how the rest find their way to their respective homes, or to the places where they are picked up the next morning, is a mystery which they unsuccessful-

fully employ the greater part of the morrow in endeavoring to fathom.

Directly above the scene of these obscene orgies, and driven to distraction by the noise, is poor John Smith, the reading-man, in his little garret. He is the son of an ill-paid curate; and, were it not for a scholarship which he obtained almost immediately on his arrival at college, he could not possibly meet the necessary expenses of his humble situation. How much is he to be pitied, and yet how much to be envied, in the contrast with his noble neighbors! Toil and privation are his lot. No health can ever stand such incessant exertion, and his is visibly impaired. But he has a purpose before him; he is stimulated by a noble ambition, and the feeling that it is noble supports him in all his trials. To be the first prize-man of his day, is his all-absorbing hope—a dream worth all the solid realities that constitute the happiness of Lord Leatherhead. He has a little clock in his bed-room, with an alarm attached to it, always set to six o'clock, at which hour he jumps up; and, by the glorious sun in summer, and a dingy lamp in winter, does he work two good hours before he touches his frugal morning meal. He is regular as clock-work in the performance of all his college duties. He never misses chapel or lecture; takes a constitutional for an hour before dinner; smokes a clay pipe and third-rate tobacco (his sole luxury) for half an hour after it; and every other moment of the day and night is shut up with "*sported oak*" in his little garret. A curious sanctum this! He has not a book-case, but he has two old trunks set up on their ends in a corner of the room, and full of all the standard works on mathematics. The floor is absolutely carpeted with square bits of paper, covered with learned hieroglyphics. On some you will see diagrams—round, oblong, square, and angular—with letters here and there which communicate with explanations below, where you are informed, after a great deal of beating about the bush, that one of the lines therein drawn is precisely the same length as another neighboring line, and that one of the

square figures is exactly the same size as one that has twice as many sides. On others, again, you will fancy that John Smith has been composing riddles; for they begin with an assertion, that there are so many square yards in a certain farm in Australia, and so many thousand sheep on another farm hard by; and that the farmer is anxious to transfer the stock from the latter to the former. It appears, however, to involve some difficulty, which John Smith further appears to have a commission to solve. You would think, reader, that there was some fun, or pun, or play on the words, in all this, and would go on puzzling your poor brains till you would be obliged to give it up. But see how John Smith has set to work! He appeals to the calculations of no surveyor; refers to no evidence taken before agricultural committees; but suddenly, with the stroke of his pen, transforms the sheep into the letter x , and the square yard into the letter y . You think then, in your innocence, that he has taken leave of his subject or his senses; for no mention is made, all down the page, of Australia, farmer, sheep, or square yards. Nothing follows, but the most wanton persecution of these two inoffensive letters. Not content with tearing them from their happy homes at the end of the alphabet, and exposing them in their single nakedness to the impertinent curiosity of college dons, he submits them to all the torturing processes of Algebra. They are multiplied, divided, added to, and subtracted from; they are shuffled from one side to the other to suit his convenience; their square roots are extracted; they are raised to impossible powers; and when you feel, as a friend to letters, disposed, at all hazards, to interfere, lo! the conjuror, John Smith, again touches x and y with his wand, and they instantly resume their shape of the required number of sheep and square yards. Whoever can make the most use of these two mysterious letters, and play the greatest variety of tricks with them, is called senior wrangler; and it is for this distinction that John Smith works so hard sixteen out of every twenty-four hours. It is curious how little he knows of other things, and how

limited is the range of his reasoning faculties when unassisted by mathematical instruments, or x and y . He is the kindest-hearted creature on earth, though he has no friends to benefit by his sympathies. He is on nodding terms with two or three fellow-lecture-attenders, and "*wines*" once a term with the college tutor. Poor John Smith, he gets his reward! He is senior wrangler at last, and has ruined his health for ever!

Bob Jones is a rowing man of the second class. He belongs to a small college, and cannot claim descent from the Jones-Ap-Joneses of Wales. He wears a blue checked shirt without a collar, a colored neck-cloth, a cut-away green coat, and inexpressibles that fit as tight as a second skin. He has invariably a cigar or an oath in his mouth. He came to college knowing nothing; and while there only learns a little about horse-flesh. To him are accorded none of the immunities which are purchasable by the high rank and prospects of Lord Leatherhead; but he is in perpetual hot water with the authorities. He rarely attends chapel or lectures; but then, for each omission of the former duty, he is adjudged to "transcribe a hundred lines of Homer;" and for a certain number of omissions of the latter, he is confined for a fortnight within gates. He is so fond of female society, as to be brought into perpetual collision with the proctor, who is very jealous in this particular. He is a constant frequenter of the bar of "The Eagle Inn;" and very soon found it necessary to his purpose to give a verbal promise of marriage to the barmaid. He is a capital boxer, and the leader of the mob of gentlemen in the town, and gown rows on the 5th of November. He is the stroke-oar of the college boat, and one of the crack bowlers in the University Eleven. He lodges in the town; and made early conditions with his landlord that he should not report over-faithfully his hours of returning home at night or the next morning. The principal ornaments of his rooms are tandem-whips, pipes, boxing-gloves, cricket-bats, and foils; and on a card-table stands the proudest monument to his capabilities, in the

shape of a glass a yard long, which he every day, after breakfast, fills with ale and drinks off without once drawing breath. What tradesmen gain by their impositions on Lord Leatherhead, they lose by giving too much credit to Bob Jones. When in the middle of his second year, he is rusticated, and immediately afterwards taken from college by his friends, to be put into the Church, he is in debt some five or six hundred pounds; and so he remains all the rest of his life.

Charles Fluent is a man of very different pursuits. He is neither an idler, nor a candidate for academical honors; but he is absorbed in politics, metaphysics, and what he calls philosophy. He belongs to an easy society, where, weekly, he, Henry Muddle, and a few other choice spirits, meet to discuss every variety of subject embraced under those prolific heads. Fluent is a radical of the Bentham school. He can tell you all about the right relations of wages and profits; thinks monarchy an absurd extravagance; aristocracy an unmitigated evil; an established church subversive of morality and religion; and the constitution of the United States of America the model of all that is good and wise. As is usual with the young disciples of this school, he altogether misunderstands, and sadly parodies the "principle of utility," which is always in his mouth. He asserts that poetry is not *useful*, and, therefore, should not be encouraged; and calculates to a nicety, as he thinks, how every question of the day bears on the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

Muddle is a mystic of the first water. He is fluent's chief rival; and the society, which is limited to twelve, is ranged in pretty equal divisions under these two leaders. Muddle has this advantage however, that his opponents can never completely answer, because they can never completely understand him: accordingly, he always fancies he comes off victorious. He is a worshipper of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Carlyle, and delights to use the be-Germanised phraseology which the latter distinguished writer has brought into such dangerous fashion. But the inventor of

that instrument is the only man who should be permitted to employ it. Poor Muddle makes sad mutilations with it; as much of himself, however, as of any one else. What an awful set of words, to be sure, he strings together! "There is a soul in the universe," he said tauntingly, one evening, to Fluent, as an argument for keeping the bishops in the House of Lords; and concluded a super-mystical peroration of the same speech by asking his honorable friend, in the words of the great Coleridge, whether "religion were not an idea of the mind, evolved into act and fact by the superinduction of the extrinsic conditions of reality." Muddle is a poet too: how sweetly his mind masquerades in verse! All those flowers and birds he makes so much of, are not really flowers and birds: one means truth, another hope; and that "Sonnet to an Owl catching Mice in the dark," is a delicate allusion to Fluent entrapping his little party, under favor of his own and their state of brutal ignorance. He can smell sights, and see smells, and hear both; but, above all, he has the singular faculty of believing without understanding. They have, however, a larger field for their rivalry, in a debating society which is open to the whole University: Lord Leatherhead, Bob Jones, and even John Smith, are members of it. The latter does not attend regularly, and never opens his lips; the former takes part, as he calls it, in general discussions; and Bob Jones confines his talents to the private business of the society. You will every week see his name on the boards, subscribed to some such motion as, "That another copy of the Sporting Magazine be taken in." You will find in this august body all the forms and ceremonies of the House of Commons. The youthful orators call each other honorable gentlemen, and their speeches are interrupted, at due intervals, with loud cries of "Hear, hear!" and "Oh, oh!" Scarcely a question is discussed in the model house, but a division follows it in this; and not only are the principal arguments of the great parliamentary leaders carefully re-echoed (with due allowances for misunderstanding and misapplication), but the very personali-

ties and recriminations which are the delight of St. Stephens are, all the fashion in the long room of "The Hoop." Taunts of abandonment of former principles and former friends, are in high favor; and "*nusquam tuta fides*," has been applied, in his turn, to almost every speaker of note. Sir John Buller's motion on the ———— was carried here the week after it was lost in the House of Commons, and many a junior soph made just as patriotic a speech against the "Newport job," as did the most immaculate supporters of Mr. Liddell. Indeed, we doubt not that the society has been convulsed with its "Privilege Question," and that some unfortunate waiters, at this moment in durance by their orders are expiating, in an hotel cellar, crimes of like magnitude and complexion to those of the sheriff's of the short neck and turgid liver. All the principal speakers are Radicals. They carry everything before them except the votes. Here they are in an awful minority. The Tories are in the proportion of five to one, and are very Toryish—of the Sibthorp school. They have many of the same peculiarities as the young Tories in Parliament. They comprise the greater part of the noblemen and fellow-commoners, and are very noisy and very ignorant. They exaggerate, naturally, the folly and fury of their prototypes; and sentiments are uttered in these debates, but more especially at their Pitt Clubs and other politico-jovial meetings, which would do honor to Bradshaw or M'Neile. We recollect a most characteristic discussion on a question proposed by Muddle not long ago:—"Would her Majesty's ministers have been justified, in the year 1820, in omitting the word 'Protestant,' in the announcement of the Royal marriage?" This reference to the year 1820, is an ingenious device for evading a restriction imposed on the society by the University authorities—that they shall discuss no events that have occurred within a floating period of twenty years anterior to the date of the discussion. The word Protestant has just the same potent charm in this society as it has in public life, and it is equally curious to observe here the very remarkable class of men, which the mere

mention of it calls into oratorical prominence. Of the immense majority, which, on this occasion, recorded their condemnation of ministers, perhaps one half was drunk; and perhaps their speakers were among the most incorrigible profligates of the University. Yet to be sure, such piety never flowed from the lips of men. Lord Leatherhead asked—"What would have been the use of the Reformation, if ministers were to go on in this way?—and what Martin Luther would have said if he had been a privy councillor on that day, and taken his seat at the board, between the Duke of Norfolk and Mr. Sheil?" Muddle took the Tory side in his opening speech, and the other side in his reply; and though there really was a great deal of eloquence in both, the argumentative parts might have exchanged places without any inconvenience to the speaker, or any chance of detection by the audience. We are far from wishing to throw an air of ridicule over these societies: we know that many of the most accomplished speakers in the House of Commons and at the Bar have here learnt the rudiments of their art. We have our eye on three Charleses, who are among the most rising men of the day, and who have to thank the opportunities of a University Debating Society for their similar facility of speech. We shall be grievously mistaken and disappointed if this trio do not, before long, furnish a list of Charleyana, in the way of sayings and doings, which will justify our prophecy of their fame.

There is one other species of Collegians, to which we feel bound to do honor: it is the man who does nothing at all, who neither reads for University honors, nor for debating societies, nor even for self-improvement; who commits no debaucheries, and who never, during his academical career, says or does a single thing which attracts the observation of a single soul. It is impossible to give this character any distinctive name; he is, virtually, a nonentity. His three years and a half are one monotonous routine of nothingism; and with the exception of his being those three years and a half older, at the end of his academical career

he is precisely the same creature that he was at its commencement. He has neither added to nor taken from his former little stock of public-school knowledge, but has kept himself throughout, and in every way, in a perfectly even state of temperature. He leaves no bills unpaid, regrets parting from no friends, and his back once turned on *alma mater*, neither he nor she have one thought for each other again.

Hurrah! then for the Collegians! What would man be that he cannot learn to be at college? Are you young, friend reader?—go to college, and learn such wisdom as has inspired these pages? Are you a parent?—send your sons there. They will acquire religion there, morality, and learning. Do you doubt it? How can they help becoming religious? They leave their revels to go to chapel of an evening, while the wine is still hot in their brains; and go again the next morning, when the wine has got from their brains to their stomach. Is not that religion? How can they help becoming moral? They have two proctors, and two pro-proctors, and swift-footed bulldogs, who watch over their morality! How can they help becoming learned? They have daily lectures, and quarterly examinations; and little-goes, and big-goes, and tutors, and professors, and prizes of every description. Religious, moral, learned phenomenon! Glory of England—envy of the world! In the affecting words of Homer:—

“ὡς ὡς οὐκ ἔλεε ἄνδρες, ἀνδρὶ κρηὶ ἄδιδεν.”

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THE CONDUCTOR.

By me they goes it now into the city.

Dante Travestied.

THE CONDUCTOR.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

THE CONDUCTOR is a careless-dressing, subordinate, predominant, miscellaneous, newly-invented personage, of the stable-breed order, whose occupation consists in eternally dancing through the air on a squalid bit of wood, twelve inches by nine; letting people in and out of the great oblong box called an omnibus; and occasionally holding up his hand, and vociferating the name of some remote locality. He has of late been gifted with a badge, which classifies the otherwise "promiscuous" appearance of his "set-out;" and in some districts they have put him into livery, which, though it raises him in the scale of neatness, and, perhaps, of civility, wonderfully lowers his aspect in that of independence, and conspires to turn the badge of office into an aggravated mark of servitude. Neither is it so picturesque as the careless freedom of his slops. However, this is not the case with the tribe in general; the character of whose habiliments varies and descends through all the grades of decency and slovenliness, from those of the man behind the counter in a booking-office, down to the shocking-bad-hatted vagabond who has been ejected from nine stable-yards, and who fights, drinks, and frightens old ladies, on every public-house pavement that will endure him. And our friend's manners are generally decent or otherwise accordingly. In some rare instances, he takes to being excessively proper and well-bred; manifests a respectful zeal for "the ladies" in general, and a special and consolatory patience towards the rheumatism of ascending and descending old gentle-

women; calls the little girl a "pretty dear;" is thought a "pretty man" himself by the "young woman," especially if he is fresh-colored; nay, in the diffusive benignity of his self-respect, has been known to say "sir" to the driver (usually his inferior in rank); and was once observed, during an "affection of the chest," or "slight pulmonary attack" (for so undoubtedly he would have called it), to turn his face aside with touching consideration, and cough elegantly into his pocket-handkerchief!

But these are niceties peculiar to the born geniuses of aspiring servitude, and not to be expected from the faternity at large; who (to do justice to the robustness with which they grapple with their lot) seem to think as little of their own coughs, as they do of those of the most venerable and expectorating of matrons, whom they urge to ascend the step with "Now, MA'AM, if you please;—my cattle's a waiting;—bless'd if some on us do n't catch cold this here shiny night." It takes rain such as infuriates the gutters, and sweeps the street clean of passengers, to make a stoic of this sort put on his oil-skin cape.

The other most noticeable varieties of the class are a half-civil, half-sulky fellow, who surprises you with his alternate good conduct and impertinence, and who is most probably a discarded gentleman's coachman; second, a singularly staid individual, who is either a proprietor, or one that professes to have seen better days, and who is thought quite a gentleman by his brethren because he uses "fine words," and does indeed set them a good example (he has generally been an imprudent and, probably, eccentric small tradesman); third, a *boy* with a weak but not ill-natured face, who gets drunk, and who it may truly be said to make the heart bleed to look at; fourth, another sort of boy, between jovial and steady, who gives you a very doubtful satisfaction between your fears for him of a like sort, and regard for the promising manliness of his character; and fifth and last, a third sort of boy, a most self-possessed, precocious, and disagreeable young gentleman, who stands on his step with all the experienced

airs of a man of forty, *fubbed up* with neckcloth and "all that," making signs right and left of him with lifted finger and an expression of face between energy and indifference, and shouting, in a voice not yet out of its teens, "Bank! Bank! Stee! Stee! (City) Why-chapool! (Whitechapel.)" He is probably son or nephew of a proprietor; is, therefore, too grand and highly connected to be over-civil; "*can't do*" this and that "*coz its contrary to reg'lations;*" forgets change, however, and other trifling regularities of that sort, because he piques himself on being as knowing as Jem Biggs; makes pretensions to an intimacy with "*the gals;*" has a face prematurely big and florid with gin and beef-steaks; and is in a fair way, poor fellow! by the time he is thirty, to find himself older than he wishes, and to know no pleasure in life greater than damning those who pretend to see any. [The reader must pradon us a very grave bit of ebullition at *this* portrait; and therefore we say—For God's sake, oh, you fathers everywhere! do not bring up your sons to be hypocritical, or uninformed, or effeminate, or solemn asses; but do, by every effort under the sun, hinder them, if you can, from taking any step in life, whether behind an omnibus, or on the lofty coach-box of Sir Pimpleton Filly, which shall make them fancy themselves arrived at that most stupid of all *wise-acre-isms*—that most limited and accursed of all ignorance, 'ycleped a "thorough knowledge of the world." You might as well put them prone before a hog-trough, and bid them take it for sun, moon, and stars.]

To return to our Conductor *in the aggregate*, who has his real knowledge, for he knows that the mannikin just mentioned is a simpleton. You may see his class with its *rain-dress* on, depicted in the figure at the head of this article. He is a good average specimen of his tribe; civil or impudent, as the case may happen; civil in general, because it is his interest, and he is not a bad sort of chap in the main; is playful with his fellows at ale-house doors—that is, knocks their hats off into the mud, and picks up his own with no more oaths than become him; has not

had a black eye since last Bartlemy-tide; has a regard for the good woman that gets his hot supper ready every night, and only wishes she wouldn't talk such nonsense about Fan Summers; spends half his time in getting health with air and exercise, and half in undoing it with beer and gin; longs for a fine morning and a wet evening, because the former tempts people out, and the latter "nabs 'em in;" has no Sabbaths, nor holydays (think of this when you want an excuse for him); ingeniously throws the responsibility of unlawfulness upon his passengers, for choosing of their "own free-will," to admit two more "ladies" beyond the number (two market girls of his acquaintance); thinks every other Conductor in the wrong for trying to get before him or lure away his fares, but himself not at all so; won't keep your promised seat a minute if a last fare presents itself; and can't procure a candle any how if you have dropped a shilling in the straw; yet will detain you all half-an-hour to battle with some sneaking fellow that rates the fare at half what it is; and if he has dropped a sixpence himself, has a light forthcoming immediately: gives "a ride" to some favorite crony, or young woman, or "young gentleman," i. e. little boy, of the neighborhood, who chats with him, and proclaims his merits to the family; gets into the omnibus on bad nights, if there is room; pretends sometimes that you call him when you do not, and will stop the vehicle, and come running to you, in order to aggravate the chance of your getting in; conducts it as slowly as possible if he has few passengers, and as fast as Bill Vickers will tempt him to race, if otherwise (the driver and he being generally of one accord in these matters); closes the door with wonderful softness, considering his energy (having once chopped off a joint of a child's finger); cries out "Hold *hard!*" whenever the omnibus is to halt, as if coachmen were in the habit of holding soft; is always going to the direct place you speak of, especially if he sees the speaker to be a delicatish sort of female who cannot well contest a point, and then, "never thought such a thing" as that she said Kennington and not Kensington, or that

she didn't know there was a mile-and-a-half to walk to the "Goat and Boots;" is livelier after dinner than before, for a reason equally well known to diners at "The Black Horse" and at Belamy's; has a nice remembrance of a sixpence owing, and as relishing a forgetfulness of a lost parcel containing a lobster; is never so happy (except in sitting down to supper) as when he has got his omnibus too full, and has just succeeded in getting a payment over much, or in compassing some other such pleasing wrong as rewards "honesty in general;" upon which he mounts the steps with a more than ordinary vivacity, triumphantly cries out "All right!" and so goes dancing on his bit of wood aforesaid, cheating, and to cheat.

Consider his temptations. Think of the series of "small fares,"—of "waifs and strays,"—of inexperienced young passengers—of the constant unhealthy moral tendency to the secretion of sixpences. Consider, also, how hard some people are upon him in their expectations, and that he is not always responsible for the first causes of dissatisfaction. It has been complained of late in the newspapers, that omnibuses behave very ill in allowing the words "Oxford Street" and "Piccadilly" to be written upon them, when they do not "go up" those streets, but only "touch" at them. And the aggravation is, that when you state the fact to the Conductor, and are giving the most indisputable and indignant evidence that you have farther to go that way, and shall be compelled to walk it, he, the Conductor, instead of having a strong sympathy with your knee-pans, coolly tells you, that "Oxford Street is right afore you, and a cab no great way up;" adding, in a loud voice, and in the most unthinking manner, "All right;—go along, Bill!"

Now really, in the first place (granting, as we are bound to do in the ignorance of the reverse, that the complainant, in this instance, never misled a person in his life, even so much as in the price of a "real Havannah," or "right-arnest jambee") here, in the first place, we say, is a highly respectable set of men, pro-

prietors, as well dressed people as go, and qualified to keep many gigs, who are the cause why the word "Oxford Street" or "Piccadilly" is put upon omnibuses which only touch at those places; and we must say, that the moral character of their clothes is in no sort of way injured by any inconsistency of conduct so far; for the "Oxford Street" or "Piccadilly" no more implies that you are to be carried *up* those places as well as *to* them, than "Watford" or "Barnet" on a coach means that you are to stop for good in those towns, or have more done for you than just to be deposited in them, to find your way into your own quarter as you may be able. It would be an inconvenience to the public *not* to have the words "Oxford Street" put upon such omnibuses; but the logical deduction from them is for the seer's own wits, and if he translates place into passage, the fault lies with himself. We wish our scape-grace friend the Conductor was never more in fault than on such an occasion; nay, we must take leave to think, that it is very considerate of him, and a sort of returning good for evil, to answer the gentleman's indignation with a reference to a cab, and with a philosophic hurrying away from dispute in that bland direction to the driver, "Go along, Bill."

Far be it from us to say any thing in defence of the positive outrages we occasionally read of perpetrated by such of the tribe as make the rest of them shake their heads, and wonder how Dick or George could be such a "ruffin."

"But it's always of afternoons, you see, sir; and when the drink's in, the wit's out; and Dick was never a right man since he took to Bet Ogle; and gentlemen, you see, sir, though they be in the right, is sometimes wery aggrawating; and Dick looks upon his-self as a bit of a gentleman, too, cause he's nevvvy of a lady as has got a buss of her own."

Well, we shan' n't stand by him for all that, not even for the sake of Bet;—no more than we should by the Marquis of Whata-floor, or Sir Dogberry Finish. We give up all committers of outrages, of whatever grade—lord, commoner, or Conductor; but

yet we are not to hate all lords on that account, nor all commoners, nor all Conductors. "Fair play's a jewel;" and this is what we shall insist upon, from and towards all men, not excepting the "outrageously virtuous"—by no means the least provoking description of people, especially when they shut their eyes to vice with champagne in its head, and open them like saucers to the iniquities of the gin-drinking.

Now, as the public are in the habit of hearing so much said against Conductors, and the present is the first instance we are aware of in which an impartial consideration of their case has been humbly recommended, we shall proceed to observe, as to "minor points"—to things "tolerable and not to be endured,"—that *gentlemen*, as well as conductors, *are* sometimes "very aggravating," and that conductors witness a great deal of bad example and selfishness on the part of those whom they conduct: as, *imprimis*, in—

Swearing gentlemen (for we observe it is always accounted a very bad thing, if conductors swear).

Drinking gentlemen (very frequent in omnibuses of a night-time).

"Gentlemen" who drop sovereigns they never had, in the straw.

Gentlemen who "never dreamt that the fare was a shilling," and will stand lying about it, and haggling, for half-an-hour.

Insolent and ill-tempered gentlemen, who sit with their feet thrust out before the door, to the stumbling of those that enter it.

Impatient and astonished gentlemen, who are no sooner seated than they complain of the shameful delay of omnibuses, and threaten to get out (themselves having kept it waiting a hundred times).

Gentlemen, who have had a "ride" from the place of setting out to the first place of stopping, and then avail themselves of the first minute past the time, to get out; and so have their ride for nothing.

Fat gentlemen, who take up three "rooms," and grudge their sixpence from Mile End to Paddington.

Thin gentlemen, who authoritatively call the omnibus in full career, and then decline entering it because of three fat ones.

Gentlemen, who hate passion and vulgarity to such a degree in conductors, that they storm and rave at the least show of impertinence in a man who is tired to death, and lavish upon him the highly ameliorating information that he is a "damned blackguard."

Gentlemen, who are indignant if other gentlemen—nay, gentlewomen—are suffered to come into the omnibus when it is full, though the night be ever so frightful; justice and the "regulations" being superior to all consideration of cold-catching, fevers, fatigues, childhoods, womanhoods, and every other *hood* but their own delightful manhood, which, perhaps, was accommodated with the very piece of illegality to which they object in the case of others. We have seen it.

Gentlemen (and gentlewomen analagous to those gentlemen) who, having come all the way from Blowbladder Lane for sixpence, wonder "what the man means" by taking them ten doors beyond their own, and not setting them down at the identical spot, right opposite the knocker, and elegantly shaving the curbstone.

Gentlewoman. Hoity, toity! Where *is* he going? Stop, stop! —*Stop*, I tell you.

Conductor. Hold HARD!—Beg pardon, ma'am; only a few doors down.

Gentlew. A few doors! There's a dozen, if there's one. Why don't you back? Do you think I am to get out and walk all that way in the mud?

Cond. Backing's wery bad for the horses, ma'am, jist by this here place, but the pavement's quite neat and genteel.

Gentlew. Horses! And what's to become of my shoes, I should be glad to know—and my *gound*—eh, you sir?

Cond. Lord love ye, ma'am! the ground aint wet, no more than a widow's eye.

Gentlew. Don't widow me, feller! I'm no widow, but Mrs. Blenkinsop; you know me well enough; and if you don't back directly, I'll complain at the office.

Passengers, interfering. It really is not very wet, ma'am, and we are all kept waiting.

Gentlew. Have I paid my money, or have I not? And if I have, haven't I a right to be set down at my own door. It's only the fellow's insolence: he does it to spite me:—I saw him smiling to-day as I got in.

Cond. Shall I call a cab, ma'am?

Gentlew. (turning round from the window triumphantly.) There, you see it's nothing but the fellow's imperence! Here! let me out! Oh, you shall suffer for this, my man! *I'm* not the person to be imposed upon, whatsomedever *other* ladies and gentlemen may choose. [*Exit* the "fat, fair, and forty" *Blenkinsop.*] A very pleasing combination of efs, but not in her case. How delightful, as she looked out of window, to be able not to touch her? How different from the charming creature that was let down a few minutes before, and who sat on one's knee that she might make room for the fat publican!

"Who *is* mighty Mistress Blenkinsop, pray?" inquires a passenger sitting next the door.

Cond. Wife of a gentleman in the pork and sausage line, sir, as has taken a country-box up here in Pig Hill Row. She's a fine madam, *she* is.

Pass. A good deal of money, I suppose.

Cond. A mint, sir; and has everything her own way, Sundays and all, when her husband comes down (the only day o' the week) and brings a friend to interduce him.

Pass. To introduce him?

Cond. Yes, sir, to dine and make the a'ternoon pass comforta-

ble-like, with his rum-and-water, and all that, and save him from a having his nose chucked in his face.

Pass. His nose chucked in his face!

Cond. Ay, sir, his defects like, and his *di*-wargencies from what she thinks proper. I've hered our governor's foreman tell all about it, and make missus laugh till you might hear the glasses ring in the bar.

Pass. She seems no very wise person herself, however.

Cond. Why, you see, sir, when people has had no edication, and yet got a nat'ral cunning like, and arned a sight of money, they thinks there's nothing in the world comparable with their ownelves; and so gets a huffing and making fools of theirselves, till the bigger they look the littler they're thought on.

Oh 'faith, your Conductor sees a great deal of the world, and if he has brain enough not to become a blackguard, turns out no mean bit of a sage.

"Mores hominum multorum vidit, et *urbis*."

Much of mankind he sees, and much of city,
And thus, though ungrammatical, grows witty.

Really (to avail ourselves of the philosophic temper of the age, and speak boldly out), we know few objects more respectable, considering what temptations he must surmount in the way of little sixpences and long scores, than a good, civil, reasonably honest, intelligent, ungrammatical, father-of-a-family sort of Omnibus-Conductor, who wears dirty brown gloves, or worsted, and has a worsted handkerchief round his neck in bad weather (put by his wife), and so stands placidly on his step,

"Collected in himself, and whole,"

alternately intimating Bank and Mile End to foot-passengers, and discussing some point of life and manners with the gentleman next the door. We have no disrespect for his badge; we are grave with his aspiratious, whether in morals or on the letter *a*; our eyes are willing, as he there stands, to grow intensely inti-

mate with his waistcoat, and rejoice to see how well his wife has mended the buttons. He has had all those experiences of right and wrong, both in himself and others, which, where there is no innate disposition to petty larceny or a mere absorption in "number one," produce, as the poet phrases it, "the philosophic mind;" and provided you treat him with a decent civility (which the "indignant" and "Police! shouting" may depend upon it is a pretty sure way of getting civility from all his tribe), "nothing can touch him further," but the gentleman who has left his sixpence in his "other waistcoat."

T A V E R N H E A D S .

BY CHARLES WHITTEHEAD.

IN the suburbs of this vast metropolis (but in what quarter it behooves me not to set down) stands a house of entertainment which, in common with many others, is dignified with the name of "The Castle." Underneath the portico—too mean, I have often thought for the building—might be seen, in gilt letters on a chocolate ground, "CHARLOTTE CHATHAM, Licensed Dealer in Wines and Spirits;" and on the front of the house, in type almost as large as the posters of the patent theatres, (can I say more?) the doughty inquirer is set at ease as to the particular tap he is about to imbibe.

Of the late Mr. Chatham—the worthy host (for all hosts are of prescriptive right, worthy)—the less, perhaps, that is said, the better; not that much good might not be said of the deceased, but that, being so, however much was said could do him very little good, and I have no right to prejudice vested interests. Of his facetiæ and fur cap, then, I shall speak absolutely nothing.

Mrs. Chatham—the Landlady—of whom I shall have more to say hereafter than it is my present hint to speak, was formerly well known to the frequenters of one of the many "Three Tuns" in this city, as Charlotte Lovage, the good-looking, well-behaved, and assiduous only daughter of Stephen Lovage, the landlord.

People may talk as much and as vainly as they please of the folly of indulging sentiment; but I contend in the words of that most pleasing of all literature, newspaper advertisements—"no family ought to be without it;" least of all, the younger branches. "The Three Tuns" was hardly the place, and Mr. Lovage was



THE LANDLADY.

You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her
without her tongue.

As You Like it.

hardly the person, to afford time and opportunity for the indulgence of that luxury in the bosom of Miss Charlotte, and she was coaxed and convinced, and argued and threatened, into a marriage with Chatham, before she had taken into account one tenth of the awfully solemn considerations which some of our modern lady-writers* consider indispensable, preparatory to the solemn contract of marriage. She, poor thing! had no notion that it was necessary to inquire whether Chatham's heart was this, or her own that; or both, something else: or whether his feelings were deep, and hers strong; and his affections strong, and her own deep. She by no means knew what kind of a soul he had, and she had never inquired much about the temporal requisites and human yearnings of her own, or she would probably have left off, as others have, by being without a soul at all. She only thought of making him as comfortable as she could, and of being as happy as possible in return—not an unreasonable or illaudable thought, when a woman marries one towards whom she feels no particular partiality.

It must be confessed that "The Castle" was a serious consideration. To become the mistress of that, was to gain a point in the game of life, and she did gain it; and if she did, by these means, attain what the soul-and-body-harrowing gentry of fiction call "splendid misery," she hid it where other miseries of a less brilliant description were kept—in her own bosom; and nobody was the wiser for it, except perhaps herself. Chatham played his Castle, but she check-mated him at last. He was twenty years older than herself, and died twenty years before his time, leaving forty years "to the good;" and if any one can offer any feasible reason why Mrs. Chatham should not marry again, I forswear ethics, and renounce physiognomy evermore and for ever.

As a Landlady, Mrs. Chatham was irreproachable. A better

* Miss Martineau and Mrs. Jameson, *passim*.

woman within the limits of becoming chalk never put trust in the faith of man. When her spirits did meet, it seemed only natural, proper, and fitting, that they should come together. It is not well that the strong should lord it over the weak—that is tyrannous; that the weak should control the strong—that is unspiritual. In a word, Mrs. Chatham settled the point at issue between Sir Hugh Myddleton and Sir Felix Booth with a most praiseworthy and admirable equity.

Next let me furnish a brief memoir of Susan Hawkins, the girl who waited in the parlor; and of Tom Trotter, the pot-boy of "The Castle:" these individuals appertaining and belonging to the establishment, and being on that score entitled to take precedence of their betters.

Susan Hawkins is the daughter of a small tradesman in the "chandlery line," who once sold everything in the way of business, and was at length compelled to sell everything in the way of necessity; and who, shortly afterwards, took to his bed and died, as men of broken hearts and fortunes will do. Subsequently, the widow took in washing, while she had a peg and a line, and three yards of space to hang "the things" on; and, after that, went out as a char-woman at eighteen pence a-day and her victuals, when she was called upon, which might occur, on an average, about three days in the week. The poor woman had ceased to have any care for herself since the death of Hawkins, who, somehow or other, strangely enough perhaps, always appeared before her mind's eye as she had first known him, not in the form to which the sordid wants and abject miseries of the world had at last reduced him. Her sole anxiety was to keep the little girl to her book and her needle, till she was of age sufficient to get her own livelihood.

It required no small degree of financial dexterity, and a conjuring up of resources hitherto unknown, to render the girl presentable when Mrs. Chatham, then newly-married, hinted to the mother that something might be made of Susan, and that she



THE BARMAID.

I understand the business—to have an open ear, a quick eye, and nimble hand, is necessary.

Winters Tale.

might send her for a few weeks on trial. This difficulty surmounted, Susan came on swimmingly. She was soon an especial favorite both in parlor and bar, and mine host was often heard to declare that he would not lose that girl for a trifle, meaning, I suppose, for three times as much as the trifle he gave her; which, however, was considerably augmented afterwards: so at least it may be presumed, for the mother subsequently made a much more comfortable appearance.

If a statistical report of the compliments paid to the fair sex, during the year in this metropolis, were drawn up, I think it would be found that the girls who wait in tavern-parlors would furnish a large—perhaps, an undue proportion of them. Of these verbal nothings, these evanescent expenditures of breath, Susan Hawkins received her full share. The reader will hereafter have an opportunity of deciding how far she was entitled to them. But whether it was from an inherent simplicity of nature, or from an inbred good taste which superinduces that exact propriety of conduct so difficult to be preserved in any station, I know not; but these complimentary tributes had no perceptible influence upon her understanding or behavior. Certain it is, there was so much native sweetness and modesty about the girl, that it would have been almost as difficult for one man to meditate an insult to her, as it would have been to restrain another from knocking him down if he had done so.

That Thomas Trotter, the pot-boy, once had a father and mother, there cannot be a reasonable doubt. The parochial authorities at all events thought so when Tom, then rising three months, was found in a dry ditch at the back of the workhouse; for they bestirred themselves with laudable alacrity, but sorry success, to discover them. The lad owed his name to the circumstance of his running alone at an unusually early period of locomotion, and earned it afterwards by running away from the workhouse at the age of ten years, thereby frustrating the benevolent intentions of the authorities, who designed to apprentice

him to a tailor of melancholic temperament, who wanted the premium to enable him to stave off the necessity of sending his five children to the house from whence Master Trotter absconded, and for one of whom he considerably supplied room.

To the imagination of the young and tender Trotter, the world presented itself as a concern rather comfortable than otherwise, in which the work bore no comparison with the leisure, and wherein he might do as he liked and care for nobody. But this is a mistake that is sooner discovered than rectified; and the little fellow, after giving an unusual degree of mental trouble to his tiny wits, and living any how, and sleeping any where, sometimes under the dry arches of a bridge—but the fresh air from the water gave him too keen an appetite—was glad to close with the liberal offer of a small green-grocer, who proposed to him the tempting terms of one shilling per week, dinner when he could catch it, and half-a-dozen potato-sacks under the counter, along with the oyster-shells, by way of lodging. For two years did Tom carry about Coster's vegetable productions, and

“Do his errands in the gloomy deep”

of the contiguous coal-shed, during which time he contracted an intimate acquaintance, or rather, cultivated a close friendship, with a certain butcher, arrived at the years of maturity, 'ycleped Chuck, who was the innocent means of removing him from his enviable position, and thus:—

The sexton of the parish was married, after much formal and solemn wooing, to the lady who took in mangling; an event which Chuck proposed to make extensively known. He wished to regale the newly-married pair with a concert of music, to be performed by *artistes* on the marrow-bone and cleaver, and other festive instruments; at which concert he invited his young friend to assist. Tom Trotter not having the fear of his master before his eyes, and, indeed not having any fear—unless, a natural anxiety to acquit himself creditably on so important an occasion

may be called so—undertook to perform third tin-kettle in the band; and, for being absent without leave, and other outrageous conduct, now remembered for the first time, his too stringent master, to use his own language, “gave him the sack;” not to speak poetically, dismissed him.

Tom now became a faithful adherent of the overgrown pot-boy at “The Castle,” who was half as tall again as the pot-rack that stood, of a morning, at the front of the house. He slept at large as heretofore, giving no undue preference to any particular locality; but during the day constituted himself a kind of *ex officio* pot-boy—a supplementary vassal—an appendix to the paid functionary. When, however, the giant enlisted in the Horse Guards, Tom walked into “The Castle,” and quietly inducted himself into the vacant place, and he gave the utmost satisfaction. Certainly, in the collection of pots there are few like him; he knows the very spike of the railings from which the required quart or pint should be gathered; and in the hunting up of old ladies for “The Despatch,” even at the latter end of the week, it may confidently be asserted he has no equal.

Having described the individuals appertaining to the establishment, it behooves me to speak of the frequenters of “The Castle.”

It was about half-past six in the evening, that a tall stout gentleman—the ladies called him a very personable man—entered “The Castle,” and, instead of proceeding directly to the parlor halted at the bar, as was his custom, and lifting his hat, paid his formal and elaborate respects to the landlady.

“Mr. Ormsby,” said Mrs. Chatham, rising to return his politeness, “first, as usual, I declare.”

Mr. Orby Ormsby, the Parlor Orator, was a bank clerk, and a bachelor, about five-and-fifty years of age—seven-and-thirty of which had been devoted to that national institution. For many years past, the daily exercise undergone by this gentleman had

not differed twenty paces, and his understanding and conversation were of the same unvarying description, so far and no farther, and then back again. In the earlier portion of his life he had been somewhat of a reader, but most especially of "Plutarch's Lives," an old translation of which—the one by Dryden and other hands—he had conned over many times, with more pleasure, I fear it must be said, to himself than profit to his listeners. For so treacherous was his memory, or so nearly balanced in point of merit did he consider the sayings and doings, the exploits and apothegms of the illustrious heroes, philosophers, and, above all, *orators*, who figure in that delightful work, that he ascribed them to each indiscriminately without scruple or hesitation. In addition to this, Mr. Ormsby entertained an overweening attachment towards long words, which he had abridged or extended at pleasure; and what are commonly called hard words he rendered malleable at will, constraining them to do duty for such more significant absentees as, in the vehemence of his rhetoric, could not be immediately laid hold upon. A style of oratory founded upon this basis, and set off by a voice to which Stentor was only worthy to sing second, maintained and secured for him the supremacy of the room. No one could—no one dared to dispute with him. No clamor could put him down, less than the simultaneous rumbling of half-a-dozen earthquakes, and a few avalanches *à la*. His was the triumph for a time of sheer unmitigated sound over sense, reason, intellect, wit, humor, everything. There was one comfort—he was not often at it. Silence was a luxury after him, to be sure.

"Madam," cried Mr. Ormsby, in a very bland and gracious manner, "I will take my usual half-pint here, and I will trouble Miss Susannah to prepare my brandy-and-water."

As these were the identical words uttered by Mr. Ormsby every evening of his life, it commonly happened that his orders were obeyed as soon as he had pronounced them.



THE PARLOUR ORATOR.

Turn him to any course of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter.

Henry V.

"I shall take an early opportunity this evening," he resumed, "when the gentlemen are assembled, of communicating the proposition I hinted to you, my dear madam, last night."

"Oh! you are very kind, I am sure," returned Mrs. Chatham, "very kind; I hardly know how to thank you for your—it's so considerate of you, sir; really ——"

"Not a word, madam, not one word," interrupted Ormsby; "to be considerate is——"

At this moment the door of the tap-room was suddenly flung open, and an individual rushed out, nearly overturning Ormsby and quite upsetting his speech, as with averted head he tumbled against him.

"Beg forty and eleven pardons, and as many more as you please," cried the delinquent, looking up. "Mr. Ormsby! haven't you done it now, Joseph Atkins?"

"Upon my word, Mr. Atkins," exclaimed Ormsby, "I am surprised—astonished——"

"They were a chaffin' o' me in there, interrupted Atkins, "and so I cut it. I hope I haven't shook you—would'nt for the world have done it if I'd known 't had been you. I'm always making a hole in my manners, I am."

"No offence in life, my good friend," said the pacified Ormsby, preparing to follow his brandy and water, with which Susan, in obedience to an order from his expressive eye, was about to leave the bar.

"Well done, noddle," cried Atkins, tapping his own skull approvingly, "that reminds me. Will you let me have a *ta-to-tate* with you for a moment?"

"What is it, Mr. Atkins?" said the other benignly, and inclining an ear towards him.

"Why, I hear you're going to have a grand to-do upstairs in a few nights, and I want to be amongst you. It ain't often I come it strong; but upon this emergency ——"

"One would imagine, my good friend," said Ormsby, surveying the gilt-buttoned blue coat and colored silk neckcloth of his companion, "that you had mistaken it for to-night."

"I've been to see a rich relation which I've got," returned Atkins, "and it won't do to go the old hog with him, Mr. Ormsby; he's a naristocrat."

"Will you come into the parlor," said Ormsby, after a moment's consideration, leading the way.

"Be after you in a moment; just staying to give orders. Here, Susan, my girl, just mix me up sixpen'orth o' gin and water, hot, and lus-ci-ous, and very ginnified; and here's the tizzy. Always pay as you go, Susan, that's my motto, and when you can't pay no longer, then get yourself set down in the inventory."

"Will you take it in with you, Mr. Atkins!" said Susan.

Joseph waived his hand, "No," said he, "that's against all rule; that's not according to ettiket, Susan. When I come the gentleman, I expect to be treated in a gentleman-like way. Follow me with the mixed liquor." And he walked off with a ludicrous attempt at dignity.

Strictly speaking, Joe Atkins had no business to be in the parlor, seeing that he was a constant frequenter of the tap. But, upon special occasions, by application to Mr. Ormsby, whose vast learning and stupendous talents he had taught himself to look upon as supernatural, he was permitted to take his seat amongst them. But this indulgence was subject to certain conditions: he was to make his appearance in his best clothes, and to put on his best behavior, the last being a most arduous and difficult operation. To these stipulations, however, Joe at the time cheerfully assented.

"I must beg you," said Ormsby, when Atkins had taken a seat, "not to make a premature annunciation of the intended festivities on the first floor. That will best emanate from myself."

"Not split?" said Atkins inquiringly, dropping a penny into the tobacco-box, and extracting thence a compactly rolled "screw," "honor among thieves; I'm above it."

"It might do a serious injury to the cause we have at heart," pursued Ormsby; "You received a notification of it from ——"

"Susan—confidential," said Atkins. "What a gal that is: one of the best-going, beautifullest young women eyes were ever clapt on. Go where she will, Susan 'll give satisfaction."

"A very creditable young person, indeed," returned Ormsby, "and a feature in the establishment."

"And Tom, sir," said Atkins, "the pot-boy—isn't he a credit to any house? not his better in this town. Mr. Ormsby, that lad's as sharp as Sheffield; not like the high 'un that was used to be here—long, lazy, and lubberly, that couldn't do nothing well but walk into the grub. What Tom has gone through in his little time—'stonishing! he's told me the whole pedigree many a time."

"He has suffered reverses?" inquired Ormsby.

"He just has," replied Atkins, "and it's a praiseworthy action of Mrs. Chatham to have took him in. Aye, sir," and he looked wisely at Ormsby, "that's a female which requires no comment. As for Chat ——"

"Not a syllable of the departed," interposed Ormsby, with a warning fore-finger, "the dead are entitled to ——"

"Nothing—I've done," cried Atkins, "mum, mum. But if she don't get another afore long—that's all. You see if she don't."

Mr. Ormsby's visage assumed a purple tinge. "You think she will marry again, do you, Joe? Mrs. Chatham is a delightful woman, indeed, Mr. Atkins."

"A very good careful huzzivey woman," answered Joseph, gravely, "Marry again? Widders always do marry again; no one can upset that; it's fact. See if Mr. Wright don't walk in one o' these days, and hang up his hat."

"Mr. Wright!" cried Ormsby, fidgetting in his chair, "who is that individual?"

"It's a manner o' speaking," replied Atkins, "the right man is Mr. Wright, and he hangs up his hat when he's carried his object, in course."

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Ormsby, considerably relieved.

"Excuse me," said Atkins after a long pause, "but I've often thought it particular strange that you have never thought of making up your mind, and taking a wife."

"I, Joe?" cried Mr. Ormsby, quite thrown off his balance by this sudden appeal, but endeavoring to conceal his embarrassment by giving vent to some spurious laughter, "ha! ha! what made you think of that?"

"I don't know," said Atkins, scratching his ear with the end of his pipe, "but it seems only natural that every gentleman should have his good lady. Your time is not come yet, I suppose?"

"Why, Mr. Atkins," observed Ormsby solemnly, "women are strange unaccountable beings."

"Think so?" said the other, "well, let every one enjoy their opinion. Not more unaccountable bein's than the men, take a fool's word for that: some good—some bad—some o' no use. Do what you will, they're no good. They're like horses—some 'll shy, and won't run in harness kindly; but when you do lay hold of a good 'un—my wigs! you may shut up shop, and leave the yard door open."

"I remember," said Ormsby, with much importance, "what Dolabella said to Mark Antony, when he was so deeply fascinated by Cleopatra, Queen of the Egyptians; 'if every tree had a woman hanging from it, what excellent fruit it would produce.'"

"Then Dollybella—what d'ye call her?" cried Atkins, in a high state of excitement, "was a scandal to her sex, and Antony should ha' told her so. Antony! a precious Sammy he was!

Never," continued Joe with friendly earnestness, "never take one woman's word against another, or you'll never hear a atom of truth."

"My dear fellow," cried Ormsby, with a smile of piteous commiseration of the other's ignorance, "Dolabella was a man—the friend of Mark Anthony."

"Oh! he was—was he?" said Atkins, "not he, depend on't. He was no man. It wasn't the speech of a man—that wasn't. Women that's any good are angels without wings; and when they ain't, you wish they had wings to cut away altogether."

"Much may be said on both sides indubitably," remarked Ormsby.

"Good;" said Atkins, th' observation's just."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of an old gentleman of rather sedate appearance, who was welcomed by Mr. Ormsby with much urbanity.

Next in importance to Ormsby, and on merely colloquial evenings, at no great distance, was Mr. Asgill, the parlor politician, who always entered the room with a pint of porter in his hand, to save trouble and delay, reserving about one-fourth of that fluid to mix (partly for its color and partly for its flavor) with the gin and water, of which it was afterwards his pleasure to partake. Mr. Asgill was an ironmonger, but had long ago transmuted, by something better than alchemical art, some portion of that metal into gold. In his leisure hours he was a great politician, and at his approach the newspaper was surrendered to him by its possessor without reserve or qualification. With his spectacle case in one hand, he gravely but courteously received the paper into the other, and was presently absorbed in its varied intelligence—"possessed beyond the Muses' painting" with its contents.

There are some politicians who it would seem strive to follow the example of the elder Brutus, that is to say, they (let us charitably suppose as much) feign themselves to be fools, for the purpose of serving their country. But the worst of it is, their time

never comes, and so they remain fools to the end of their days. Mr. Asgill was not one of this class of enthusiasts. He was no fool, and he did not particularly desire to serve his country. All he wanted was a nightly growl at all measures and all parties. It served to allay the bile, and did him much good.

"You will find very little news, I suspect, sir," remarked Mr. Ormsby, as Asgill proceeded to lay hands upon the paper.

"I dare say not—I dare say not," replied Asgill. "The old story, I'll be bound: ministers won't give the people what they require, and the people don't know what they want. All according to the system, Mr. Ormsby."

Mr. Asgill's remarks upon men and measures, when he condescended to comment upon them, were invariably received with marked respect. Even Ormsby deferred to his opinions, except upon rare occasions; and then, no authority drawn from the ancients was of much efficacy, unless it were the authority of one who had five syllables to his name; Marius, Cæsar, Sylla, Cicero would not do; but when he came down upon him with Epaminondas, Asgill gave in, and tacitly acknowledged defeat.

Upon this occasion, however, Mr. Ormsby was not disposed to enter into colloquial conflict with the politician, who, nodding familiarly at Joe Atkins, whom he by this time recognised, and taking a deep draught of porter, sat down to serious study.

That Mr. Ormsby might not be left entirely to his own mental resources, Atkins drew his chair closer towards him, and began to recount the goings on of a certain mad dog that had bitten an ostler, a monthly nurse, a lady's parasol, and a twopenny postman; and was about to enter upon his feats on the brute creation, particularly on pigs, when another gentleman came into the room.

The relative situation of the company in the parlor was abruptly changed by the sudden and unceremonious flinging back of the door, and a gentlemen entered, followed closely by Susan, bearing a glass of brandy-and-water. The stranger advanced directly



THE MAN OF MANY GOES.

Another and another still succeeds.

Chapman & Co.

towards a chair, and then quickly wheeling round, he faced the girl, and gazed at her for some moments vehemently with a most lack-lustre eye.

It was the private opinion of Mr. Dewham Hall—for such was the gentleman's name—that little delicate attentions from mankind to the fair sex were what the latter had a right to expect. Accordingly, as was his wont, having secured his brandy-and-water, he seized the little finger of the reluctant Susan, and bestowed on it a pinch which the girl often told her mistress was "enough to make her squeal the house down;" and having done so, he took another intense glance at her face, and permitted her to depart in peace.

Mr. Dewham Hall was in practice what is termed a soaker; by profession he was a solicitor. His profession was his pleasure; soaking was his business. Dewham Hall drank, to use a common expression, "like a fish," although a fish could not have managed the water, let alone the brandy, which Mr. Hall never did let alone when he could get it. He was given also to snuff, which he consumed in commensurate quantities.

In his profession, Dewham Hall was what is called a sharp practitioner; a sort of devil-may-care (and he does very much) professional gentleman; one of those who study their own interests, and would as lief sell a client as serve him—for ready money only. He was not particular to a shade, or to a substance either, especially if that substance came in the form of a poor devil of a debtor, who would bear the application of the screw kindly, and had a large family, and an unaccountable antipathy to the Fleet and the King's Bench; which sanctuaries, he was wont to observe, were the only places a fortune might be made in now-a-days.

At "The Castle," however, Dewham Hall was looked upon as a pleasant companion and a jolly dog; though why he should have been so considered, an adept in the sciences of good-fel-

lowism can alone explain. His voice was seldom heard, except in the order of "another go—as before;" and his jollity consisted of grim and unearthly grins, that ever and anon glared over his tumbler, which was usually upon a level with his chin, the tumbler being lifted up to that feature at the earlier period of the evening, the chin descending to the tumbler when it waxed late. When the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet went to the mountain.

"I am very glad you are come, sir," observed Mr. Ormsby; "I feared we should be without the pleasure of your company. Do you think it likely we shall see Mr. Hillary or Mr. Tidmarsh during the evening?"

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Hall, "they are gone to the theatre to-night together."

"A pity!" sighed Ormsby; "we are without Mr. Whittaker, and Mr. Nightingale also. I have a proposition to make to the company, which I do not wish to defer longer."

"Is it not probable," suggested Dewham Hall, "that the gentlemen absent will accede to it when it is mentioned to them?"

"I sincerely trust they may, and I believe they will," said Ormsby. "Would you have me proceed?"

"By all means."

"Hear, hear! silence! order! bra-vo!" cried Joseph Atkins.

Mr. Ormsby was seized with a timely fit of coughing; and having completed a few prefatory hems, he arose upon his legs and addressed the company, in parlor assembled, in manner and form following:—

"Gentlemen—all!"—

Here the speaker made a pause, as is the custom of other great and practised orators, and looked around with a view to ascertain whether each particular ear was duly pricked up.

"My excellent friend," said he, turning to Mr. Asgill, and at the same time gently and insinuatingly twitching at the corner of

"The Times," with which the politician was mentally grappling, "will you do me the favor to suspend the perusal of that repository of miscellaneous intelligence for a few minutes?"

"What is it?" cried Asgill, awaking from his abstraction, "Oh! I beg pardon;" and he laid by the newspaper for future reference, and sat submissively waiting till the other should "let fall his horrible pleasure" among them.

"Gentlemen," resumed Mr. Ormsby, "several weeks have now elapsed since the demise of our ever-to-be-lamented and deeply-to-be-deplored landlord, the late Mr. Chatham. It is not for me, all-unsufficient as I am, to take in at one view—as it were to circumnavigate—his virtues; or, as the father of English poetry, the stupendous Milton, says, 'to drag his failings from their dumb abode;' I shall only observe, as a matter of mere paramount justice which I am necessitated to mention, that a more respectable member of society, whether we consider him as a son, a father, a husband, a friend, or a licensed victualler, never, never ——"

The speech of the fervid president was stopped in mid career, at this moment, by sundry half-stifled but pathetic sobs, which proceeded from behind the screen that stood against the door.

Mr. Ormsby was transfixed, till the rustling of retreating bombasin died away in the distance.

"Is it possible!" cried he, pointing with a significant finger towards the screen; "could I have believed it to be within the bounds of credible hypothesis, that Mrs. Chatham was domiciliated behind that screen, I throw myself upon the room for the assurance that I would not have made the remotest illusion to her departed conjugal spouse; I would not have whispered, even in the ear of Dionysius, which is the same—tantamount to talking to one's self—a syllable, a tittle, an azimuth respecting him. But now, gentlemen, to the point, which I am, above all things, at all times, anxious to come to, and which ——"

"Nobody'll let you come to, if they can help it," cried Atkins,

provoked beyond endurance by the opening of the door, which admitted a stranger. "Oh! it's only you; walk forrards—here's room here."

"Mr. Whittaker, I am glad to see you," cried Ormsby, waving his hand, and taking a long breath; "be so kind as to be seated."

"You should have heard it from the first start," cried Atkins, giving Whittaker a familiar nudge, "however, the marrow's all to come; we've not got through the bone yet."

Whilst Mr. Ormsby is re-arranging what he would call his dilapidated thoughts, let me offer a short description of Mr. Whittaker.

Will Whittaker was a young gentleman upon the turn—say about two-and-thirty. He delighted, but not with culpable overmuch-ness, in whiskey and cigars, and was town-traveller for "The Eagle Brewery," which turned out the best ale in London. If its value were to be estimated by its scarcity, it had been good indeed; for "hang me," he used to say, "if I can prevail upon those confounded noodles, the licensed victuallers, to take it as we could wish."

Whittaker had rather a roguish look about the eyes, acquired, doubtless, by a habit of allowable leering at landladies and other feminine *desideratæ*; and he just made up by animal spirits and good humor for his deficiency in wit, of which no man who has a great deal, has not often cursed the possession.

"Gentlemen," resumed Mr. Ormsby, "the proposition I have to disseminate for your approbation is this, that we shall best show our unalterable sense of the excellent accommodation to be found in this establishment, and an unflinching determination to uphold its best interests, and our resolute consistency in adhering to it, by meeting together at supper, in the room upstairs, on Tuesday next. Remember what Alexander the Great said to his son Philip, when the boy complained that his sword was not long enough, 'add a step to it,' exclaimed the Lacedæmonian hero. So I may, perhaps, be permitted to indulge in this

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THE SENTIMENTAL SINGER.

Oh listen -listen to the voice of Love!
Old Song.

apotheosis—let your inclinations run in a parallelogram with your reasoning faculties, and all will be well: gentlemen, I have done.”

In the midst of the vociferous cheering which followed this speech, and whilst Mr. Ormsby was yet mopping his forehead, an accession to the company was made in the person of a quiet and reserved gentleman, who silently slid into a seat. It was Mr. Nightingale.

Mr. Nightingale was a clerk in the long room at the Custom House, whose early—whose first affections had been blighted and crushed by the heartless caprice of a certain Miss Jemima Jiltinton, whose miserable mistake in not choosing him hurt him more than all beside. His own proper personal feelings he could have borne, and would bear; for, as he remarked, Byron says, “the wolf howls in secret,” *her* feelings—the feelings of Jemima Jiltinton—the Lord only knew what they *must* be. The lady, it seemed, had liked him well enough till she saw his brother, and she then ran away with a gentleman who did the hideous at one of the *minimum* theatres, whose moustachios came off in the very post-chaise, and who, instead of making her the lady of Captain Hannibal Fitz-Carnegie, authorised her, before the blacksmith at Gretna Green, to use the style and title of Mrs. Stormont Tempest Tibbits.

Since that event, Nightingale had undergone a metamorphosis. With his hat over his eyes, he took his five feet eight by one foot six of wretched humanity to “The Castle” nightly and endeavored to keep his heart out of his stomach as he best might. He was unrivalled in a sentimental song, which he gave with frightful and soul-piercing expression: and he was never known to laugh except upon two occasions, and on one, he laughed at nothing, and on the other, there was nothing to laugh at.

The proposal of the president having been duly set forth, the woe-begone sentimentalist acceded to it with a grave and sickly smile, and, moreover, undertook to apprise Messrs. Hillary and

Tidmarsh, the absentees, of the appointed evening; and pledged his word that they should be forthcoming.

These and other preliminaries being arranged, the company severally abandoned themselves to extra glasses, and kept it up to an unusually late hour.

The evening appointed for the supper being arrived, a few minutes before what he termed feeding time, the much-desiderated Mr. Isaac Hillary—by his friends familiarly called “Ikey”—appeared, supported on either hand by several boon companions, enlisted under his banner at various other houses to which it was his custom to resort; his disciple, Mr. Tidmarsh, with three more recruits, bringing up the rear.

Hillary had been well off in his time—had sported a curricule and kept a good house over his head; but the dark days came, and then it rained, and at last it poured, till Ikey, figuratively to speak had not a dry thing about him, except a wind-pipe, and that was always dry. The world had treated him scurvily enough, but he had not a word to say against it. Whilst there were men in it who would pay his reckoning, or give him the means of paying it, he appeared content. Nor did he ask these civilities; they were proffered and unreservedly accepted, from young men; with a gracious condescension, as of one who confers a favor. Money—gold and silver—and he had friends who “bled freely” (at heart too, I suspect, to see him thus fallen); money given, he *would* consider as a loan: nay, it must be so. He would promise to return it at one o’clock on Lord Mayor’s day, at Temple Bar, if he had it by him; or on the twenty-ninth of May at Whitehall, or he would forfeit his head. With such sorry jests would he beguile the misery which, I cannot but think, he felt inwardly. He had lost *caste* in society—that was not much; he had lost his self-respect—that was much more; but he never lost the power of putting a good face upon his misfortunes; if he had, that had been worst of all, and he would not be worsted:

"The lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returns to laughter,——"

and enjoys many a hearty laugh before it returns. "Care killed a cat," and Ikey would have killed care upon less provocation.

It were idle and unprofitable to speak of his companions, of whom the reader is destined never, after this evening, to hear more; but of his highly favored and truly grateful pupil I must permit myself to indulge in a word or two.

Mr. D'Oyley Tidmarsh was the juvenile frequenter of "The Castle." He was one of those young men whose parents are so long deliberating what they shall be, that they, without intending any harm, take to being gentlemen, and begin to qualify accordingly. Many a sad bout have the governor and the old lady had of it over the fire, on a winter's evening, touching Master D'Oyley's proceedings.

But what did Master D'Oyley care for that? Wasn't Tom Spindle of the Polygon a "precious sight" more "rummy" than he was? Didn't *he* stick it into his progenitors most awfully? Tom Spindle certainly did come it too strong, especially as his old ones did the handsome thing by him; but for his own part—oh! it was too bad—such respectable people as he went amongst at "The Castle," and elsewhere. Why, Ikey was quite a chance to any young fellow—a perfect godsend! He had a sincere respect for that man, and he *would* go to "The Castle."

In the meanwhile, he was an universal favorite, and was happy, occasionally betaking himself to other parlors of minor pretensions, where he contrived to imp his wings, and in which he was looked up to as a star of rare brilliancy.

The company being assembled, and a notification having been made that supper was on table, an adjournment took place to the assembly-room upstairs. Mr. Ormsby, in a very dignified manner, proceeded to lead the way thither, the long train of ascending guests being closed by Mr. Joseph Atkins, who plodded his course up the flight, without bestowing a thought upon the efforts he

must hereafter make to enable himself get down again in a perpendicular manner.

Mr. Ormsby was presently hallooed and vociferated into the chair, and thereupon requested his esteemed friend Mr. Hillary to face him in the capacity of "Vice," a proposition which was sanctioned by similar acclamations, and the party severally took their seats, Atkins adroitly securing one admirably located for his purpose, which was to "peg away at the good things, and no mistake;" that gentleman being, on his own showing, so sharpset that he could stow away a donkey and a sack of grains.

Such a supper as none of the company had ever before made, and the equal of which they never expected to sit down to again, was at last concluded; and the cheese having, as usual, remained on the table till every individual had bestowed a private curse upon it, was at length withdrawn, the cloth was huddled up into a many-cornered heap, and laid upon the bread-basket, and thoughts of pipes and tobacco and mixed liquors became prevalent.

"Gentleinen," thundered the chairman, hammering away at the table with a vigor which Thor or an iron-founder might have envied, "gentlemen, the waiter is now in the room, will you be so kind as to give your orders?"

It must be stated that Mrs. Chatham, with a delicacy of feeling which "speaks volumes for her head and heart," would not permit Susan to officiate in the assembly-room on the present occasion. She knew the gallantry of the unfair sex too well to trust a young and pretty girl to the tender mercies of some inveterate toppers amongst them, whose noses indexed the work they were constantly employed upon. She had accordingly retained the services of an elderly but most nimble official, who commonly beat carpets, cleaned knives, carried letters and messages, and took home his wife's washing; but who was not unaccustomed also to wait on gentlemen, and who knew accurately all their gradations, from the first sip to the last hiccup.

The more active services of Mobbs (for such was his name)



THE PRESIDENT.

—I am Sir Orade,
And when I ope my mouth, let no dog bark.

Shakespeare.

being called into requisition, he acquitted himself with uncommon volatility and skill, meandering between the chairs as though either he or they had no legs. It was, as Atkins wonderingly observed, "'stonishing how he cut about" with the hot spirits and water, of which he never spilt a drop, and which he carried unerringly to their destination. His waistcoat pocket yielded up "change" miraculously, and his teeth seemed made to hold shillings between.

"Gentlemen, are you all charged?" cried Ormsby.

The question having been answered in the affirmative, "Close the door after you, Mobbs!" he said, with suppressed emotion; "you may retire."

The chairman now placed himself upon his legs, and fulminated a fearfully long speech about nothing in general; and "The Castle Tavern" in particular; during which he took occasion to liken the landlady to a goodly vessel without rudder or compass, tossing about on the tremendous bosom of Neptune; and drew a comparison between her and Portia, the wife of Tarquin, who would have died with her husband if people would have allowed her. "Gentlemen," he concluded, "as Brutus said to the ghost of Pompey the Great, 'Meet me at Philippi,' so do I say to you 'Meet me at 'The Castle;'" and the oftener, the more characteristic will it be of your sympathetic impressions regarding the widow and fatherless. I beg leave to give you, 'Success to 'The Castle,' and the prosperity of Mrs. Chatham,'"

Deeply affected as any of his auditors (except Joseph Atkins, who went up to him, and wrung him by the hand, whimpering, "You're an able speaker, and a trump, that you are"), Mr. Ormsby resumed his chair, and began mechanically to smite the table with his hammer, as though intent upon knocking a hole through it.

After a pause, Mr. Hillary uprose, and addressed the chairman as follows:—

"Mr. Chairman, the sooner Mobbs has gone his rounds, the

better for all parties, himself included.—(Tidmarsh, my infant, when you give your orders, don't forget me.) In the meanwhile, I beg to say, we have heard your admirable speech, and we have responded to it. It has struck home, Mr. Chairman" (here Mr. Hillary plunged his finger against his bosom three or four times). "We have felt it, sir, felt it!—(Tidmarsh, if your eyes were two burning-glasses, they'd scorch me to a cinder in two minutes more at furthest.)

"It is generally understood, Mr. Chairman, that we are to proceed to harmony: very good; I like it much. I am not going to enter upon the praise of music. Music has brought angels down out of heaven, and devils up out of the other place: Orpheus did the one; Cecilia, the other: I dare say we shall do neither. All I have now to do, therefore, is to wish every gentleman (except yourself, Mr. Chairman, who, I know, don't sing) a good ear, a good voice, and a good memory; and for the songs, the Lord make us duly thankful. Mr. Chairman, I beg now to call upon myself for a song."

Order being restored, Mr. Hillary leaned back in his chair, and, with the remains of a fine voice, got through the following song:—

Hast thou a sorrow? fail not to borrow
 Wisdom from wine that may last till to-morrow;
 Launch care from the stocks in gallant trim,
 Fling a bottle quick, at her head so thick,
 And she'll swim,—and she'll swim!

Hast thou a joy? fill up, my boy,
 Joy without wine is sure to cloy;
 And Bacchus is one of those exquisite thieves,
 That he takes all we hate, and the thoughts that elate,
 Why, he leaves,—why, he leaves!

Hast thou a foe? let the wine flow,
 'T will sink in your soul, like the sun upon snow;
 Forgive him, and if he's forgiven in vain,
 One shot from a stone of the grape alone,
 And he's slain,—and he's slain!

Hast thou a friend? delay not to lend
His name to the glass, ere the draught descend;
For friendship that's nourished with wine endures;
Like the rock to the sea, or the bark to the tree,
He is yours,—he is yours!

Hast thou a love? lift the glass above,
And your heart will be warm as the nest of the dove;
See! the tint of the wine in her blush's sweet dye,
And the brightness that glows through its color of rose,
Is her eye,—is her eye!

"Mr. Whittaker!" cried Hillary in a loud voice, when the applause occasioned by his song had in part subsided.

"Mr. Whittaker! Mr. Whittaker!" resounded on all sides.

"Why, really, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," cried that individual, "I wish I had been called upon at a more advanced period of the evening. I only know one song, and that I don't think I've got quite by heart yet."

"Pitch it—pitch it," cried Atkins across the table, "if you want the key, here's one," and he drew from his coat-pocket a huge street-door convenience, with which his wife, who for once had let him out on furlough, had charged him. "Who's been a drinking my gin and water," he resumed, turning to a by-sitter, "I say, neighbor, that's a queer start."

"You drank it yourself, I'll be upon my oath," said the person appealed to, who was a certain Mr. Holdsworth, "did n't he, Mr. Hall?"

"Can't say," returned the solicitor, "it's what I always do—here! Hobbs! Nobbs! what the deuce is the fellow's name?"

"Ne'er a one of those. Mobbs!" cried Atkins, handing his glass amongst many others, "hot, sweet, and gimified: do n't mix it for two, this time!"

Mr. Whittaker having, colloquially to speak, cleared his pipes, suddenly began to warble the subjoined ditty:—

I've been a sad unsteady chap,
But very quickly hope to mend;

TAVERN HEADS.

I'll go no more to bar or tap;
 No more the Muzzy Club attend.
 I'll sit right opposite my wife,
 Beside the fire, like other mates,
 And lead a rare tee total life,
 When I have paid the water-rates.

Oh! can there be a viler sight,
 Than "palace" doors upon the swing;
 And beasts who cannot stand upright,
 Tossing it off like anything!
 See! there they go, all clothed in rags,
 Stagg'ring about as though on skates:
 You'll catch me reeling o'er the flags! —
 When I have paid the water-rates.

I like it well,—hot, strong, and sweet,
 But "cold without" is not so bad;
 Though sometimes I prefer it neat,
 It is so quickly to be had.
 But I'll not heed the scorner's scoff;
 I'll be no more on walls or slates;
 See if old Griggs do n't sponge me off —
 When I have paid the water-rates.

They tell me coffee soothes the mind,
 And nothing equals good Souchong:
 I fear they generate the wind
 And dropsy:—but I may be wrong.
 Coffee, I know, won't quench the thirst,
 And tea distressingly inflates;
 But still, I'll try them though I burst —
 When I have been paid the water-rates.

I owe five quarters, it appears;
 They cut the water off last spring,
 They've summon'd me for the arrears;
 Between us, that's not quite the thing.
 My wife advises me to hop;
 It's sense and reason all she states:—
 No! I'll not touch another drop —
 When I have paid the water-rates.

"What do you think of Whittaker's song?" inquired Holdsworth, nudging his friend Mr. Dewham Hall; "as for not paying the water-rates, I blame no man for getting off 'em if he can;

but his wife advising him to hop, that's not moral; is it? It's doing the landlord ——"

"Brown," said Dewham Hall, "and he has no remedy. Can't seize the sticks when they're off the premises."

"You cannot," responded Holdsworth, with a deep sigh.

"Upon whom do you call, Mr. Whittaker," demanded the chairman, "after your most excellent song?"

"I leave it in the hands of the vice," replied Whittaker, who had been for some time vainly imploring Nightingale, by the value he set upon his friendship, and other serious stimulants, to favor the company with a sentimental air.

"Then," cried Ikey, "I have my eye upon a phoenix in the corner here, with the voice of a nightingale, double-barrelled expression, and action like a steam-engine. With unaffected pleasure, I knock down Mr. Griffiths Price."

All eyes being directed towards the stranger, alighted upon a very minute face, with a pair of exceedingly small visual organs, which had no occupation in life (and, perhaps, never had from earliest infancy) but to keep watch upon a very red nose.

"I would gladly oblige," said Mr. Griffiths Price, in a kind of cracked counter-tenor voice, "but I never sing without the accompaniment of the Welsh harp. Give me that, and ——" here Mr. Griffiths Price flourished a bar or two of "The Noble Race of Shenkin."

"My dear fellow!" expostulated Ikey, "the only thing that comes near to it, to be got in this house, is a Welsh rabbit."

"I can't get on, Mr. Hillary," returned the Cambrian, "without the Welsh harp. Oh, that I had Gittings here! would n't I give you 'Prince Llewellyn!' " And to furnish the company with a vague notion of the extent of their loss, he trilled a fragment of that delightful air.

"I must mend my call," said Hillary, addressing the chairman: "here's a gentleman can't proceed without an instrumental accompaniment. Sir, if we got him a Welsh harp, he'd want a Welsh

wig to look national in. Tidmarsh, one of your young friends will oblige us?"

Mr. D'Oyley Tidmarsh forthwith sent up the name of Mr. Purdon, in spite of sundry digs in the ribs, with which Mr. Purdon's angular elbow favored him.

The young gentleman began to offer various lame and impotent excuses, in the style of elocution evincing that he was one of those

— "Who fetch their life and being
From men of *cockney* siege."

These objections, however, being overruled, Mr. Purdon passed his fingers through his long drab hair, hemmed three or four times, said "eh?" to his next neighbor twice, who said "eh?" twice in reply, and then sang the exploits of a certain "Knight with the Golding Crest;" who, it would seem, had played what Ikey politely called "Erebus and Thomas" with the Saracens in the Holy Land, and was eventually found dead, leaning on a lute under his mistress's window, who had changed her lodgings five years previously, having married the Knight of the Sable Visor, who was given to drinking blood, and was partial to making an excellent dinner off the fattest children he could select.

Mr. Purdon's exciting ballad being concluded, the singer again passed his fingers through his hair, turned all manner of colors while the applause lasted, got up an insane laugh, seized upon his half-smoked cigar, and ordered Mobbs to bring him another glass of rum-and-water, stronger than the last.

"Am I necesiated to give a call?" he inquired, after a pause; "then, here goes; Mr. Hostidge!—Hostidge, I've nailed you: I do love to haggravate *you*!"

The person addressed was another young gentleman, a grave mustard-pot of a fellow, with a kind of rough-cast countenance, who sat at Purdon's side. He did not appear in the smallest degree "haggravated," but diligently proceeded to select from memory something that might give entire satisfaction.

“‘Oh! have you not heard of Kate Kearney?’” began Mr. Hostidge.

“Too high,” said Hillary.

Nothing daunted Mr. Hostidge again runimaged his memory.

“‘Oft in the stilly night ——’”

“Oh! too low,” cried Nightingale, with a shudder.

Hostidge fixed his eyes upon the face of the sentimentalist, as though he expected to find thereon the name of another song legibly written. “I’ve got it, at last,” said he.

“‘Then, farewell, my trim-built wherry!——’”

“Up in the garret, friend Hostidge!” cried Hillary.

“Then what signifies?—d——n it all!” cried Hostidge, striking the table with his fist, his face and manner undergoing a sudden and remarkable change, from blank and solemn no-meaning to a kind of factitious vivacity; “here goes! if this do n’t suit you, what’s the odds?—all the same a hundred years hence;” and he gave, with much laborious endeavor at comic expression, the following quaint performance:—

Miss Penelope Pratt, seated facing her cat,
In her rush-bottom’d chair was rocking;
And she thought of the beaux who had knelt at her toes,
As she mended an old cotton stocking.

When the ghost of a weaver, as thin as a cleaver,
Whisk’d through the door without knocking;
And says he, “Miss Penelop’, Old Nick will you envelop,
If you keep on a-darning that stocking.

“In my way of business, how many in prison is,
Whom the gaolers are now unlocking;
And how could they exist, if, like you, on her fist,
Ev’ry woman was darning a stocking!”

“Stuff! who cares for that?” cried Penelope Pratt,
The ghost of the weaver quite mocking;
“The trade may be tiff’d, but I’ll stick to my thrift,
And I *won’t* leave off darning my stocking!”

“Very well,—that’s enough!” said the ghost in a huff,
And it vanish’d, its nose at her cocking;

And the cat's tail did grow a very sizeable boa,
As Miss Pratt went on darning her stocking.

The candle burnt blue; it had taken its cue,
And Nick came with a needle—oh, shocking!—
'T was as large as a spit, and he took her on it
Down below, to mend Mrs. Nick's stocking.

Mr. Nightingale being called upon for the next song, started, "like a guilty thing," out of a deep reverie into which he had fallen. Taking off his hat, he rubbed his head with much vehemence, and then replaced the beaver slowly. He presently cast up his eyes, which encountered a small effigy of Souter Johnny, standing on the top of the looking-glass; and never once removing his gaze from that specimen of the fine arts, gave vent to this mournful and complaining strain:—

There was joy in the mansion, and mirth in the hall,
And brief were the tears that her parents let fall;
And gay was the bridegroom who walk'd by her side;—
But oh! to have seen the pale cheek of the bride!

And we, who beheld her so trembling and mute,
Deem'd all were not worthy who throve in their suit;
And we thought of the one she had scorned, in whose breast
The last hope that lived was, that she might be blest.

And three years since then have pass'd over her brow;
Before, she was happy; but what is she now?
A dove that is clasp'd in the serpent's bright fold;
A violet crush'd in a censer of gold!

And oh! like the gems which adorn her, whose rays
Ev'ry heave of her bosom more richly displays,
His memory never her breast shall forsake,
More dear from each throb of her heart—till it break!

"I never had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Luscombe," said Nightingale, addressing a stout gentleman. "Will you be so kind as to favor us?"

Mr. Luscombe turned crimson at the unexpected application, and shook his head, smiling.

"Now, don't go to say so, sir," urged Atkins; "give us some-

thing, if it's ever so little. I wish somebody 'ud ask me; wouldn't I chanticleer! Never trust me, if I wouldn't give 'em a right down good un!"

Mr. Luscombe knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "I don't care," said he, "if I *do* try a very peculiar thing a son-in-law of mine made me sing last Christmas night. It is a very peculiar,—a *very* strange song. I hope the gentlemen will excuse it."

Mr. Luscombe placed his two thumbs into his waistcoat pockets, and bestowed some prefatory taps with his fingers upon his stomach. Hereupon, the chairman and vice plied their hammers vigorously upon the table;

"For as one nail perforce drives out another,"

so does one noise, by its almost unbearable pertinacity, succeed in expelling a less noise.

To describe the time, or rather intonation, to which Mr. Luscombe's song went, is quite out of the question. Milton speaks of the "bellman's drowsy charms;" what particular variation of monotony (so to speak) that might be, I know not: Mr. Luscombe's was something between that of a minor canon and a town-crier—begging pardon of both for the comparison. The words were these:

There was an old gentleman who was very partial to going a-fishing,
And, like other anglers, you may believe, he was for a nibble often wishing;
But whether it was he didn't handle his rod or bait his hook right,
But so it was he never, in the whole course of his life, got a single bite.
Well, the old gentleman had been all one day trying to catch a gudgeon;
But the beast of a fish was too wide awake, which put him into high dudgeon;
So he threw down his rod:—"What's the use," said he, "however much
I try;

Therefore, I'll have a swig of the bottled porter, and a cut at the pigeon pie."
Having so done, thinks he, "There's no rose in life without thorns;
This is a very fine midsummer day, but particularly cruel to my corns;
So I'll sit with my back to this tree, and steep my senses in half an hour's
Lethe:

'Forty nods after dinner are a very good thing,' said the late Dr. Abernethy."

He hadn't been long asleep (ten minutes or a quarter-of-an-hour, if you like)
 When he dream'd he was turn'd into a fish (a sturgeon, it may be, or a pike):
 And he saw a tempting worm, that was floating along under the mills,
 And he made a snap at it, as another fish might do, and found a hook between
 his gills.

Raising his eyes to see how the hook got into his gullet,
 He saw a gentleman with a rod, who began, without asking leave, to pull it.
 There was no strength in his tail at all, and, therefore, it was no use whatever
 to task it;

So he was dragg'd to shore in a jiffey, and thrown into a very large basket.
 He was given to the cook at "The Tiger," which he knew to be one of the
 best inns;

And she pretty soon laid hold of a knife to rid him of his intestines.
 And just as the unnatural hag was about to make free with his liver,
 He started out of his sleep, and fell head-over-heels in the river.
 "Catch me," said the old gentleman, when at last he scrambled to shore,
 "Just catch me, if you can, trying to catch any fish any more.
 I never thought before of the cruelty of rod, line and hook,
 Still less did I ever imagine what it was to be under the hands of the cook."

MORAL (which Mr. Luscombe pointed with great solemnity).

Now, yon, whether lady or gentleman, who are so particularly fond of angling,
 And like nothing so much as to see a fish at the end of your line dangling,
 Don't take your morality from any book you may please to draw from a shelf,
 But just fancy a moment how you'd like a hook in your gullet yourself.

"Well, if that isn't a rum un, I'm blest!" remarked Atkins.
 "My eyes! just look here! if Mr. Holdsworth and Mr. Hall ain't
 been making beasts o' themselves. If ever I see such a kipple for
 mopping it up, never trust me. Who are you going to call upon
 now, eh?—*you* know—come."

"I shall be glad to hear Mr. Tidmarsh," said Luscombe,
 resuming his pipe, who, being near-sighted, was unable to detect
 the deplorable state to which that young gentleman and his two
 friends had reduced themselves.

"I thought you were more of the gentleman," said Atkins,
 sullenly, "when I pitched it so strong; you might ha' thought
 o' me."

"Mr. Tidmarsh," said Ikey, hammering the table, "has been
 taking too much water with his spirits, which is not good for his
 complaint, and his friends have gone and done likewise."

"Come, Mr. Titmouse, give us a squeak," said Atkins, not hearing the explanation of the Vice; "go it, my dandelion!"

"Mr. Atkins! Mr. Joseph Atkins!" remonstrated Ormsby, who began to look rather pink about the eyes, "I am surprised at you; you must be well aware of that young gentleman's cognomen."

Mr. Atkins had brought himself to a state in which he was seldom disposed to brook reproof. He was tempted to kick even at presidential authority.

"Cognomen?" said he, "what's that? I cog no men, and rob no men, Mr. Cheerman. I've done nothing wrong, by no manner of means. Have I offended you, sir?" and he turned to his left-hand neighbor.

"You have not, sir."

"Or you? or you? or you?" pursued the defendant, inquiring severally of every person in the room, some of whom replied in the negative, whilst others could not speak at all. "Well, then," he exclaimed, triumphantly, when he had completed his interrogatories, "look at that!"

"Mr. Atkins," said Hillary, "you are called upon for a song."

"Am I though?" and he turned up the cuffs of his coat; "then you shall have one, without any bother about it. I *ain't* got a very bad cold and I *don't* want a pe-anner to sing by, with a fine furbelowed madam to turn over the moosic for me."

"Let us hope," said Mr. Ormsby, "it will not be very low."

"Honor!" said Atkins: "low?—I'm above it. It's a very respectable chant, and took my fancy when I heard the man with one arm and the same quantity of eyes a-singing it. It's a cut above me, for blest if I understand half of it. I did think of giving you 'The Lay of the Four-and-Nine,' which *is* low; how-beit"—and Atkins abruptly commenced—

I'm a very old man, and have long passed my prime,
 But, Lord! what I've seen, heard and known in my time!
 Let youngsters run on of the quick march of mind;
 For my part, I'm glad they have left me behind.

Why—

I've seen Mr. Garrick in *Lear* and *Macbeth*;
 I remember an alderman starved to death.
 I once saw a cabbage three feet round the middle;
 I was going to hear Neil Gow play the fiddle.
 I remember when George the Third married his Queen.
 I once ran from Cornhill to Islington Green.
 I've been in Reid's brewhouse, and dined in the vat;
 I did n't think Lambert excessively fat.

Time is fleeting, youth's a feather,
 Age and wisdom go together.

And—

I saw Doctor Johnson in Thrale's park at Streatham,
 I've had five mourning rings left me—never could get 'em.
 I've seen Mr. Pitt dine at Merchant Tailors';
 I subscribed two pound two for the destitute whalers.
 I once saw a porpoise caught just off Queenhithe;
 I've been told of a parson who would n't take tithe.
 I saw Abershaw hanged, and knew Bellingham's niece;
 I remember when apples were sixpence a-piece.

Time is fleeting, youth's a feather,
 Age and wisdom go together.

Further—

My son squinted merely from seeing Jack Wilkes;
 London milk is the worst of all possible milks.
 I recollect ladies in hoops and brocade;
 I once saw a bill Mr. Sheridan paid.
 I've been in the cell of the great Doctor Dodd;
 I've seen Mr. Fox to the prince of Wales nod.
 I can tell when the French revolution began;
 And Junius I think a remarkable man.

Time is fleeting, youth's a feather,
 Age and wisdom go together.

Lastly—

Peg Nicholson was n't so mad as they say;
 Though she fired at the king, it was only her way.
 I've heard of a beggar who kicked a churchwarden;
 I once bowed to a scarecrow stuck up in a garden.
 I've seen a gooseberry big as an egg;
 I've been beaten at cribbage, and not stirred a peg.
 I've got a green shade of the great Nelson's eye;
 And I've dined with the sexton off owl pie.



THE LAST GO.

There's no place like home.

Old Song

Do n't you think, after this, let them prate as they may,
That I have a vast deal more knowledge than they?
Time is fleeting, youth's a feather,
Age and wisdom go together.

"Now, Mr. Cheerman and gentlemen," said Atkins, on the conclusion of his song, "I mean to give you a toast and sentiment, which I had thought o' giving in case I sung 'The Lay of the Four-and-Nine;'" and he looked wisely round the table, and said, in an under tone, "May our wives' tongues never run four-and-nine to the dozen."

A general rising, or attempt to rise, now took place, in the midst of which Mr. Holdsworth awoke. Recollecting where he was, and rightly conjecturing that the room was rapidly emptying, he began to be apprehensive that he was going to be left by himself. He accordingly made it his business to demand of the company—"When am I going to be taken home?" which he repeated many times in peremptory succession; the eight words of which that question consists being uttered with special emphasis in rotation.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Atkins made a reprisal upon Holdsworth's glass, which he emptied, and then took a long pull at Mr. Dewham Hall's brandy-and-water; thence making a circuit of the abandoned table, for the purpose of disposing of any quantities, large or small, which by chance or choice, might have been left thereon.

Having so done, he captured a chair, which he protested was running away from him; and taking a seat, was just in time to see two Holdsworths carried away by two stout youths.

How Mr. Atkins, who was the last to go, got home at last, I have no means of knowing. He was picked up from the mat at the foot of the stairs; and the door of the clock-case on the landing had sustained severe injury, from which it was inferred, that the head of Joseph had come in contact with it.

Mobbs and Susan aver, that when he was got upon his legs, and

immediately the door of the house was opened, he sprung from their grasp, and set off running "like mad;" but he was as fresh as ever on the next morning, when he came for half-a-pint of purl.

It was not often that Mr. Ormsby felt himself under the necessity of adding a matutinal peccadillo to the sins of the previous night, or, to employ a significant phrase, of "taking a hair of the dog that had bitten him;" but on the morning after the supper, he turned his steps towards "The Castle" for the purpose of getting "a cock's eye" of brandy, and casting, in return, a sheep's eye at Mrs. Chatham.

Here he had the pleasure of exchanging the compliments of the morning with Joseph Atkins, who pressed upon his acceptance a tin measure of milk, that being the innocent article of commerce in which Joseph had for many years dealt, and the surplusage of which he commonly bestowed upon his pig. Ormsby declined the proffered fluid, and was not sorry when his friend reyoked himself and withdrew, protesting, as he sidled and waddled from the door, that never in his born days had he been present at so "out-an'-out a gayler."

The orator, left to himself, began to feel a strange backwardness of his vernacular tongue; a nervous timidity which prevented him from launching beyond meteorological topics. He sighed and sipped, sipped and looked, felt strange flushes come over his countenance, counted the cordial bottles till their manifold colors made his eyes spin in his head, and at length consulted the clock, which reminded him that to get to the Bank by nine, required, considering his inexorable bunions, pretty sharp toe-and-heel work. He, accordingly, set down his glass, lifted his hat, and retired, thoroughly resolved upon doing better next time.

"Well, mum," said Susan, plunging Mr. Ormsby's glass into a vessel of water by her side, and setting it upside down upon the bar; "it doesn't signify; something is the matter with Mr. Ormsby: I'm sure there is."

"What can it be, Susan?" replied Mrs. Chatham.

"Gracious only knows, mum," returned Susan; but I'm positive and sure of it."

"You have noticed it for some time, haven't you?"

"Ever since that evening last week when he made that fine speech about the supper. Did you see his eyes just now, mum, how they rolled about? He seemed, as some of the men say, looking nine ways for Sunday."

"You shouldn't say men's sayings," said Mrs. Chatham, gravely.

"No, mum, I won't. He stared at you two or three times in such a way, mum, and puffed a long breath—so,—and looked so comical, I thought I should have died."

"At me?" cried Mrs. Chatham, arranging the chin-stay of her cap. "Bless the man! what would he see in me, I wonder?"

"Yes, mum; but," said Susan, more gravely, "guess what Joe Atkins says. He says, he's sure he's a victim of the tender passion; but I think it's the paralettic."

"Mr. Ormsby in love!" cried Mrs. Chatham, laughing; "well, that's droll enough, girl. But how does Atkins know that?"

"By his talk, he says," replied Susan; "but there's no knowing what to make of Atkins, he's so deceitful. He's been romancing with Tom till he's nearly turned the boy's brains, about his being the son of a baronit, and coming into the title. Rely upon it, mum, I'm right about Mr. Ormsby."

"Nonsense, child!" said Mrs. Chatham, a little sharply: "he doesn't look well this morning, certainly. He drank too much last night.—Was he very tipsy, Susan?"

"La, no, mum! a very little the worse. He blundered a little 'gainst the wainscoting; but that was all along of his shyness, because he *would* try to walk so very steadfast; and he gave Mobbs a slap o' the ear, and a shilling for himself, and said he was a noble Roman, and used some of those long words I've heard him pronounce."

"It was his learning," said Mrs. Chatham; "he's a great bookworm."

"Lord, mum!" continued Susan, "you should have seen Mr. Tidmarsh and his two young friends he brought with him. Mr. Tidmarsh called the tall pale one the ghost in Amlit, and said, 'Go on; I follow thee;' and the young gentleman began waving his stick, and walking back as well as he could. Mobbs had opened the door, and out they glided, and, forgetting the steps, tumbled one over the other, one over the other:—you should have seen 'em rolling along, mum!"

"I hope they were not hurt," observed Mrs. Chatham.

"Not a bit, mum," replied Susan. "But the best of it was, the other young gentleman seeing them fall, fell a-laughing, and went to lean against the wainscot, instead of which it was the tap door, and down he went all of a sudden, like food in a famine, as Mr. Hillary said, who picked him up, and took him away."

"Mr. Hillary was none the worse for what he drank, I'll be bound," said the landlady.

"Not in the least," answered Susan. "Goodness, mum, what oceans Mr. Hillary can take without it's doing him any harm. Mobbs says he had five or six glasses before him at once; for the young gentlemen would treat him, and he never says 'No' to anything."

"A sad pity!" said Mrs. Chatham. "I knew him, Susan, when he used to come to 'The Three Tuns' several years ago, long before I saw Mr. Chatham:"—and the widow heaved a sigh which, for want of more particular knowledge, I must place to the account of the deceased. "He was then quite the gentleman," continued Mrs. Chatham, "and handsome too—a very handsome man, Susan."

"Well, I declare!" cried Susan. "How drink alters people! But though we're born, we're not buried, as my mother says: we don't know what we may come to."

"Yes," said Mrs. Chatham, after a pause, "twenty years

hence, you won't be the pretty girl you are now, Susan Hawkins."

"La, mum! what a funny speech that is of yours!" exclaimed Susan, thinking at the same time that the compliment would have been all the better without the inference. "When beauty was shared, I was behind the door, and my portion came through the keyhole, I'm sure: but beauty's only skin deep, after all, they say."

"But ugliness goes to the bone, they say also," remarked Mrs. Chatham, laughing. "Ah! Susan, you're a sly girl."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a customer.

In the meanwhile Mr. Ormsby was making the best of his way to the Bank. It was useless to deny it;—he could no longer conceal the fact from himself;—he had an eye to the widow. That truth flashed all at once from *cerebrum* to *cerebellum*, and blazed away till his brain-pan was almost calcined. The whole morning—"Shall I succeed in winning her?"—"I wonder whether she'll have me?"—"How am I to set about ascertaining this?" "None but the brave deserve the fair."—"Better late than never."—"All's Well that Ends Well."—"Romeo and Juliet."—"Cæsar passed the Rubicon, and gained the battle of Thermopylæ."—These and similar doubts and incitements stalked and hustled through his bosom, like a file of raw recruits not yet brought under the discipline of the rattan. But it was necessary that they should be got into something like subjection. An idea suggested itself to him which divided itself thus:—"If I marry Mrs. Chatham, what am I to do with her? If she marries me, what am I to do with myself?" He meant thereby, "Shall I take her into private life, or will she draw me into the public line?"

As to the former, it was an *£ s. d.* question. "The Castle" was a valuable concern, and would realise something handsome. Added to his own savings, it would secure a competency for life. The latter was a poser. ORBY ORMSBY, LICENSED DEALER IN

WINES AND SPIRITS." Alcibiades and Cincinnatus! that must never be. What would the "governor and company" think of that? Shades of Daniel Race, of Abraham Newland, of Henry Hase!—not to speak of the board of directors—not to invoke the quick (and they are very so) clerks of the vast establishment to which he belonged! How could he entertain such a notion?

And yet, after all there was no great disgrace in it. A fur cap was not ignominious; and a white apron, even with a large square pocket, did not bring shame upon its possessor. The great point was to get the widow's consent: that obtained, minor details might be argued in committee.

Still, there were other considerations that pressed themselves upon his immediate attention. The little experience Mr. Ormsby had been enabled to acquire of women—more especially of widows—had superinduced a salutary caution in all its transactions with them. He remembered well the fascinating Mrs. Chouser, who had studiously and aforethought kept her five children anonymously in the background till an unforeseen circumstance brought the quarterscore of brats to light, and he was obliged to compound with the solicitor for wantonly outraging and trifling with the feelings of a delicate and unprotected female. Nor with less distinctness did he recal to memory the truly agreeable Mrs. Perkins, the self-constituted widow, who had utterly forgotten that her husband was still resident in one of our penal settlements, and whose lively imagination had conjured up a snug little property in Essex which was nowhere discoverable.

But here was a different case altogether. It required all the imagination of a Perkins to suppose for an instant that Mrs. Chat-ham possessed a similar amount of children to the Chouser. He knew that she was without those blessings; and her *bona fide*, real, substantial brick-built "Castle," was worth all the castles in the air which Perkins had ever erected with her brain-wrought trowel, and scaffolding made out of her own head.

Might Joseph Atkins be taken into confidence, and constituted

a sapper and miner in the projected siege? Many opportunities were presented to that individual during the day, of observing whether Mrs. Chatham had already acquired any new admirers; and his best faculties being called into operation, he might doubtless ascertain what degree of encouragement (if any) was accorded to them, "or any or either of them." The confidently prognosticated Mr. Wright (foretold by Atkins), who was in due time to hang up his hat, and invest himself with all other matrimonial privileges—this shrewdly-conjectured Mr. W. might be himself!

But, no! Joseph Atkins was a hog altogether too vile for so delicate an office. "Pigs may fly; but they are very unlikely birds." As unlikely and as ungainly a Cupid or a Mercury would Atkins approve himself. Another course of action presented itself to him which he would follow,—on the express understanding that he was to lose no time about it.

Accordingly he presented himself at the bar rather earlier than usual, and taking his half-pint of porter, snatched a few fortifying glances at Mrs. Chatham, and then retreated to the parlor, followed by Susan with his brandy-and-water.

"Shut the door, my dear," said he in a voice tremulous with emotion; "I want to speak to you."

Susan obeyed, not a little surprised at so unaccustomed a request. Had the girl been a student of the human countenances she would have detected a miserably factitious gaiety on the face of the orator, which he had summoned thereto, by way of concealing a dismal struggle which was going on in his interior man.

"Miss Susannah," cried Ormsby, winking one eye and shaking his head wickedly—"come hither—here—nearer—a little nearer."

Susan advanced slowly and with some hesitation. What was the matter with the man? What was he at? What was he going to be up to?

"My dear girl," resumed Ormsby, and he drew her towards him with one hand. "I have a particular favor—a very particular favor to beg of you."

"What is it?" cried Susan—"oh, don't, sir, I wish you'd let me go."

"Not yet," cried the orator, "is the door shut? till you have promised to grant it."

Susan was seized with a certain fluttering. "Anything in reason, Mr. Ormsby," she said, "I know you would not expect—"

"But mind," exclaimed the other impressively—"you must by no means communicate to your excellent mistress, Mrs. Chatham, this—this—that I am now about to ask. Will you give me——"

"Ha' done, ha' done, Mr. Ormsby!" exclaimed Susan, before the orator could bring out "your word," which he was about inoffensively to utter. "Let me go, sir, or I'll scream, I will!"—and she retreated to the door.

"Come hither, child," cried the wondering Ormsby, beckoning her with crooked finger towards him.

"I shan't, you old—" said Susan, flouncing from the room—"fool!" when she had got out of ear-shot.

"Well, this is the most extraordinary—the most incomprehensible, the most impenetrable mystery, that it ever came under my province to elucidate!" thought Ormsby, plumping into his chair: "it surpasses rationation to unfathom it. Confound that giddy girl, whom I wrongly supposed to be as close as Dionysius' ear, or the Delphine oracle of Minerva. What! what! what! did Susannah suppose I was going to salute her?"—and here the orator grinned most horribly, and wiped his lips with his handkerchief. "Foolish, insane, hallucinated young person!"

Whilst Mr. Ormsby was thus cogitating, and endeavoring to supply from the miscellaneous stores of his memory some prece-

dent by which it might be advisable that he should frame his future conduct, a conversation was agitating in the bar by no means conducive to the success of his suit.

"Oh, mum! what *do* you think?" said Susan, when she entered the bar. "Mr. Ormsby must be gone stark-staring mad. Such a nice, good gentleman as he used to be!"

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Chatham, in surprise.

"Only to think, mum! if he did n't try to kiss me, I don't stand here."

"To kiss you!—Mr. Ormsby!—impossible, girl!" replied the landlady, still more astonished.

"He did," persisted Susan; "but I would n't let him. Really, mum, there seems to be no making out the men. He would have kissed me if I'd have allowed it; but I would n't."

"Well, I'm sure!" cried Mrs. Chatham, much incensed. "I'll have no such doings here, I can tell him. The old wretch! He does n't walk out of this house till I've told him my mind. I'll go now."

"No, don't, mum, go to do such a thing—pray don't," urged Susan.

"But, child, I've no notion of such things," said Mrs. Chatham, making towards the little swing-door.

"He'll never do it any more, I'll be bound," cried Susan, taking her mistress by the gown: "let him be with his own conscience."

"If he should, I'll tear his very—leave go, Susan, I beg," said Mrs. Chatham, sharply.

"Such a good customer," insinuated Susan.

The landlady was softened. "Well, before he goes, I'll name it to him."

"No, mum, pray don't," said Susan. "I say, suppose he should offer to do so again?"

"Box his ears well; he deserves it," cried the widow.

"La, mum! would you?" said Susan, doubtfully. "Might n't I call him an old monster?"

"An old monster, indeed!" said Mrs. Chatham, as she suddenly arose. "What did you please to want, ma'am?"—She addressed a large tarnished velvet bonnet which was protruded over the bar.

"Pray, madam, may I inquire whether Mr. Nightingale is here?" asked a mincing voice.

"He is not, ma'am—but, I dare say, he will be, presently."

"Oh, I thank you!" said the lady, bowing with the huge bonnet. "Dear me, how provoking! I have come a long way, and wish to see Mr. Nightingale very much—very so—oh!" So saying, the lady ungloved her left hand, and laid her case of long fingers upon the bar.

"Will you please to walk in, and take a seat in my parlor," said Mrs. Chatham, who observed the ring on her fourth finger, and concluded, after making a landlady's survey of the stranger's person, that the lady *was* a lady, although, sooth to say, her gear displayed the spring, summer, autumn, and winter fashions of two years since.

"You are very kind," returned the lady; and she advanced on extreme tiptoe through the bar, and took a seat in the parlor. "And pray, madam, may I ask, how is Mr. Nightingale?"

"He was very well, ma'am, last night—very," replied Mrs. Chatham.

"I am delighted to hear it; quite so. He is a good, kind soul; very few like him in this world: I am sure I have cause to say so. Will you let me have a glass of rum-and-shrub and a biscuit?" These articles being supplied, the lady began to munch and sip in silence.

It was a considerable time before Mr. Nightingale made his appearance. He came, however, at last. Mrs. Chatham went forth to intercept him; whilst the lady half arose from her chair,

gathered her reticule up in one hand, spread out her faded gown with the other, and ejaculated, "Oh, heavens!" and, in an undertone, "Now for it."

"A lady want me!" exclaimed Nightingale; "it must be a mistake, Mrs. Chatham; I know no ladies."

"Had you not better come in and see her?" remarked Mrs. Chatham, in a whisper.—"A tall lady," she added, "with very light hair, a top tooth out on the left side, and lavender colored boots."

"N——o!" said Nightingale slowly, endeavoring to jog his memory, which could not stir in the matter. "Very light hair—tooth out—lavender boots! I don't know her: tell her I don't come here now."

"But she has seen you," expostulated Mrs. Chatham; and poor Nightingale, *mente conscia recti*, but dolefully nervous nevertheless, followed the landlady into the parlor.

"Will you not know an old friend again, Mr. Nightingale?" said the lady, rising, and extending her hand, from which the sentimentalist shrank apparently affrighted. "Am I, then, so changed that you have ceased to remember me?"

"Madam! Miss!—God bless me!—eh! ah! Miss Jemima Jilt!—Mrs. Tibbits!" went Nightingale, interjectionally. "How do you do?" he added, vaguely.

"I am not as I once was," returned Mrs. Tibbits, mournfully, "as you knew me once."

"I am very glad—sorry, I mean—shocked," stammered Nightingale, who, however, soon recovered himself sufficiently to assume the indifferent; "how are they all at home? children quite well? Tibbits hearty? not that I have the pleasure of the acquaintance of *Tibbits*." Nightingale gave the frightful dissyllable with sufficient emphasis.

"We are all far from well," said Mrs. Tibbits, with a sigh;—"will you not be seated?—I came to ——"

"Perhaps you would prefer our room up stairs," suggested Mrs. Chatham, coming forward.

Nightingale returned a distressful glance, that indicated, at least, as much desire for a private dram as a private room.

"Susan," cried Mrs. Chatham, "light two candles, and show this lady and Mr. Nightingale into the assembly-room. Susan did not obey this command with the best grace in the world, but seizing the candles, walked off, leaving the lady and gentleman to follow as they best might.

Left to themselves, Mrs. Tibbits quietly took possession of a chair; and Nightingale, drawing one towards her along the floor, sat down at a respectful distance, and leaning forward with his hands upon his knees, begged to know to what he was to attribute the honor of her visit.

Mrs. Tibbits hemmed, sighed, coughed, tried to look embarrassed, and dived her hand into her reticule several times. She then arose, and walked to the window: had a particularly sharp pinch at her nose, poked a finger into each eye, and returned. "Oh, Nightingale!" gazing at him ruefully, "whom I might once have called mine, I am very miserable—so, so wretched!"

"Good heavens! Mrs. Tib—madam what is the meaning of this?" cried Nightingale, who was really affected by so mournful a spectacle as his once-loved Jemima presented.

"Oh, Nat!—pardon me," cried Mrs. Tibbits, "I was thinking of old times, when I might call you by that familiar name—oh, sir! Mr. Tibbits takes all he earns to the public house, and spends it in nasty drink; and he leaves me—me—for weeks together without food: with no fire in the grate, and no fuel in the cellar; with no clothes to my bed, without a rag to my back; with nothing in the world to comfort me but my little ones, who are crying all day long for a crust of bread."

"I am greatly shocked to hear this," said Nightingale; "how, then, madam, do you contrive to exist!"

"Mercy only knows, *I don't*," said Mrs. Tibbits.

Nightingale inwardly wondered at the lady's ignorance upon so vital a point. "The two hundred pounds," he said, after a pause, "left by your Aunt Flatun?"

"Is gone, sir,—would you believe it?—gone," answered Mrs. Tibbits.

"You called upon me, I presume, Mrs. Tibbits," he said coldly—"I mean, you thought our former acquaintance rendered it not improper on your part to solicit—" (here Mr. Nighingale drew forth a somewhat slender purse, which Mrs. Tibbits eyed with peculiarly earnest curiosity.)

"You are too good, too kind, too generous," cried Mrs. Tibbits, averting her head, and murmuring something about angelic philanthropy, and the luxury of beneficence.

"I am sorry to say, I am very poor," said Nightingale, slipping three sovereigns into her hand; "I wish it was more. Come, let us go down stairs. Good God! what's that?"

"What, indeed!" said Mrs. Tibbits, as a sound like that which might have been caused by a steam-engine trying to get up stairs, was heard, increasing fearfully as it reached the ascent.

The door being unceremoniously thrust open, a man in a shabby great-coat, with wooden buttons like draught pieces, rushed in, and began to glare about the room with an inconceivable velocity of eyeball.

"Mr. Tibbits!" cried the lady, starting sideways in her chair, and barely preventing herself from coming to the ground by clawing hold of the back with both hands.

"Mr. Tibbits!" echoed Nightingale, discomposed, and endeavoring to appear collected, by folding his arms, turning out his toes, and gulping down his perturbation as it rose into his throat.

The first thing Mr. Tibbits did, was to give way to a burst of unearthly laughter;—a cachinnation so loud and so prolonged, that, were it true that laughter makes a man fat, would have gone far to convert the laughter into a Lambert. He then began to

swing his head round rapidly, something after the manner of a harlequin who proposes to ingratiate himself with the audience, and finally ran the air through the body with an invisible sword.

"Mr. Tibbits—my own Tibbits!" cried his wife, running towards him, and tugging at the collar of the shaggy great-coat, with a view apparently, of restoring him to consciousness, "hear me,—upon my knees!" (which, by the bye, Mrs. Tibbits did not go down upon) "upon my knees, I implore you, hear me! Oh, Tibbits! look upon me."

Mr. Tibbits, after bellowing like a bull, "granted half her prayer," for he bent an eye upon her, as though he would have searched into her soul, if she had happened to possess one.

"Away! avaunt, and leave my sight," he exclaimed, "thou crocodile—thou cockatrice—thou asp," pronouncing the last word in his wife's ear with so sibilating an intensity, that it seemed to the lady, for all the world, like a gross of fleas playing at high jinks in that organ; "hence, hence, thou cat-o'-mountain!" and, so saying, Mr. Tibbits drew her to his bosom for one brief moment, and then sent her spinning to the other end of the room.

This was enough for Mrs. Tibbits, who, having revolved on to the landing, made the best of her way down stairs, prolapsed past the bar like a phantom, and took to her heels homewards without stopping by the way for any stimulant to her speed.

Meantime, Mr. Tibbits, with folded arms, paced up and down the assembly-room rapidly, occasionally halting at the window, and staring at it as though about to take a leap through the upper panes. One thing was clear to Nightingale, namely, that this son of Roscius had been drinking. It appeared to him, also, very likely that Mr. Tibbits was one of those whom spirituous compounds make, for the time being, mad; and how to take the conceit out of a maniac, particularly such a muscular specimen of the genus as the actor, was a question of which he would gladly have left the solution to others. It must be stated, at the same time, that Mr. Nightingale was no coward; but he recognised

no overweening attachment to brawls for their own sake, and he had a particular distaste to black eyes and broken noses, considered as exhibitions, more especially when he himself was to be the showman.

Half ashamed to invoke the aid of the company below, Mr. Nightingale was, notwithstanding, about to retreat to the door for that purpose, when Mr. Tibbits turned his attention to him, surveying him from head to foot with an expression of extreme scorn, which made way, at a moment's notice, for a look of the most sovereign contempt; which again was as instantly discharged, to give place to rapid alternations of rage, horror, incredulity, and madness, followed by supplementary grins, that might mean all, a part, or none of these.

"And you," he bellowed, "why do I find you in this secluded spot, holding secret converse with my wife?—my wife! ha! speak, villain, ere I tear thee limb from limb before your master's face."

"My dear sir," began Nightingale, "I had no wish to see her; she came ——"

"Slave, thou liest," cried Tibbits, "and I will force the lie into thy throat, though fiends should snatch, and try to bear it thence. Here is my gage; now, by my soul, thou diest."

Having uttered this alarming speech, Tibbits grated his teeth jarringly, and flung an old Berlin glove upon the table, half of the thumb of which had been gnawed off at rehearsals.

"I'll tell you what, sir," said Nightingale, incensed at the scurvy and contumelious terms applied to him, and now beginning to perceive that Tibbits was one of those harmless fire-eaters who "talk of graves, of worms, of epitaphs," at the same time that the community at large might live for ever, if they were permitted to tarry till he killed them; "I'll tell you what, sir,—your wife sought me. She will no doubt inform you of the object of her visit. Now, if you don't walk down stairs this instant, I shall be under the necessity of kicking you down."

Here Mr. Nightingale turned up the cuffs of his coat, converted his two hands into fists, and looked decidedly warlike.

At the above intimation, Mr. Tibbits had recourse to the most infernal contortions of the human countenance ever offered to the inspection of the public in general, or of one individual in particular.

"Will no one," cried he, with a kind of piteous impatience, "will no one lend me a weapon, that I may strike this villain dead? will no one put into this hand a whip to lash the rascal naked through the world? will no one—ha! here do I seize upon an instrument with which I'll glut my overflowing vengeance—ha!"—

So saying, Mr. Tibbits made a spring in the direction of the further end of the room, for the purpose of securing something in one corner admirably adapted for his purpose of intimidation; but, his leg unluckily becoming entangled in a chair, he was pitched forward, and vanished like lightning under the table-cover.

At this juncture, Mr. Ikey Hillary burst into the room, followed leisurely by Mr. Dewham Hall, with his snuff-box in his hand. Mrs. Chatham, with her hands clasped just under her chin, awaited the issue on the landing.

"What the deuce, Nightingale!" cried Hillary, "*you* here; where's the other?—I'll swear we heard two."

"There," said Nightingale, pointing to a brace of legs which projected from under the table; "the fellow's a madman, I think."

"Let me tear him piecemeal," exclaimed Tibbits, crawling out at the side of the table, and surveying the new comers as he did so. "Ha! Ikey—Hillary, my lad is that you!"

"My noble Thespian," cried Hillary, lifting him up to his feet, "what brought you here? But come," and he forced him into a chair, "we must have no air-sawing and brow-knitting: it won't do here. What! quarrelling with friend Nightingale, the quietest creature going; fie, Octavian! fie, fie."

"Down, busy devil, down!" said Tibbits, pointing to a neighboring chair. "Nightingale! a vulture, Ikey; an obscene bird of night, a cavernous croaking raven. Blood! blood!"

"Not licensed to be drunk on the premises," returned Ikey, coolly. "Come, no more of this."

"Has yonder fellow committed an assault, a violent assault, upon you?" said Dewham Hall, taking Nightingale aside.

"No, he has not; but he might have done so."

"*Might* have done so," returned Dewham Hall, peevishly; "my question is, *has* he done so?"

"No, assuredly not," said Nightingale. "Why do you ask?"

"No matter," said the other, taking a large pinch of snuff, and walking towards Ikey and Tibbits.

"I can make nothing of this man," said Ikey, clapping his hand upon the open mouth of the blaspheming Tibbits; "he's playing the devil with the parts of speech, particularly the interjections. Now, Tibbits," he continued, assuming a theatrical air, "unless this instant you divulge your supposed wrongs, by heaven! I'll pulverise thy frame, and sell thy dust for pounce to legal scribes."

"Ha! ha!—I will," cried the tragedian, knitting his brows: and he repeated the following speech with a sort of blank-verse cadence:—"When I went home, expecting of my tea, I found my offspring nestled in their beds, their mother absent: I inquire the cause; they whine, but answer not. With fury seized, I rush down stairs, and seek the landlady, called Colebatch; she—now, mark me, mark me—she tells me that my wife had often spoken of seeking out this Nightingale, and tells me where he was wont to skulk. I ask no more, but hasten here, and find my wife seated upon that chair, and Nightingale standing where he does now. Have I not cause—have I not cause of vengeance?"

Ikey arose at the conclusion of this speech, and approached Nightingale for the purpose of requesting him to furnish an

explanation; whilst he was so doing, Mr. Dewham Hall placed his snuff-box in his pocket, and drew a chair towards Tibbits.

"I don't know whether you have good grounds of action," said Dewham Hall, "but be assured, I permit no consideration of private friendship to interfere with my professional duty. Here is my card: if you should obtain further proof of guilt, call upon me. There, put it in your pocket; it's as well he should know nothing about it."

"Mr. Dewham Hall, solicitor!" cried Tibbits, frantically, forgetting his own wrongs in the contemplation of another's woe. "may the fiends snatch thee hence! Remember Bragge!"

"Bragge!" echoed Dewham Hall, in some confusion.

"For whom," resumed Tibbits, laying aside his theatrical manner, "for whom you brought the action against Grinder, and whom you vilely sold, and boxed up for the costs. He did you there, for he was whitewashed—ha!"

"I'll make you prove your words," said Dewham Hall, emphatically, and the deeply-wronged solicitor arose and withdrew.

"Why, Tibbits," said Ikey, turning to him, "Nightingale can explain this matter in a moment. What a thrice double ass you have made of yourself, kicking up your heels on your green-eyed monster."

"Let him proceed," exclaimed Tibbits, moodily.

Nightingale, upon this, plainly stated all that had occurred, except the fact of his having relieved the distresses of Mrs. Tibbits, and offered, in conclusion, to call the respectable Mrs. Chatham to give evidence in his favor.

The eyes of Mr. Tibbits tumbled about in their sockets when Nightingale had concluded, and a light seemed to overspread his face, proceeding from his chin upwards. Springing from his chair, he exclaimed, "I see it all—'tis true—I see it all: thou best of men, I thank thee!" and he flew pellmell towards Night-

ingale, and bestowed upon him so strict an embrace, that he believed the very vital spark itself was about to abscond from his body.

Tibbits, however, quickly released him, and proceeded towards Hillary, whom he shook pitilessly by the hand; whilst Nightingale, on turning his head, had the satisfaction of beholding Mrs. Chatham on the landing, her arms closely compressed to her sides, laughing immoderately.

“ ‘Wine, mighty wine!’ ” sang Tibbits, “let’s have some grog. What say ye, comrades! But oh! Nightingale,” in another tone, “did she succeed in enlisting your feelings in her behalf; did she draw you, Nightingale? ‘Friend of my soul this goblet sip.’ Is the gin-and-water coming? Did she secure any mopusses?”

Nightingale was obliged to confess that she did, and upon further question, made known the amount.

“ ‘T will vanish—thus,’ ” said Tibbits, opening his mouth, and pointing with his forefinger down the cavity. “Ikey, didn’t you ring the bell? your’re going to stand the *sine qua non* of existence. ‘Wine gives a summer to the mind.’ Three pounds!—never mind, my boy.”

“Come, good Alonzo,” exclaimed Ikey, impatiently, “come to the parlor, where grog awaits you.”

“Have with ye,” cried Tibbits, laying hold upon his hat; “to the parlor, ho!”

Nightingale tarried in the assembly-room some minutes after Ikey and Tibbits had descended to the parlor. He felt an unusual lightness of spirits, for which he could not altogether account. He suspected, nevertheless, that Mrs. Tibbits had something to do with it. The incubus of Jemima Jiltington had been removed from his mind. It was certain she no longer cared a button about him, and the consciousness of that made him happy. (By the way, if many other ill-used lovers would make up their minds to a similar conviction, it is astonishing what a relief they would derive from it.)

As he got to the bottom of the stairs, he met Susan coming out of the parlor, and seized her by both hands.

"Susan," said he, with a smile at which the girl stared—it was a rarity—"I hope you won't think the worse of me, because a lady called upon me this evening?"

"Indeed, I don't know but I shall, Mr. Nightingale," replied Susan, "Come, let go of me now, that's a good man, for that friend of yours, who was making such a noise over-head, is calling out for a glass of gin-and-water, like mad!"

"He *is* so," said Nightingale, tapping his forehead, "and the husband of that singular lady."

"Sir, I thought she was your sweetheart, I really did," said Susan.

"Mine?" said the sentimentalist, "I wouldn't have her for the wide world. Innocence and simplicity for me," he added, as he watched Susan to the bar. "What a sweet girl that is! no guile—all nature—no art. I've often thought so; I'm sure now. Very strange!"

Mr. Tibbits had not been long seated in the parlor, ere he made it his employment to scan the faces of the company present in a very peering and intense manner. His gaze at length rested upon the noticeable countenance of Mr. Ormsby, who had been dumbfounded and crestfallen the whole evening.

"Who is yonder cacique in the arm chair?" cried Tibbits, in a hiccupish whisper, jogging Hillary with his elbow; "Las Casas—Orozembo, is he not?"

"Remarks upon the company are invariably waived here by summarily ejecting the commentator from the room," said Hillary. "Be quiet, that's a good man."

"Ha!" exclaimed the actor, "ejection!—very good. Friend of my youth," he added, recognising Nightingale on the other side of the room, "fear not—approach—'drink with me, and drink as I;' " and Mr. Tibbits lifted his tumbler, and engulfed its contents. "Shall I ring for another?"

"With pleasure—do," said Nightingale.

"I do beguile the thing I am by seeming otherwise', as Will says," resumed Tibbits, turning to Hillary. "Where is that Hall—that Dewham Hall, solicitor?—would he were here, that I might grapple with him. Bragge—you remember Bragge!—bow legged Bragge—legs like a horse-collar, or a horse-shoe? By Hall was he Fleeted."

"But he circumflexed his way out again, didn't he?" said Ikey.

"Did he *not*," cried Tibbits, exultingly; "and has had to circumflex his way in again since then. Who is that mysterious muff with the newspaper?—what ho! Merlin! what seest thou there!"

"Did you address yourself to me, sir?" cried Mr. Asgill, sternly, directing a baleful glance at the actor over the newspaper.

"I did," replied Tibbits, setting down his glass. "Wizard of the blasted mount, what news?"

Mr. Asgill caught Hillary's deprecating wink and checked himself.

"News?" said Asgill, affecting to examine the paper, "the only news I perceive likely to interest *you* is, 'Escape of a Lunatic.'"

"Ha! ha!—*good*," cried Tibbits with emphasis. "Escape of a lunatic! ran away in quest of his wits, which went to Jericho, and were lost by the way? Follow him," he added, solemnly addressing Ormsby; "follow him in the Hibernian fashion—take the other road, and you'll meet him at last."

"This is intolerable," exclaimed Mr. Ormsby, with inflamed gills. "Mr. Hillary, I think I am entitled to a categorical answer, who is this most—*most* inconsiderate individual? Is he a friend of yours?"

"Why," returned Ikey, "we have not sworn eternal friendship."—

"Have we not?" cried Tibbits, seizing his hand.

"But, you see, he considers me as one."

"Really," said Mr. Ormsby, in his most majestic manner, "I perceive I must exercise my authority here. I rise to order"—

"Do you?" said Tibbits; "glasses round, I hope. I take gin, with a thin slice of lemon."

"Insufferable impertinence," said Mr. Ormsby, waxing almost alight with indignation. "Gentlemen, this is not to be borne. I insist that this gentleman be turned out of the room."

Mr. Tibbits hereupon arose, and gravely and courteously invited Mr. Ormsby to a trial of manual dexterity in the pugilistic art—an invitation which he extended to Mr. Asgill, and subsequently, with considerable vehemence, to the whole company, singly and collectively; and uttering threats of fearful import, he was at length withdrawn from the parlor by the strong arm of Hillary, who hurried him out of the house, cunningly possessed himself of his address, and thrust him into a cab, enjoining the driver to pay attention to his fare in these significant words, as he pointed to the swaying head of Tibbits:—"He has had a—glass this side upwards."

"Such conduct as this we have just witnessed is extremely reprehensible," observed Mr. Ormsby, when Ikey re-entered the room. "I no longer marvel that the Bæotians should have intoxicated their slaves, and set the beastial Helots before their rising generation, as a warning to their adolescent youth. What think you, Mr. Asgill?"

"It's this enlightenment that does it," answered Asgill; "these newfangled doctrines of education. And then, the times, sir, the times—these liberal principles. Ugh! such doings!"

"There's this excuse to be made," said Ikey, "the man has got a crevice in his napper—and when the gin's in, the gentleman's out—otherwise, he's a companionable sort of fellow."

"The more is the pity, that he should thus adumbrate his intellect," remarked Ormsby.

"True, sir, very true," coincided a little pale gentleman, whom no one had hitherto observed; "when sentient beings

voluntarily reduce themselves to the level of the brute, they should ——”

“Live at rack and manger, as Tibbits don’t,” said Ikey. “Let a man eat well, and a glass or two does him no harm.”

While Ikey was speaking, Mr. Asgill and the little pale gentleman had been exchanging salutations.

“Why, sir, we have not seen you for a long time,” said Asgill.

“No, sir,” replied the other, “I have been on the continent; and, indeed, to confess the truth, I am no great friend to taverns, begging pardon of the company present for saying so.”

“And what do you think of affairs in general by this time?” inquired Asgill; “you were rather desponding, you know, when we last had the pleasure of seeing you.”

“Worse and worse,” said the pale gentleman—“nothing can be worse. Look around you and see—any one may see it. Look to the North—a threatening sky there; look to the South—a gloomy prospect; look to the West—dark and portentous; look to the East—will that satisfy you? Look at Cabul—Herat—Rungeet Singh: look at them—look at *that*.”

“Look at *what*?” cried Asgill who was rather testy, and moreover a matter-of-fact gentleman, and whose ear was somewhat vexed by the frequent iteration of the word “look.” “Look at what?”

“At Rungeet Singh—Herat—Cabul,” said the other. “Persia on the defensive. Russia the aggressor—British India in an uproar. All Asia will be embroiled: if these things go on, that quarter of the world will be blotted from the map.”

“If ink could do it, I dare say it would, and scratched out, too,” said Ikey; “the quill-drivers would do for it.”

“We can’t go on as we have done,” continued the pale gentleman, “either here or there. I should ’nt wonder,” he added, with a sagacious shake of the head, “were China to interfere.”

“China!” cried Asgill, “my dear sir, you’re mistaken there. The Celestial Empire never does interfere.”

"Let me ask" demanded the other, leaning on the table with the air of a man who wishes to pin another to the point—"let me ask, what is to prevent the Celestial Empire from interfering?"

"That which prevents me from thrusting my nose into a window when the gentleman of the house has had enough fresh air, and is afraid of a draught," interrupted Ikey.

"What, then, you think they are afraid to do so?"—said the other—"oh! my dear sir, what a fallacy is this! Bear in mind, they have long owed us a grudge."

"They're such thieves," retorted Ikey—"they never pay what they owe."

"Upon my word, sir," replied the pale gentleman, "you must excuse me; but I really must avow my conviction, that you are utterly unacquainted with the character—with the social, moral, and political pretensions of that interesting people. You know not their history."

"Oh! yes, I do—I've read it"—said Hillary.

"You have dipped into Marcartney's Embassy, perhaps?"

"Yes—on a stall. Latterly, I have been one of those stalled intellectuals," replied Hillary. "No, Sir, I have read, let me see, Slibootika's History of China,—in four volumes folio."

"Slibootika's!" cried the pale gentleman—"I never heard of him—that is hardly a Chinese name."

"No,"—cried Ikey, "he was a Japanese—a native of Jeddo, and an ornament to one of the Japan cabinets. I have read a Dutch translation of his curious work in the library of Amsterdam;—depend upon it, sir," he continued authoritatively, "Wang Fong would 'nt much like John Bull to invite himself to tea in his territories; that would be a bull in a china shop, with a vengeance! we should pretty soon crack their canisters, sir—we'd make 'em hang down their heads after the true willow pattern."

"So we would, Mr. Hillary," cried Asgill, with a sudden burst of patriotic enthusiasm. "Why, look ye here"—and he held up

his walking stick for general inspection—"with this stick I'd undertake to thrash half-a-dozen yellow-jawed Manderins; upon my word I would; I'd make 'em make such mugs as they never made before—don't you think I should?"

Here Mr. Asgill laughed heartily.

"Upon my honor you are a perfect Regulus," said Ormsby with a courteous smile. "Regulus, Mr. Asgill, was a great Roman who, leaning with his back to a rock, killed five-and-twenty men with his own hand."

"I don't know whether I'm a Regulus," returned Asgill; "but this I know; I'd give it 'em in a regular manner, that's all. But, sir," turning to the pale gentleman—"to come nearer home—what think you of European politics?"

"Wrong"—said the other, with decision—"all wrong. Let any man look at Belgium and Holland, and tell me what he thinks of those nations. There's France ready to back Belgium—Austria and Prussia all alive for mischief—Russia ready to rush to the rescue—and England, ah! there"—and he changed his tone to a sorrowful cadence—"England—where are her wooden walls? she has 'nt a ship of the line—not *one* ship of the line, gentlemen, to repel invasion; not a cock-boat, a bum-boat, or a life-boat, to bring against the enemy."

"A most fortuitous and unimpregnable situation, truly!" cried Ormsby. "As bad as the ancient times, when Julius Cæsar first landed at Harwich, and proceeded against the Picts."

"True, sir," coincided the pale gentleman: "the Picts, Scots, and Danes, that was in the time of King Alfred, I believe. Ah! gentlemen, we have no such monarch in Europe as Alfred was! Alfred the Great, who established trial by jury and the liberty of the press, and paved the way for Magna Charta."

This edifying conversation was abruptly brought to an end by the entrance of Mr. D'Oyley Tidmarsh and Joseph Atkins, the latter with evident symptoms of extreme satisfaction mantling in his face.

"You are late, my juvenile," said Hillary, directing his disciple to a chair.

"We have been attending a temperance meeting," said Atkins, "hav 'nt we, Mr. Tidmarsh? and been a-doing our minds good by hearing on 'em."

"With a hook, Atkins," said Master D'Oyley, lighting a cigar, (Tidmarsh did not like the imputation of going to any place from which his mind was likely to derive the slightest benefit.)

"Must n't say so, young gentleman," said Atkins. "Blest, though," he added, turning to the company, "if it isn't my private opinion—private, mind ye—that they 're all a parcel o' right down hypocrites—the whole boiling on 'em—there now."

"Where have you been?" inquired Ormsby.

"I'll take that seat by you, if my smoking don't discommode, and just tell you," returned Joseph. "Why, Mr. Ormsby, we've Leen to the Hall o' Temperance, in Water Lane; that which was the Ebenezer."

"A tee-total meeting!" cried Ormsby, in surprise; "and *you* there, Joseph?"

"And *I* there," said Atkins, calmly. "My pipe won't light. They ain't tee-toatlars, sir; there you 'll allow me to say, you 're in a nerror; they're the temperance—quite different. 'The temperance don't get drunk, if they can help it; the tee-toatlars don't get drunk no-how, whether they can help it or not."

"Oh! that 's it, is it?" said Ormsby.

"I'll tell you all about it," returned Atkins. "Roley, who was used, at one time o' day, to be never easy 'xcept when he was a-drinking; but he 's now turned steady, and a great man on the temperance—Roley comes to me, and asks whether I could furnish milk for the whole lot this afternoon. Now, he comes to me after my afternoon's delivery, which warn't doing justice to the members on his part, mind ye. O' course I supplied it to 'em, as in duty bound; which it warn't the best pay, and so what could they look for? It warn't a good article, by no means; leastways,

it warn't such milk as I should like to see a respectable gentleman like you mix in his bev'rage."

"Not fresh from the cow, I suppose," said Ormsby.

Atkins significantly nudged his companion. "She never see it," said he; "'t was milk which never had no cream on. Howbeit, they lapped it up pleasantly enough: much good may it do 'em."

"And you stayed, and was much edified, I doubt not," said Ormsby with an encouraging smile.

"Headified!" cried Atkins; "not much of that, I promise you. Very little given away there that'll get into a man's head, Mr. Ormsby. No, I was a-coming away, when I see my young gentleman yonder, whe prevailed upon me to take him back with me and so we stayed it out."

"Such a heterogeneous collection of human bipeds it was never my misfortune to see congregated before," cried Mr. Tidmarsh, from the other end of the room.

"Bipids!" echoed Atkins, abandoning himself to the most immoderate merriment, under the impression that the word was some new opprobrious epithet that had just "come up;"—"Bipids! they were bipids, every one of 'em—you may take your oath of that; but, lord! let me describe it to you;" and Atkins laid down his pipe, and went through the following narrative, interspersing it with such imitations of the voice and manner of the parties implicated, as the late Charles Mathews, of immortal memory, might have studied with advantage. "When their teas was done, and the crockry dooly handed off, up gets a gentleman in his best, at the farther end o' the room, with the longest countenance I ever see, save and 'xcept on a horse; and he begins to cough—to notify, mind, that the comp'ny was to cheer, which, I believe you, they did. '*That's* Mr. Purling,' said a lady which sat alongside of me and Mr. Tidmarsh, to another lady which was sitting afore her, '*that's* Mr. Purling.' 'And *that* is Mr. Purling, is it?' says she, just so, turning her head around, and

shoving her bonnet right under the bonnet o' the first lady; 'a very zealous brother of the branch, I have heard.' 'Oh, dear! mum, yes,' says t'other, shaking her head—so; 'la! love you' mum, yes,—he's hoisted the temperance banner all over the country; why, mum—would you believe it?—he hasn't had nothing to drink this three years.' Indeed!' said the one on the bench afore us, quite carelessly, for she wanted, you understand, to turn round and take a strong squint at this Mr. Purling. 'Nothing but spring water; and he makes his tea with it,' says t'other a-grappling hold on her arm as she was a-going to face about; 'he won't use river water, in regard of the animalcules.' Mr. Tidmarsh tells me they're invisible insects, which floats in rivers, and fights shy o' the springs. By this time, Mr. Purling had done laying his head together with some other gentlemen round about him, and steps forrard. I'd ha' given a trifle, Mr. Ormsby for you to have been there and heard him. As for Tidmarsh and I, I really thought we should have busted; but we dusn't show it you know. He said he was an unclaimed drunkard, and at one period was at it night and day; but now, he told us, a drop would get over him; and he didn't look in the best of health, I was thinking. And then he described his present state. He was always the same, he told us; always happy; always gay;—now, that was a-going too far; for, blest if he could laugh,—he *couldn't* do it: I never see a man look so straight down his nose in all my experience. But, oh! to have heard them cheer, when he told us how often he used to toddle to the pawn-shop with the childrens' clothes and get drunk with the money! And when he said, that at one time he knocked down his wife with the poker twice a week on the av'rige, I thought they never would ha' done a-cheering. And then ——"

"I am sorry I must bid you good night," suddenly interrupted Ormsby, who had, for some time past, been writhing under the furtive and malicious glances of Susan, when she entered the room; and who was fearful, every moment of an explosion of mirth

at his expense, on the part of "that giddy and impracticable young female;" seeing that, whenever she approached his table, her lips were with much difficulty compressed. "I will hear the remainder of your diverting recital another evening, Mr. Atkins."

"What! a-going?" cried Atkins, by no means pleased that his story should be so unceremoniously cut in two; and looking round, he discerned Mr. Asgill earnestly attending to the pale gentleman, who was tracing out with a wet finger, a kind of map upon the table; while Hillary and Tidmarsh were as earnestly engaged at double dumby in the corner—"This is no place for me, when you're gone, Mr. Ormsby;" and he folded up the remainder of his tobacco, and placed it in his waistcoat pocket;—"I'll just go and give my company to Tom Trotter, in the tap for half-an-hour—he's delivered the night's beer by this time. He'll listen to me, I know." And so saying, Joseph unceremoniously withdrew.

Mr. Ormsby, having tendered his respective valedictions to the company present, and hurriedly paid his score to Susan, followed. Judge his surprise—consternation rather—when, in exchange for his customary uplifting of the hat, as he passed the bar, he received such a freezing glance from the landlady as might have sent a chill through an Esquimaux! "That unimaginably inconsiderate girl had been, without an azimuth of doubt, recapitulating her untenable misconception of his unoffensive and, to any other human being, intelligible conduct and behavior, to Mrs. Chatham!"

It was many days before Mr. Ormsby sufficiently recovered his equanimity to decide upon what was best to be done, under circumstances so suddenly adverse and "concatenated." Mrs. Chatham, on her part, evinced no disposition to recur to the social interchanges of the "minor morals," the reciprocation of which had at one time been so pleasing to the gentleman, and, as he not unreasonably concluded, so agreeable to the lady. But, he had heard—nay, he had read, that women are at all times capricious

and fantastical beings; but most especially so, when possessed of feelings of a tender description. Nor could he help thinking that Mrs. Chatham entertained this class of feelings towards him.

Notwithstanding, however, Mr. Ormsby's convictions, and the sentimental glossaries by which he expounded them, he did not make much way; a circumstance which, although it could no longer alter the determination of his mind, nevertheless, very sensibly irritated his temper. Upon three or four occasions, he repulsed the advances of Joseph Atkins towards unrestricted converse, with a savage abruptness, which Joseph mentally denounced as "stonishing vulgar, and precious bouncible;" nor was he scarcely more civil to Susan, upon whom he now invariably scowled with an antique Roman austerity of visage, exceedingly diverting to the girl, who was half a mind to torment him in real earnest, but who did not know how.

All this was lamentable evidence of the weakness to which even the greatest natures may be reduced when they speculate in Hymeneal bonds and securities; but Mr. Ormsby was, after all, not so far gone as might be imagined. He began, after a time, to bethink him how far it was consistent and proper on the part of Mrs. Chatham to put in jeopardy her well grounded expectations of happiness with him, by an obstinate and mad persistence in a line of conduct, which, to say the least of it, was "egregiously characteristic of imprudent tampering with her sublunary prospects."

Repulse, however, was not for a moment to be thought of. Orby Ormsby rejected by a licensed victualler's relict, was an idea to be knocked on the head the instant it entered his own. At the same time, it did occur to him (for such is the weakness and instability of the female character) that Mrs. Chatham might have blindly bestowed her affections "upon some vile satrap, only worthy of the Tarpeian rock." How to arrive at the knowledge whether she had done so, or not, was, as he expressed himself, "one of the Eleusinian mysteries to him." That jade Susan

might have cleared up the point; but any further application to her was out of the question. There was, however, Thomas Trotter, out of whom he might squeeze all the requisite information.

He, accordingly, seized an opportunity, when Susan had gone out on a day's holiday, and Tom officiated in the parlor, of pumping that ingenuous youth, which he did in the following manner.

"Tom," said he; in his most insinuating tone, as the boy approached with his brandy-and-water, "I have a word or two to say to you."

Tom was sufficiently self-possessed and efficient in his own branch of business, and could contest a disputed point with an old woman respecting a pint-pot, or the newspaper, with no common volubility of tongue and readiness of retort; but to stand before a great gentleman like Ormsby, was no small trial of his nerves. There was a species of fascination in the business that caused him to stand bolt upright before his interrogator, with his eyes fixed immovably upon his face.

"Can you tell me," resumed Ormsby, "whether your mistress is in the habit of receiving and entertaining visitors?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, sir," said Tom; "wisiters?"

"Visitors, Tom: has Mrs Chatham any one to see her, at any time; to tea, or what not?"

"Oh!" replied Tom, "I knows now; vy, she's sev'ril comes now 'n then."

"Several!" cried Ormsby.

"Yes, please sir," said Tom, scratching his head. "Vell, there's Mrs. Parker vot lives round corner, she comes sometimes; there's Miss Smithers, and her old grandmother; and Mrs. Dixon; —and Mother Saddles the vashervoman: she always teas'ere vunce a week, on vashin' days."

"But these are females, my boy," said Ormsby.

"Viinmen?" said Tom, doubtfully; "vell, as to men, there's Mr. Pascoe, missis's uncle."

"Ah!" cried Ormsby—"I know—I know."—

"And there's old Frampton, vot at vun time vos master of this 'ere 'ouse."—

"Frampton? yes," said Ormsby, "very good: go on."

"And," added Tom, after a pause; "blowed, Sir, if I rec'lect any more on 'em, but Mr. Burley."

"Burley? Burley?" exclaimed Ormsby; "what kind of man is Mr. Burley?"

"Stoutish-like," returned Tom who began to wonder within him what could be the meaning of this catechism.

"Old?" pursued Ormsby; "a man in years, Tom?"

"Not werry aged," answered the boy; "he's what they calls the broad clerk."

"The broad clerk!" what in the name of the oracle of Minerva did the boy mean? He himself was a pretty expansive specimen of that description. "The broad clerk!"

"Comes from the brewer's," said Tom, "and takes money and orders, and 'as a glass o' grog, and tea arter it."

"Oh!" thought Ormsby, "the brewer's clerk?" nothing to fear from him.

"I won't keep you any longer, Tom," said he, "you're a very sensible lad, Tom,—take this;" and Mr. Ormsby with much form and ceremony, handed Thomas a shilling.

The eyes of the recipient brightened at this unexpected largess.

"Crikey!" said he to himself, "I shall now be able to buy Jack Scoggin's ticket for the vestcot, and turn out a 'eavy swell o' Sundays."

"Stay!" cried Ormsby, suddenly, as Tom was joyously retreating from the presence; "come here,—a word more, my lad."

"Vot now, I vonder," thought the boy, "a wexatious old cove!"

"Listen to me, my boy," said Ormsby; drawing himself up importantly. "There was in ancient times, a certain Lacedemonian

youth, who was guilty of stealing a fox, which he hid in the folds of his garment. Being accused of the theft, he stoutly denied it; and rather than confess his guilt, and disclose the animal, he permitted the fox to eat into his very vitals. Now, Tom, could you have done so?"

Tom was in a state of the utmost perplexity, when this question was propounded to him, and stared ruefully at Ormsby, who with his finger on his stomachic region, awaited a reply.

"Vell, please sir," said the boy, at length, "I don't know vot it is; if I was a given to priggin, vich I hopes I never shall, I don't think I should go for to prig a fox."

"True," replied Ormsby, "very true. But I mean, can you be as secret as that Lacedemonian lad?"

"Vot?" cried Tom, impatiently, for he began to suspect that 'the old 'un vos a chaffin' ' him, "vot's you meaning, sir?"

"I mean, in short," said Ormsby, "can you be secret? You will say nothing to anybody respecting the inquiries I have made of you just now."

"Oh! about the wisiters? course I shan't say nothen. It's no concern o' no vun, is it?"

"A good boy!" said Ormsby, "you may go now;" and he presently fell into a pleasing reverie, during which, Tom, in the tap room, recounted the whole particulars of his remarkable interview, to Mr. Joseph Atkins.

That person, having heard the recital of his juvenile friend, fell into deep meditation; which lasted an unusual length of time, that is to say, nearly five minutes. The scurvy and contumelious conduct of Ormsby of late, had entirely succeeded in erasing him from Joseph's books, and he had sometime since resolved, whenever an opportunity should present itself, upon doing a little bit of vengeance.

"That man," said Atkins, drawing his pipe from his mouth; "that very great, that *particular* great personage in the parlor, which looks down upon a honest hard working tradesman; that

feller, Tom, and I don't call him out of his name, is no better than a nidget:—blest, if he aint a nidget."

"Vot's a nidget?" inquired Tom.

"Why, 'Tom,'" said Atkins, with a solemnity proper to the importance of the question, a "nidget is a bein' which has lost the use of his ra-tional faculties—a maniuk, which it isn't worth while to stow away in a madhouse."

Here Tom chuckled amazingly. "D'ye think he's a simple Tony?" said he, "vy, he guv me a bob; I vish he may always be o' that mind."

"That's a proof on it," returned Atkins; "he's a raving lunatic. Just hand me over that shilling, and let me have a squint at it."

Tom with some reluctance obeyed, and Atkins subjected the coin to a severe and critical ocular examination; then rang it upon the table, several times, doubtfully, and finally endeavored to make an indentation in the rim.

"It's good enough," said he, in a tone which implied that he had much rather it had been a bad one;—"well, just answer me this question—why should he give 'you a shilling if there warn't something wrong in the whole business? He wish to know who comes to see your missus—pew!" and here Mr. Atkins evinced a degree of indignation, which, it must be allowed, was disinterested at least. "Now, you go," he resumed, thrusting the boy towards the door, "toddle, and tell Mrs. Chathan the whole history."

"Vot should I get by that, I vonder?" expostulated Tom.

"You'll get the sack, if you don't, that's all," said Atkins; "if Mrs. Chatham finds out, you've been colloging with that individual, you'll have to cut your stick, and no mistake, and so I don't deceive you, Mister Thomas Trotter."

"Vell, vot say? shall us?" said the boy dubiously; "he can't turn me away, hows'ever."

"*He* turn you away!" cried Atkins, indignant at the extrava-

gance of the supposition; "*he* turn you away! *that*, for him and his 'thority," and he snapped his fingers; "I should like to see him a trying. You 've planted your ten toes too strongly in this here concern, for that."

"'Ere goes then—bother!"—said Tom, and away he went, and without unnecessary prologue or circumlocution, "made a clean breast of it" to his mistress.

"Well?" said Atkins with assumed indifference when the lad returned.

"Oh! nothen'," replied the boy; "missis only fell a laughin' ven I 'd done, and told me not to answer any more questions in futur' o' that kind; and, crikey! Mr. Atkins, guess vot she says: she says I listens to your nonsinse too much, and you 'll spile me."

"Atkins smiled a grim smile. "Nonsense! and spile you," said he, solemnly, "I'll tell *you* what, Tom Trotter, you're hoarding up a mint o' information and knowledge, which you've very little notion on—mind ye;" and he resumed his pipe, with a degree of mental satisfaction, which none but sages, who are accustomed freely to impart their wisdom to others, can, perhaps, understand, or appreciate.

The conglomeration of feelings with which Mr. Ormsby walked towards his own home on that evening, it were useless to attempt to describe. Mrs. Chatham actually—absolutely—incontrovertibly—smiled upon him as he passed the bar. What could it mean? but that was pretty clear. She had relented—she had extended the olive-branch: and to reject it—to blight its opening leaves with a borealic chill, would be worse than Carthaginian barbarity. Before he retired to rest, he sketched out the rough heads of a letter, to be addressed to Mrs. Chatham, which he designed should be delivered into her hands on the following evening, by Tom.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Hillary had been left by himself in the parlor; and, as men will do, especially those upon whose foot "the black ox has trodden," in other words, as is the custom of

those who have more than their ordinary share of the "*res angusta domi*," he was revolving in his mind those circumstances of his past life which had contributed to make him what he was—poor, dependent, and despised. He was roused, however, from his abstraction, by the sudden entrance of an oldish-looking young man; buttoned close up to the throat, with a profusion of hair curling over the narrow brim of one side of his hat, a beard two days old, and wristbands of check-calico, drawn down over his knuckles.

"Mr. Hillary!" said he, with a start, "found you at last, I do believe. Mr. Hillary, your most humble cum tumble."

"Sir," said Hillary, as the stranger made a profound bow, "I have not the pleasure, I believe—and yet I see so many gentlemen of all kinds, conditions, and degrees—are you of the honorable profession of the law?"

"I am," said the other. Hillary guessed as much, but he had long laid aside that strange horror of legal proceedings, even at their last stage, which some nervous people continue to entertain.

"You will soon know who I am," proceeded the stranger, "when I tell you that I am, and have been for many years, too long by half and a little more, clerk to Rackem and Wrench, of Gray's Inn."

"Ha! I remember now," cried Hillary; "your name's Auger, isn't it? How's little Rackem?"

"Why," said Auger, "little Rackem is pretty bobbish, but it's all dicky with long Wrench. He's gone to his account, and I hope he may find his account in it. But, to business. You're a very lucky person, Mr. Hillary; what I call a d—— particularly-and-no-mistake-at-all fortunate fellow."

"I don't see that, Auger, I can't see that Auger," said Hillary.

"Just listen," said Auger in a whisper, winking his eye. "I've been everywhere to ferret you out, but couldn't. Didn't know where you hung out—all right that. It isn't every gentleman that prefers seeing company at his own house. Well, no matter.

You remember Batley who failed in your debt twelve years ago, to a pretty considerable, unmistakeable sum? Well, he had an aunt, it seems, who lived in a very old house, in the very old city of Canterbury, and she herself a very old woman. She's gone: hopped the twig as briskly as a juvenile, six months ago, and left Batley the brads. What has he done? Paid everybody, everything, and I have been looking for you for four months past, every day, everywhere. Seven hundred and eighty-two ten, are now in the hands of Rackem for your particular use, which I dare say you particularly want, and which you can have, at the particular hour of nine to-morrow morning."

"Seven hundred and eighty-two ten, and you've been hunting after me four months!" cried Hillary; "why hadn't you advertised?"

"A considerable portion of the public don't like publicity," said Auger.

"Come with me," cried Hillary, starting up; "we'll retire to the bar parlor, and talk about it. Mrs. Chatham—the landlady—the best friend I have in the world must know of this."

"Women *are* the best friends a man has," said Auger, "as I tell my wife when I go home very late, very sorry, and very drunk. It soothes her, and saves wear and tear of tongue. You'll remember me to morrow. I dare say I look very like an angel to-night."

"You do," said Hillary, "and I won't forget you, come along;" and the parties retired to the bar.

On the evening of the following day, Mr. Ormsby was prowling about "The Castle" in considerable perturbation, fearful alike of being discovered by Mrs. Chatham from within, and of being detected by approaching customers from without. At length Tom came forth, the very individual he required. He watched him round the corner, and hastily followed him.

"Tom," said he, "I wish you place this letter into the hands of Mrs. Chatham without delay."

"Can't jest yet, please sir," said Tom; "see here I'm a goin' to take these 'ere two bottles o' gin to Captain Harkebuss."

"Well, but this won't detain you a moment," said Ormsby.

"Musn't go for to do it," replied Tom; "missus told me to make haste; and the captain 'ud make nothen o' knockin' my 'ead off—he wouldn't. Missus forgot 'em till now."

"Well, the instant you return will do," said Ormsby, handing the letter.

Tom did not much like the idea of any further transaction with Ormsby, especially as no shilling appeared to be forthcoming.

"Vell," said he, sulkily, "jest stick it in this 'ere side pocket—don't you see my 'ands is full? and I'll give it her ven I comes back."

"Mr. Ormsby," exclaimed a well-dressed gentleman at some distance as he approached him, "give me joy, my dear sir, but you look agitated."

"What!" said Ormsby, "Mr. Hillary! can it be possible?"

"Yes. Did you think I was to be stuck up to my neck in the slough of despond, like Marius in the marshes of Minturnæ, all my days?" said Hillary. "No. I've come into a little money; and more than that, I shouldn't wonder if I get married, before the year's out."

"Married!" cried Ormsby, vaguely, "indeed!"

"Yes, to somebody you know," and Hillary pointed to "The Castle." "I've been dining with her to day, and I'm happy to say she thinks I am not irreclaimable."

"Mrs. Chatham!" gasped Ormsby; "where's Tom?"

"Tom!" said Hillary; "where Tom may be, does not seem to apply to our present conversation. If the marriage should take place; but, what the deuce! are you ill?"

"Oh no! remarkably well," said Ormsby, with a ghastly grin.

"Well, come this way," resumed Hillary, and he drew him aside. "I want to hear your opinion. That window, I think, the bar window—might be considerably extended, eh? made more modern and handsome; then, as to the portico"—

As to the portico—the fact was, Mr. Ormsby perceived Tom, letter in hand, walking through it into the house, and with a delirious spring, he rushed forwards, dashed into the passage, nearly upset Asgill, who was standing at the bar, and attempted to snatch the letter from Mrs. Chatham who was about to break the seal.

“God bless me, Mr. Ormsby!” cried Asgill, “this may, indeed, be termed a pressure from without.”

“I’ll apologise presently,” cried Ormsby, “my dear Madam, for Heaven’s sake give me back that letter—it is mine—oh Lord!” Mrs. Chatham wonderingly complied.

“It was of no importance in the world,” said Ormsby, pushing the letter into his pocket: “merely a small order for spirits, two bottles of gin, which Captain Harquebuss tells me is excellent.”

“Well, I’m sure, sir,” said Mrs. Chatham, coloring deeply, in sympathy, it may be imagined, with Mr. Ormsby, who was, then and there, one or two shades deeper than purple; “I am sure, sir, I shall be happy, at all times, to serve you with——” Here Mr. Ormsby suddenly faced about, and made for the door. “Well, if you are going,” added Mrs. Chatham, “good evening, sir.”

“I’ll tell you what it is,” said Joseph Atkins, suddenly opening the tap-door, at which that wily person had been listening; “that letter o’ his contained proposals o’ marriage to you, mind ye, and his heart has failed him at the crit’cal moment.”

It was some months before Mr. Ormsby again entered “The Castle.” When he did so, he had a long private conversation with Mrs. Chatham—about to become Mrs. Hillary; and thenceforth resumed his long-accustomed chair in the parlor; and the other day he condescended to stand father to Susan, who was joined in the bands of wedlock to Mr. Nightingale.

THE BASKET-WOMAN.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

“God be wid ould times! Sure it makes altogether an ould fool of me to see yer honor onc’t more. Och, musha! musha! God be wid ould times! whin the masther (God be good to him!) would say, ‘I’ll have no Basket-Woman but Katty Nowlan’—and the blagards trying to circumvint me, but no good to them. And may be it’s myself that would n’t carry home the fruit for him illigent; and then it’s he would drop the noble pay into my hand, and say, ‘Katty Nowland,’ says he, ‘you don’t brush the bloom off a plum, nor the lafe off a rose’—thim war his words. Och, the ould times! the ould times! the ould times! God be wid ould times!”—And Katty Nowlan, one of the very few of her order who are now as they were some eighteen years ago, knocked the ashes out of her “national” pipe, stuffed the relics of tobacco tightly down with her middle finger, grasped the handle of her flat basket firmly within her hand, and then looked up into my face, her features trained as a silent echo to her voice—all submission and entreaty. Having conquered her emotion, she drawled out, in a delicious Munster brogue that wound round my heart at once, “I hope yer honor wants a Basket-’Ooman to-day—a Basket-’Ooman, plase yer honor—any weight—any distance. I hope yer honor won’t forget the poor Basket-’Ooman.” She certainly was a specimen-portrait of her class: her age about fifty, to judge from the hard lines graved by the iron *pen* of labor upon a broad and not uncomely countenance; her eyes were still bright and vigilant, and the eyelashes and eyebrows still thick and dark, The Irish mouth, though in *wide* defiance of all rules



THE BASKET-WOMAN.

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

S. S. Spencer.

of beauty, is always expressive: English mouths are cut to pattern; they fit, if not well, neatly: but the Irish mouth is eloquent, without the aid of words; it is large and loose; the muscles dilate or compress without an effort; it has some sudden and quick communication with the heart, and will not be controlled:—the sneer of an Irish lip is bitter as hyssop; the smile of an Irish lip is sweet as honey. And Katty Nowlan's smile, without, in this instance, being the extreme of either the one or the other, was insinuating: it did not amount to positive sweetness when she proffered her usual petition, particularly when the memory of "ould times" still caused her lip to quiver; but it was inimitable in its way. Her gray hair was almost entirely concealed by a colored silk handkerchief, tied gipsy-fashion over her head, and knotted beneath the chin. This characteristic head-gear was surmounted by one of those nameless species of straw hats, scorched brown by the sun, and completely flattened in the crown by the pressure of her market-basket. Two or three stripes of bass, twisted together, might be termed a hatband to this strange tiring, which looked picturesque amid well ordered bonnets. Inside her loose bedgown of striped linsey-woolsey, she wore a gay-colored cotton neckerchief, fastened at the throat by a large yellow-headed pin. Her petticoat was short, and of black quilted stuff; her legs covered by blue worsted stockings, knitted by herself: and her brogues came high on the instep, and were neatly tied by a leather thong. Her entire dress hung loosely over her strong and muscular figure: her chest was broad, and her head and gait erect and firm, except when she petitioned for employment; then she curtsied deeply, and bent her body into the curve of humble service. Sometimes Katty sported a red stuff petticoat, and an open cotton gown of a large chintz pattern, which was always looped up behind, and secured from the muddy contaminations of the street by a "corking" pin. This dress, however, was seldom "sporting" except on Sundays and saints' days; so that the Covent Garden Basket-Woman is more identified

with the former habiliments than with the latter. Take note, also, that her arms were muscular, not large-boned nor fleshy, but rather as the arm of a *man* acquainted with labor than those of a woman ought to be; and her hands—those rude and sternly honest hands—wrought into ridges and bony knobs, how eloquent were they of the toils and endurings of a life knowing no cessation from severe daily work!

And yet what a world of mirthfulness laughs out at times from those deep gray eyes! What real sparkling wit has bounded from those indescribable lips! What sudden and quick replies! What cutting sarcasms!—and when her days were not so many, and her spirit younger, I'll not deny that the Covent Garden Basket-Woman could defend her prerogative as well as any other person having authority. Now, indeed, times are changed, though Katty still stands as I have seen her stand in years gone by, before the market was arched over, and, as she says, "rendered an aisy and genteel walk for such as never lay out a halfpenny in it; only just come to look at it for divarshun, or stand up in it for shelter from the rain, in everybody's way—bad 'cess to them!"—before it was *improved*, and consequently, despoiled of its original features. Though Katty stands almost as erect as I have seen her long ago, still the spirit within her is crushed:—the world is changed—the market *spoiled*! Still she is a fine specimen of her people—of her class: a fine specimen of a hard-working and high-spirited Irishwoman, who would scorn a "dirty turn" or a "mane action," and share the "last bit and sup she had in the wide world wid any poor traveller or stranger from Ould Ireland, God be wid it!"—of that class, like many others going out, who gave a distinctive character to a particular district—of the original Covent Garden Basket-Woman—Katty, I repeat, is a fine specimen. Covent Garden Market, but for its Irish Basket-Women, would have had nothing to distinguish it from all the fruit and vegetable markets in Europe; their oddity, drollery, humor—either good or bad—civility and persecutions

(I have seen my grandfather beset by seven or eight at a time, all anxious to know if his honor wanted a basket, and claiming the right to be employed on the grounds that they came from the same parish, same county, or same kingdom, "any way," as "his honor") were as peculiar and celebrated as the extraordinary eloquence of their sisters of Billingsgate.

It was really fearful to see the loads they carried on their heads; but the lightness of their hearts buoyed them up, and they trotted on in a sort of swing-trot—patient uncomplaining, and cheerful. This was when the fashion existed for ladies and gentlemen to go to Covent Garden, to buy and send home their "marketing;" before green grocers hung out carrots and faded "savoy's" as types of fresh vegetables; and women in what might then be truly called "the happy" middle class, were neither too fine nor too foolish to ascertain what a thing was to cost before it was purchased, and not too proud to purchase themselves: before English housekeeping was done by deputy;—in that same middle class, which constantly, as it is now organised, calls to mind the story of the frog that would be an ox. When the sun shone gaily over the fragrant market, and, above all, before poor plants were sent to wither on the hot leads of the "Bedford Conservatory:"—then the Covent Garden Basket-Woman was, indeed, somebody.

I remember how delighted I was, when first I came to England, to hear half-a-dozen of my countrywomen jabbering real Irish as gaily as if they had never left the fertility of Munster, or the wilds of Connamara, shelling peas, or picking spinach, or, in the autumn time, removing the green coating from the milky walnuts—never too much occupied not to have an eye on every passer by, likely to "Want a Basket-'Ooman, yer honor;" ready, with a compliment or a petition, to bewitch the money out of your purse; or, "Is it a shilling or a half-crown I'll have the honor to rasave from yer ladyship by'n by, afther I have the pleasure to walk home afther ye—carrying what ye'l be plazed to buy—the best in the market—I'll go bail;" or, "Oh, sure it isn't going out of poor old

your numbers, like the blanks in a lottery; only whin onc't ye'r baptised wid the Regulation blue-bag, it would take cleverer than Katty Nowlan (the powers sind her wit!) to know one from the other, of yer numerous family. Ah ye're a fine set o' boys—yer are," she added, in a half mutter, looking slyly after the lounging figure of the policeman, as he crossed over to the piazzas, tired enough, poor fellow, of his labor in idleness; "you're fine boys, so you are; but bedad! I know the boys that would take the shine out of ye, fine as ye are—whoo-rishe!—May be I don't!—Ah, thin, my lady, it's a poor case, so it is!"

"What is, Katty?"

"Whisht! I'll say it aisy;—for the people are such tame nagurs here, that they're never up to Bannagher; but it's a mighty poor case, so it is, to be always behaving oneself."

"How do you mean, Katty?"

"The quality don't feel it, ye see, because whin they're mighty dull intirely in the time o' pace, they can horse-race or fight a bit of a jewel, or twinty little things that way for divarshun; but it's a poor case intirely, that the likes of us poor people, and poor Irish people especially, are so kep' down—no divarshun at all for us. Sure we used to say long ago, 'Niver mind how close they keep us wid their law: we work hard, and we work fast; we work early, and we work late: the youth passes from us, 'like the sunbeam off the sea,' laving no trace behind. But bother it all! sure we have the elections!—in the heart's blood of the market! think of that, and grow light-hearted. 'Girls alive!' I used to say to them, keep aisy, sure we'll have the election—come it must;—and then the fun! the houstins! the flags! the music! the spaking!—Och, the beautiful spaking that you could n't hear a word of for the noise! and the noble fine gentlemín, all talking till they got black in the face? May be I don't remember that long ould gentleman, Sir Francis Burdet, and he thin so fresh and graceful! and the litle travelled gentleman, Mr. Hobhouse, and Sir Murray Maxwell. That was afore your time,

but that *was* an election! I niver took a tack o' clothes off me for ten days; becuse, ye see, they war so torn wid the scrimmage and the fun, that I knew I could n't get them on again. But we carried the day; we did it! we, the Covent Garden Basket-Women, returned Sir Francis into parliament! We kept all the cabbage-stalks and praytees, and sometimes what was rayther stiffer, for Sir Murray's people—and our hearts and voices for Sir Francis. Och, musha! musha! the day we returned him I climbed up the car myself that he was chaired in, and whin all the rest war giving him roses and flowers, 'Yer honor,' says I, 'there's a bunch of shamrogues for yer honor,' says I; 'and I make bould to say,' says I, 'that the Covent Garden Basket-Women did their duty,' says I, 'like pathriots, as they are to a man,' says I. And wid that his honor takes the shamrogues and presses them to his heart; and thin there was a *pillalieu*—(*i. e.* shouting)—that shook the houses to the foundation—all raised by the Irish; and 'Hear him, hear him!' shouts the English (they war jealous, d'ye see, of the distinction '*Ould Glory*' put upon the shamrogues), and the shouts of the Irish war anything but plisant to them—they've no natural taste for music in 'em;—'Hear him, hear him!' they calls out. 'Shout, boys,' says I, waving my *praskeen* (*i. e.* apron) of true blue in the air; 'shout! for sorrow a word his honor is saying at all; sure I ought to know, and I here to the fore.' And wid that, God bless him! he puts a guinea into my hand. We've had elections since that, to bè sure—odds and ends—heads and tails, or tails widout the heads to 'em—of elections; things that last about as long as it takes to put a sexton to his trade, or turn a melted buttermann into a fine blue and red beadle: no giving the people time to know what they mane, or if there's any maning in 'em; no time for divarshun; a gintleman sent into Parliament as if he was nobody. Och, my bitter grief! a Covent Garden Basket-Woman is no more at a Covent Garden election now, than if she was nothing but a stall-keeper!"

Katty gave me no time to think over her opinions, when she

changed her heroic tone into one of confidential communication:—

“Don’t have anything to say to thim artichokes, *avourneen*! they’ve stood the batter of the market these four days, and more than that—they can’t be wholesome.”

“Not wholesome?—Why?”

“Whisht! whisht!—but the man that owns them lets his own ould mother lie in a workhouse, and he flashing about in a fine taxed cart! The very white-heart cabbages turn black on his ground—the unnatural baste!”

I could not help smiling at this genuine evidence of natural Irish feeling.

Notwithstanding my old friendship with Mistress Catharine Nowlan, if the proprietor of the artichokes had been a good instead of a bad son, I suspect I should have been suffered to purchase them, “battered” though they were. Katty could not separate the man’s vegetables from his unnatural conduct to his mother. How varied were the shades of character my poor countrywoman had displayed in a few brief moments! Why, I should not have discovered so many in an Englishwoman in as great a number of years! First, there was the warm, the affectionate recognition, followed as rapidly by the trick, the petition of her trade, given in the rich Munster whine, which only my countryman, Power, can imitate; then, the little bit of good nature towards her countrywoman, evincing how rapidly she observed; the graceful and poetical compliment of the lovely English girl; her reply and taunt to the policeman, so expressive of the national hatred which all the lower order of Irish entertain towards every public body, in and out of the country, organised by law. Why such is the case, this is not the place to show. But the panoramic view of her character, was completed by her reminiscence of the Westminster, or, as she called it, Covent Garden election: this stirred her up, as an old war-horse is roused by the sound of the trumpet; and then the excitement over, down she came to her

knowledge, not altogether of artichokes, but of the want of filial piety on the part of the man who had artichokes to sell.—

“And now, Katty,” said I, “I want to buy a hedgehog—for my garden.”

“A grassnogue is it?—Oh madam dear, I must bespake that.”

“Bespeak it? Why there were plenty to be had at the bird-stand.”

“There were—there *was*—to be sure, long ever ago; not now, lady;—it’s a woeful time!—not a linnet, nor a lark, nor a thrush, nor a blackbird, to be had in the market for love or money; not a sign or mark of *young life*, barring a rose-bud, or young peas, or things that way. Oh, thin, they might ha’ left a bit o’ natur, wid their improvements; sure, I thought my heart would break in two halves when they did away with the bird-stall; it might litter the market— I’ll not deny that; but it was mighty pleasant to hear the chirrup of a wild bird; it was an hour’s youth come back to our ould age; but sure I’m a fool to be talking this way—what is it all but a drame?” She turned to prepare her basket, and I thought her eyes filled with tears.

After the lapse of an hour, the Covent Garden Basket-Woman had discharged her cargo at my dwelling; and here I must say, for the honor of my country, that I never heard of one of the sisterhood being guilty of the least act of dishonesty: neither do they beg; they hint perhaps that they are poor, and can be grateful; but that is the extent of their petitions. Before she returned to the market she had of course more than her fare; and after expressing her thanks, she said: “I’m thinking yer honor thought me an ould fool a while ago about the birdeens that they turned out of the market; but, my! sure the gentry think because they see fine flowers there, it’s always flowering time! There’s many a scene of bitter, heart-scauldin misery in that same market! many a poor craythur shelters there at night, who has no other home! Och, my! those that wake and walk early see strange

sights. It's about ten years ago, my lady, come Candlemas, that I was very, very early in the market: trouble is a wonderful watchman; and calls the hours and the halves better than a Charley, and louder than St. Paul's: and it was just at that time that my husband left me for nothing but what takes off many a man—a younger face: and I couldn't sleep, and used to get up and be in the market afore the carts: well, wandering up and down, I heard a smothering cry, like the cry of a young child; and the moon and the morning war striving together which had the most light: and at last I found the cry, and looked, and there, in the heart of the market, with her white face upturned to the starfull sky, and her thin arm pressing a babby to her bosom; lay a woman, upon a heap of stalks and leaves. I called:—no answer. I laid my hand on her face:—she was dead. Lady! there's something frightful in the feel of death, even when ye have living faces to look upon; but though I called loudly, no one spoke; and the glittering stars were shining on her large glazed eyes; and the babby wailing, and my own heart full of trouble. I felt asier, and less tarrified, when I got the grawleen (infant) in my arms: *it* was alive, anyhow; and then I found a watchman, and the carts began to come. The Lord forgive that poor dead craythur! but they said she had took pisin. Myself found it hard to believe that she could leave the craythur that smiled in my face; but the want of the fear of God, or of a proper trust in Him, drives many to the last sin, for which there is no repentance. There was no marriage lines in her pocket; but there *was* a lock of strong curling hair, tied with a lover's knot (the babby's hair grew the same color); and the parish had her bones. I think the almighty sent that babby to save my sins: it came to take my husband's place in my poor bursting heart; and I used to have it with me, sometimes in my basket, sometimes tucked in my gown-tail at my back."

"But what did you do with it when you got a job?"

"Oh, sure there wouldn't be a mother in the market that wouldn't do a hand's turn for a motherless babe: it was the pet

of the Basket-Women; a little thing like a sun-twinkle—here and there and everywhere, and would foot a jig before she could rightly walk across the flure: but above all, whin she could only crawl, she'd be at the bird-stand—feeding the rabbits, watching the young hawks, or chirping to make the nest-blackbirds open their yellow throats. She seemed to have a natural knowledge about thim wild animals; and I took to be as fond of the stand as herself. Oh, dear! the fourth year I had her—before the birdeens of that Spring that she took sich delight in war fledged—my poor orphin bird was fledged, and flitted; the sun rose on her eyes, bright as diamonds; when it set, my little darling, the loan of the Lord, sint to me to keep my heart open, was in its own heaven. Ah! ma'am dear, the breath of a child is as swift to pass from its sweet body, as the scent from a rose. The parish, though," she added, shouldering her basket, "had nothing to do with *her* funeral; I laid her dacently in the earth, and for ever so long I used to stand gazing on thim birds, and feeding thim, thinking of my poor babby, and her loving ways, and innocent talk, until the birds war to me (God forgive me) a'most like a child: ye see one must have something to love."

"Katty, what did you do when the birds were gone?"

"Be dad, my lady, I was wearing to a skilliton, and would have been in my grave, what wid the loss of the babby, and the change over everything, and no election, and growing ould and stiff; only ——"

(She paused, and commenced rubbing the fore-finger of her right hand along the edge of her basket, with a perplexed air, as if she did not know how to proceed—rather an unusual dilemma for an Irish woman.)

"Only what, Katty?"

"Why, my lady, only ye see: just thin, I was mighty lone some intirely; and so I took up wid Larry."

"Larry! who is Larry?"

"My ould husband, Larry Nowlan, at yer service, my lady,"

she replied, curtseying, and looking very much ashamed of her good-natured weakness; "my ould husband! He found the differ betwixt a purty face and an honest heart, on the long run, and so he come back, jist as my heart was breaking, quite a pinitent; except whin he draws his pension (it's a soldier he was—a full corporal); and thin, if he takes a drop too much, it gets into the crack in his skull; and if he hadn't a bit of a row wid me, he would wid some one else, and have to pay for it; but, among ourselves, it's give and take, and no harm done; so, except jist thin, he's a grate pinitent intirely."

I have not space to illustrate these fresh traits in my poor country-woman's character; they must speak for themselves. There is much virtue clad in russet in old England still; we have only to separate the matter from the manner and——But Katty shoulders her basket—

"Well, God be wid yer! and if yer honor, or any of yer honor's frinds wants a Basket-'Ooman, maybe ye 'll be so kind as to think of poor Katty Nowlan, the Covent Garden Basket-'Ooman, plaze yer honor!"

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CAPTAIN ROOK.

For to have plenty, it is a pleasant thing
In my conceit; and to have it aye in hand.

Snip of Fools



MR. PIGEON.

If the pigeons are small, a quarter of an hour will do them; but they will take twenty minutes, if large.

Mrs Boodle's Cook.

CAPTAIN ROOK AND MR. PIGEON

BY WILLIAM THACKERAY.

THE statistic mongers and dealers in geography have calculated to a nicety how many quartern loaves, bars of iron, pigs of lead, sacks of wool, Turks, Quakers, Methodists, Jews, Catholics, and Church of England men, are consumed or produced in the different countries of this wicked world: I should like to see an accurate table showing the rogues and dupes of each nation; the calculation would form a pretty matter for a philosopher to speculate upon. The mind loves to repose, and broods benevolently over this expansive theme. What thieves are there at Paris, oh, heavens! and what a power of rogues with pigtailed and mandarin buttons at Pekin! Crowds of swindlers are there at this very moment pursuing their trade at St Petersburg: how many scoundrels are saying their prayers alongside of Don Carlos! how many scores are jobbing under the pretty nose of Queen Christine! what an inordinate number of rascals is there to be sure puffing tobacco and drinking flat small beer in all the capitals of Germany; or else, without a rag to their ebony backs, swigging quass out of calabashes, and, smeared over with palm oil, lolling at the doors of clay huts in the sunny city of Timbuctoo! It is not necessary to make any more topographical allusions, or, for illustrating the above position, to go through the whole Gazetteer; but he is a bad philosopher who has not all these things in mind, and does not in his speculations or his estimate of mankind duly consider and weigh them. And it is fine and consolatory to think, that thoughtful nature, which has provided sweet flowers for the humming bee; fair running streams for glittering fish; store of kids,

deer, goats and other fresh meats for roaring lions; for active cats, mice; for mice, cheese; and so on; establishing throughout the whole of her realm the doctrine that where a demand is, there will be a supply (see the romances of Adam Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo, and the philosophical works of Miss Martineau): I say it is consolatory to think that, as nature has provided flies for the food of fishes, and flowers for bees, so she has created fools for rogues; and thus the scheme is consistent throughout. Yes, observation, with extensive view, will discover captain Rooks all over the world, and Mr. Pigeons made for their benefit. Wherever shines the sun, you are sure to find Folly basking in it; and knavery is the shadow at Folly's heels.

It is not, however, necessary to go to Petersburg or Pekin for rogues (and in truth I don't know whether the Timbuctoo Captain Rooks prefer cribbage or billiards). "We are not birds," as the Irishman says, "to be in half-a-dozen places at once; so let us pretermitt all considerations of rogues in other countries, examining only those who flourish under our very noses. I have travelled much, and seen many men and cities; and, in truth, I think that our country of England produces the best soldiers, sailors, razors tailors, brèwers, hatters, and rogues, of all. Especially, there is no cheat like an English cheat. Our society produces them in the greatest numbers as well as of the greatest excellence. We supply all Europe with them. I defy you to point out a great city of the continent where half-a-dozen of them are not to be found: proofs of our enterprise, and samples of our home manufacture. Try Rome, Cheltenham, Baden, Toeplitz, Madrid, or Czarkoeselo: I have been in every one of them, and give you my honor that the Englishman is the best rascal to be found in all; better than your eager Frenchman; your swaggering Irishman with a red velvet waistcoat and red whiskers; your grave Spaniard, with horrid goggle eyes and profuse diamond shirt-pins; your tallow-faced German baron with white moustache and double chin, fat pudgy, dirty fingers, and great gold thumb-ring; better even than

your nondescript Russian—swindler and spy as he is by loyalty and education—the most dangerous antagonist we have. Who has the best coat even at Vienna? who has the neatest britzska at Baden? who drinks the best champagne at Paris? Captain Rook, to be sure, of her Britannic majesty's service:—he *has* been of the service, that is to say, but often finds it convenient to sell out.

The life of a blackleg, which is the name contemptuously applied to Captain Rook in his own country, is such an easy, comfortable, careless, merry one, that I can't conceive why all the world do not turn Captain Rooks; unless, may be, there are some mysteries and difficulties in it which the vulgar know nothing of, and which only men of real genius can overcome. Call on Captain Rook in the day (in London, he lives about St James's; abroad, he has the very best rooms in the very best hotels), and you will find him at one o'clock dressed in the very finest *robe de chambre* before a breakfast table covered with the prettiest patties and delicacies possible; smoking, perhaps, one of the biggest Meerschaum pipes you ever saw; reading, possibly, "The morning Post," or a novel (he has only one volume in his whole room, and that from a circulating library); or having his hair dressed; or talking to a tailor about waistcoat patterns; or drinking soda water with a glass of sherry; all this he does every morning, and it does not seem very difficult, and lasts until three. At three, he goes to a horse-dealer's, and lounges there for half-an-hour; at four, he is to be seen in the window of his club; at five he is cantering and curveting in Hyde Park with one or two more (he does not know any ladies, but has many male acquaintances: some, stout old gentlemen riding cobs, who knew his family, and give him a surly grunt of recognition; some, very young lads, with pale dissolute faces, little moustaches, perhaps, or, at least, little tufts on their chin, who hail him eagerly as a man of fashion): at seven, he has a dinner at Long's or at the Clarendon;

and so to bed very likely at five in the morning, after a quiet game of whist, broiled bones, and punch.

Perhaps he dines early at a tavern in Covent Garden; after which, you will see him, at the theatre in a private box (Captain Rook affects the Olympic a good deal). In the box, besides himself, you may remark a young man—very young—one of the lads who spoke to him in the Park this morning, and a couple of ladies: one shabby, melancholy, raw-boned, with numberless small white ringlets, large hands and feet, and a faded light-blue silk gown; she has a large cap, trimmed with yellow, and all sorts of crumpled flowers and greasy blond lace; she wears large gilt ear-rings, and sits back, and nobody speaks to her, and she to nobody, except to say, "Law, Maria, how well you *do* look to-night: there's a man opposite has been staring at you this three hours: I'm blest if it isn't him as we saw in the Park, dear!"

"I wish, Hanna, you'd 'old your tongue, and not bother me about the men. You don't believe Miss Ickman, Freddy, *do* you?" says Maria, smiling fondly on Freddy. Maria is sitting in front: she says she is twenty-three, though Miss Hickman knows very well she is thirty-one (Freddy is just of age). She wears a purple-velvet gown, three different gold bracelets on each arm, as many rings on each finger of each hand; to one is hooked a gold smelling bottle: she has an enormous fan, a laced pocket handkerchief, a Cashmere shawl, which is continually falling off, and exposing very unnecessarily a pair of very white shoulders: she talks loud, always lets her playbill drop into the pit, and smells most pungently of Mr. Delcroix's shop. After this description it is not at all necessary to say who Maria is; Miss Hickman is her companion, and they live together in a very snug little house in May-Fair, which has just been new-furnished *à la Louis Quatorze* by Freddy, as we are positively informed. It is even said, that the little carriage, with two little white ponies, which Maria drives herself in such a fascinating way through the

Park, was purchased for her by Freddy too; aye, and that Captain Rook got it for him—a great bargain, of course.

Such is Captain Rook's life. Can anything be more easy? Suppose Maria says, "Come home, Rook, and heat a cold chicken with us, and a glass of hiced champagne;" and suppose he goes, and after chicken—just for fun—Maria proposes a little chicken-hazard;—she only plays for shillings, while Freddy, a little bolder, won't mind half-pound stakes himself. Is there any great harm in all this? Well, after half-an-hour, Maria grows tired, and Miss Hickman has been nodding asleep in the corner long ago; and so off the two ladies set, candle in hand.

"D—n it, Fred," says Captain Rook, pouring out for that young gentleman his fifteenth glass of champagne, "what luck you are in, if you did but know how to back it!"

What more natural and even kind of Rook than to say this? Fred is evidently an inexperienced player; and every experienced player knows that there is nothing like backing your luck. Freddy does. Well; fortune is proverbially variable; and it is not at all surprising that Freddy, after having had so much luck at the commencement of the evening, should have the tables turned on him at some time or other.

Freddy loses.

It is deuced unlucky, to be sure, that he should have won all the little *coups*, and lost all the great ones; but there is a plan which the commonest play-man knows, an infallible means of retrieving yourself at play: it is simply doubling your stake. Say, you lose a guinea: you bet two guineas, which if you win, you win a guinea and your original stake: if you lose, you have but to bet four guineas on the third stake, eight on the fourth, sixteen on the fifth, thirty-two on the sixth, and so on. It stands to reason that you cannot lose *always*; and the very first time you win, all your losings are made up to you. There is but one drawback to this infallible process: if you begin at a guinea, double every time you lose, and lose fifteen times, you will have

lost exactly sixteen thousand three hundred and sixty-three guineas; a sum which probably exceeds the amount of your yearly income:—mine is considerably under that figure.

Freddy does not play this game, then, yet; but being a poor-spirited creature, as we have seen he must be by being afraid to win, he is equally poor-spirited when he begins to lose, he is frightened that is, increases his stakes, and backs his ill luck: when a man does this, it is all over with him.

When Captain Rook goes home (the sun is peering through the shutters of the little drawing-room in Curzon Street, and the ghastly footboy, oh, how bleared his eyes look as he opens the door!); when Captain Rook goes home, he has Freddy's I O U's in his pocket to the amount, say, of three hundred pounds. Some people say, that Maria has half of the money when it is paid; but this I don't believe: is Captain Rook the kind of fellow to give up a purse when his hand has once clawed hold of it?

Be this, however, true or not, it concerns us very little. The captain goes home to Brook Street, plunges into bed much too tired to say his prayers, and wakes the next morning at twelve to go over such another day, which we have just chalked out for him. As for Freddy, not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the soda water at the chemist's can ever medicine him to that sweet sleep which he might have had but for his loss. "*If* I had but played my king of hearts," sighs Fred, "and kept back my trump, but there's no standing against a fellow who turns up a king seven times running: if I *had* even but pulled up when Thomas (curse him!) brought up that infernal Curacoa punch, I should have saved a couple of hundred;" and so on, go Freddy's lamentations. Oh, luckless Freddy! dismal Freddy! silly gaby of a Freddy! you are hit now, and there is no cure for you but bleeding you almost to death's door. The homœopathic maxim of *similia similibus*, which means, I believe, that you are to be cured "by a hair of the dog that bit you," must be put in practice with regard to Freddy—only not in homœopathic infinitesimal

doses; no hair of the dog that bit him; but *vice versa*, the dog of the hair that tickled him. Freddy has begun to play;—a mere trifle at first, but he must play it out: he must go the whole dog now, or there is no chance for him. He must play until he can play no more; he *will* play until he has not a shilling left to play with, when, perhaps, he may turn out an honest man, though the odds are against him: the betting is in favor of his being a swindler always; a rich or a poor one, as the case may be. I need not tell Freddy's name, I think, now; it stands on his card;—

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| MR. FREDERICK PIGEON, LONG'S HOTEL. |
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I have said the chances are, that Frederick Pigeon, Esq. will become a rich or a poor swindler, though the first chance, it must be confessed, is very remote. I once heard an actor, who could not write, speak, or even read English; who was not fit for any trade in the world, and had not the nous to keep an apple-stall, and scarcely even enough sense to make a member of parliament: I once, I say, heard an actor—whose only qualifications were a large pair of legs, a large voice, and a very large neck—curse his fate and his profession, by which, do what he would, he could only make eight guineas a-week. “No men,” said he, with a great deal of justice, “was so ill paid as ‘dramatic artists;’ they labored for nothing all their youths, and had no provision for old age.” With this, he sighed, and called for (it was on a Saturday night) the forty-ninth glass of brandy-and-water which he had drunk in the course of the week.

The excitement of his profession, I make no doubt, caused my friend Claptrap to consume this quantity of spirit-and-water, besides beer, in the morning after rehearsal; and I could not help musing over his fate. It is a hard one. To eat, drink work a little, and be jolly; to be paid twice as much as you are worth,

and then to go to ruin; to drop off the tree when you are swelled out, seedy, and over-ripe; and to lie rotting in the mud underneath, until at last you mingle with it.

Now, badly as the actor is paid (and the reader will the more readily pardon the above episode, because, in reality, it has nothing to do with the subject in hand), and luckless as his fate is, the lot of the poor blackleg is cast lower still. You never hear of a rich gambler; or of one who wins in the end. Where does all the money go to which is lost among them? Did you ever play a game at loo for sixpences? At the end of the night a great many of those small coins have been lost, and, in consequence, won: but ask the table all round: one man has won three shillings; two have neither lost nor won; one rather thinks he has lost; and the three others have lost two pounds each. Is not this the fact, known to everybody who indulges in round games, and especially the noble game of loo? I often think that the devil's books, as cards are called, are let out to us from Old Nick's circulating library, and that he lays his paw upon a certain part of the winnings, and carries it off privily: else, what becomes of all the money?

For instance, there is the gentleman whom the newspapers call "a noble earl of sporting celebrity;"—if he has lost a shilling, according to the newspaper accounts, he has lost fifty millions: he drops fifty thousand pounds at the Derby, just as you and I would lay down twopence-halfpenny for half an ounce of Macabaw. Who has won these millions? Is it Mr. Crockford, or Mr. Bond, or Mr. Salon-des-Etrangers? (I do not call these latter gentlemen gamblers, for their speculation is a certainty); but who wins his money, and everybody else's money who plays and loses? Much money is staked in the absence of Mr. Crockford; many notes are given without the interference of the Bonds; there are hundreds of thousands of gamblers who are *étrangers* even to the *Salon des Etrangers*.

No, my dear sir, it is not in the public gambling houses that the money is lost: it is not in them that your virtue is chiefly in

danger. Better by half lose your income, your fortune, or your master's money, in a decent public hell, than in the private society of such men as my friend Captain Rook; but we are again and again digressing: the point is, is the Captain's trade a good one, and does it yield tolerably good interest for outlay and capital?

To the latter question first:—at this very season of May, when the rooks are very young, have you not, my dear friend, often tasted them in pies?—they are then so tender that you cannot tell the difference between them and pigeons. So, in like manner, our Rook has been in his youth undistinguishable from a pigeon. He does as he has been done by: yea, he has been plucked as even now he plucks his friend Mr. Frederick Pigeon. Say that he began the world with ten thousand pounds; every maravedi of this is gone; and may be considered as the capital which he has sacrificed to learn his trade. Having spent £10,000, then, or an annuity of £650, he must look to a larger interest for his money—say fifteen hundred, two thousand, or three thousand pounds, decently to repay his risk and labor. Besides the money sunk in the first place, his profession requires continual annual outlays; as thus—

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|---|---------------|----------|----------|
| Horses, carriages, (including Epsom, Goodwood, Ascot, &c.) | £500 | 0 | 0 |
| Lodgings, servants, and board | 350 | 0 | 0 |
| Watering-places, and touring | 300 | 0 | 0 |
| Dinners to give | 150 | 0 | 0 |
| Pocket-money | 150 | 0 | 0 |
| Gloves, handkerchiefs, perfumery, and tobacco (very moderate) | 150 | 0 | 0 |
| Tailor's bills (£100 say, never paid) | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| TOTAL | £1,600 | 0 | 0 |

I defy any man to carry on the profession in a decent way under the above sum: ten thousand sunk, and sixteen hundred annual expenses; no, it is *not* a good profession: it is *not* good interest for one's money: it is *not* a fair remuneration for a gentleman of birth, industry, and genius: and my friend Claptrap, who

growls about *his* pay, may bless his eyes that he was not born a gentleman and bred up to such an unprofitable calling as this. Considering his trouble, his outlay, his birth and breeding, the Captain is most wickedly and basely rewarded. And when he is obliged to retreat; when his hand trembles, his credit is fallen, his bills laughed at by every money-lender in Europe, his tailors rampant and inexorable—in fact, when the *coupe* of life will *sauter* for him no more—who will help the play-worn veteran? As Mitchell sings after Aristophanes—

“ In glory he was seen, when his years as yet *were green*;
But now when his dotage is on him,
God help him!—for no eye of those who pass him by,
Throws a look of compassion upon him.”

Who indeed will help him?—not his family, for he has bled his father, his uncle, his old grandmother; he has had slices out of his sisters' portions, and quarrelled with his brothers-in-law; the old people are dead; the young ones hate him, and will give him nothing. Who will help him?—not his friends; in the first place, my dear sir, a man's friends very seldom do; in the second place, it is Captain Rook's business not to keep but to give up his friends. His acquaintances do not last more than a year; the time, namely during which he is employed in plucking them; then they part. Pigeon has not a single feather left to his tail, and how should he help Rook, whom, *au reste*, he has learned to detest most cordially, and has found out to be a rascal? When Rook's ill day comes, it is simply because he has no more friends; he has exhausted them all; plucked every one clean as the palm of your hand. And to arrive at the conclusion, Rook has been spending sixteen hundred a year, and the prime of his life, and has moreover sunk ten thousand pounds! *Is* this a proper reward for a gentleman? I say it is a sin and a shame, that an English gentleman should be allowed thus to drop down the stream without a single hand to help him.

The moral of the above remarks, I take to be this: that black-

legging is as bad a trade as can be; and so let parents and guardians look to it, and not apprentice their children to such a villanous scurvy way of living.

It must be confessed, however, that there are some individuals who have for the profession such a natural genius that no entreaties or example of parents will keep them from it, and no restraint or occupation occasioned by another calling. They do what the Christians do not do; they leave all to follow their master, the devil; they cut friends, families, and good, thriving, profitable trades to put up with this one, that is both unthrifty and unprofitable. They are in regiments: ugly whispers about certain midnight games at blind-hookey, and a few odd bargains in horseflesh, are borne abroad, and Cornet Rook receives the gentlest hint in the world that he had better sell out. They are in counting-houses, with a promise of partnership, for which papa is to lay down a handsome premium; but the firm of Hobbs, Bobbs, and Higgory, can never admit a young gentleman who is a notorious gambler, is much oftener at the races than his desk, and has bills daily falling due at his private banker's. The father, that excellent man old Sam Rook, so well known on 'Change in the war-time, discovers, at the end of five years, that his son has spent rather more than the four thousand pounds intended for his partnership, and cannot, in common justice to his other thirteen children, give him a shilling more. A pretty pass for flash young Tom Rook, with four horses in the stables, a proteporaneous Mrs. Rook, very likely, in an establishment near the Regent's Park, and a bill for three hundred and seventy-five pounds coming due on the fifth of next month!

Sometimes young Rook is destined to the bar; and I am glad to introduce one of these gentlemen and his history to the notice of the reader.

He was the son of an amiable gentleman, the Reverend Athanasius Rook, who took high honors at Cambridge in the year 1;

was a fellow of Trinity in the year 2; and so continued a fellow and tutor of the College until a living fell vacant, on which he seized. It was only two hundred and fifty pounds a year; but the fact is, Athanasius was in love. Miss Gregory, a pretty demure simple governess at Miss Mickle's establishment for young ladies in Cambridge (where the reverend gentleman used often of late to take his tea), had caught the eye of the honest college tutor; and in Trinity walks, and up and down the Trumpington road, he walked with her (and another young lady of course), talked with her, and told his love.

Miss Gregory had not a rap, as might be imagined; but she loved Athanasius with her whole soul and strength, and was the most orderly, cheerful, tender, smiling, bustling, little wife that ever a country parson was blest withal. Athanasius took a couple of pupils at a couple of hundred guineas each, and so made out a snug income; aye, and laid by for a rainy day—a little portion for Harriet, when she should grow up and marry, and a help for Tom at college and at the bar. For you must know there were two little Rooks now crowing in the rookery; and very happy were father and mother, I can tell you, to put meat down their tender little throats. Oh, if ever a man was good and happy it was Athanasius: if ever a woman was happy and good, it was his wife: not the whole parish, not the whole county, not the whole kingdom, could produce such a snug rectory or such a pleasant *menage*.

Athanasius's fame as a scholar, too, was great; and as his charges were very high, and as he received but two pupils, there was, of course, much anxiety among wealthy parents to place their children under his care: Future squires, bankers, yea lords and dukes, came to profit by his instructions, and were led by him gracefully over the "Asses' bridge" into the sublime regions of mathematics, or through the syntax into the pleasant paths of classic lore.

In the midst of these companions, Tom Rook grew up; more fondled and petted, of course, than they; cleverer than they; as handsome, dashing, well-instructed a lad, for his years as ever went to college to be a senior wrangler, and went down without any such honor.

Fancy, then, our young gentleman installed at college, whither his father has taken him, and with fond veteran recollections has surveyed hall and grass-plots, and the old porter, and the old fountain, and the old rooms in which he used to live. Fancy the sobs of good little Mrs. Rook, as she parted with her boy; and the tears of sweet pale Harriet as she clung round his neck, and brought him (in a silver paper, slobbered with many tears) a little crimson silk purse, (with two guineas of her own in it, poor thing)! Fancy all this, and fancy young Tom, sorry too, but yet restless and glad, panting for the new life opening upon him; the freedom, the joy of the manly struggle for fame, which he vows he will win. Tom Rook, in other words, is installed at Trinity College, attends lectures, reads at home, goes to chapel, uses wine parties moderately, and bids fair to be one of the topmost men of his year.

Tom goes down for the Christmas vacation. (What a man he is grown, and how his sister and mother quarrel which shall walk with him down the village; and what stories the old gentleman lugs out with his old port, and how he quotes *Æschylus*, to be sure!) The pupils are away too, and the three have Tom in quiet. Alas! I fear the place has grown a little too quiet for Tom: however, he reads very stoutly of mornings; and sister Harriet peeps with a great deal of wonder into huge books of scribbling paper, containing many strange diagrams, and complicate arrangements of x 's and y 's.

May comes, and the college examinations: the delighted parent receives at breakfast, on the 10th of that month, two letters, as follows:

FROM THE REV. SOLOMON SNORTER TO THE REV. ATHANASIOS ROOK.

Trinity, May 10.

Dear Credo*—I wish you joy. Your lad is the best man of his year, and I hope in four more to see him at our table. In classics he is, my dear friend, *facile princeps*; in mathematics he was run hard (*entre nous*) by a lad of the name of Snick, a Westmoreland man and a sizer. We must keep up Thomas to his mathematics, and I have no doubt we shall make a fellow and a wrangler of him.

I send you his college bill, £105 10s.; rather heavy, but this is the first term, and that you know is expensive: I shall be glad to give you a receipt for it. By the way, the young man is *rather* too fond of amusement, and lives with a very expensive set. Give him a lecture on this score.—Yours,

SOL. SNORTER.

Next comes Mr. Tom Rook's own letter, it is long, modest; we only give the postscript:

P.S.—Dear father, I forgot to say that, as I live in the very best set in the University (Lord Bagwig, the Duke's eldest son you know, vows he will give me a living), I have been led into one or two expenses which will frighten you: I lost £30 to the honorable Mr. Deucease (a son of Lord Crabs) at Bagwig's, the other day at dinner; and owe £54 more for deserts and hiring horses, which I can't send into Snorter's bill.† Hiring horses is so deuced expensive; next term I must have a nag of my own, that's positive.

The reverend Athanasios read the postscript with much less gusto than the letter: however, Tom has done his duty, and the old gentleman won't balk his pleasure; so he sends him £100, with a "God bless you!" and Mamma adds, in a postscript, that "he must always keep well with his aristocratic friends, for he was made only for the best society."

A year or two passes on: Tom comes home for the vacations, but Tom is sadly changed; he has grown haggard and pale. At the second year's examination (owing to an unlucky illness) Tom was not classed at all; and Snick, the Westmorland man, has carried everything before him. Tom drinks more after dinner

* This is most probably a joke on the Christian name of Mr. Rook.

† It is, or was, the custom for young gentlemen of Cambridge to have unlimited credit with tradesmen, whom the college tutors paid, and then sent the bills to the parents of the young men.

than his father likes; he is always riding about and dining in the neighborhood, and coming home, quite odd, his mother says—ill-humored, unsteady on his feet, and husky in his talk. The reverend Athanasius begins to grow very, very grave; they have high words, even, the father and son; and oh! how Harriet and her mother tremble and listen at the study door, when these disputes are going on!

The last term of Tom's under-graduateship arrives; he is in ill health, but he will make a mighty effort to retrieve himself for his degree; and early in the cold winter's morning—late, late at night—he toils over his books: and the end is that, a month before the examinations, Thomas Rook, esquire, has a brain fever, and Mrs. Rook, and Miss Rook, and the Reverend Athanasius Rook, are all lodging at the Hoop, an inn in Cambridge-town, and day and night round the couch of poor Tom.

* * * * *

Oh, sin! woe, repentance, Oh, touching reconciliation and burst of tears on the part of son and father, when one morning at the parsonage, after Tom's recovery, the old gentleman produced a bundle of receipts, and says, with a broken voice, "There, boy, don't be vexed about your debts. Boys will be boys, I know, and I have paid all demands." Everybody cries in the house at this news, the mother and daughter most profusely, even Mrs. Stokes, the old housekeeper, who shakes master's hand, and actually kisses Mr. Tom.

Well, Tom begins to read a little for his fellowship, but in vain; he is beaten by Mr. Snick, the Westmoreland man. He has no hopes of a living; Lord Bagwig's promises were all moonshine. Tom must go to the bar; and his father, who has long left off taking pupils, must take them again, to support his son in London.

Why tell you what happens when there? Tom lives at the west end of the town, and never goes near the Temple; Tom goes to Ascot and Epsom along with his great friends; Tom has a long bill with Mr. Rymell, another long bill with Mr. Nugee;

he gets into the hands of the Jews—and his father rushes up to London on the outside of the coach to find Tom in a spunging house in Cursitor Street—the nearest approach he has made to the Temple since his three years' residence in London.

I don't like to tell you the rest of the history. The reverend Athanasius was not immortal, and he died a year after his visit to the spunging house, leaving his son exactly one farthing, and his wife one hundred pounds a year, with remainder to his daughter. But, Heaven bless you! the poor things would never allow Tom to want while they had plenty, and they sold out and sold out the three thousand pounds until, at the end of three years, there did not remain one single stiver of them; and now Miss Harriet is a governess, with sixty pounds a year, supporting her mother, who lives upon fifty.

As for Tom, he is a regular *leg* now—leading the life already described. When I met him last it was at Baden, where he was on a professional tour, with a carriage, a courier, a valet, a confederate and a case of pistols. He has been in five duels, he has killed a man who spoke lightly about his honor; and at French or English hazard, at billards, at whist, at loo, *écarté*, blind hook-ey, drawing straws, or beggar-my-neighbor, he will cheat you—cheat you for a hundred pounds or for a guinea, and murder you afterwards, if you like.

Abroad, our friend takes military rank, and calls himself Captain Rook: when asked of what service, he says he was with Don Carlos or queen Christine; and certain it is that he was absent for a couple of years nobody knows where; he may have been with General Evans, or he may have been at the Sainte Pelagie in Paris, as some people vow he was.

We must wind up this paper with some remarks concerning poor little Pigeon. Vanity has been little Pigeon's failing through life. He is a linendraper's son, and has been left with money: and the silly fashionable works that he has read, and the silly female relatives that he has—(N. B. All young men with money

have silly, flattering she-relatives)—and the silly trips which he has made to watering-places, where he has scraped acquaintance with the Honorable Tom Mountcoffeehouse, Lord Ballyhooly, the celebrated German Prince, Sweller Mobskau, and their like (all Captain Rooks in their way), have been the ruin of him.

I have not the slightest pity in the world for little Pigeon. Look at him! See in what absurd finery the little prig is dressed. Wine makes his poor little head ache, but he will drink because it is manly. In mortal fear, he puts himself behind a curvetting camel-leopard of a cab horse; or perched on the top of a prancing dromedary, is borne through Rotten Row, when he would give the world to be on his own sofa, or with his own mamma and sisters, over a quiet pool of commerce and a cup of tea. How riding does scarify his poor little legs; and shakes his poor little sides! Smoking, how it does turn his little stomach inside out! and yet smoke he will: Sweller Mobskau smokes; Mountcoffeehouse don't mind a cigar; and as for Ballyhooly, he will puff you a dozen in a day, and says very truly that Pontet won't supply him with near such good ones as he sells Pigeon. The fact is, that Pontet vowed seven year ago not to give his lordship a sixpence more credit; and so the good-natured nobleman always helps himself out of Pigeon's box.

On the shoulders of these aristocratical individuals, Mr. Pigeon is carried into certain clubs, or perhaps we should say he walks into them, by the aid of these "legs." But they keep him always to themselves. Captains Rooks must rob in company; but of course the greater the profits, the fewer the partners must be. Three are positively requisite, however, as every reader must know who has played a game at whist: number one to be Pigeon's partner, and curse his stars at losing, and propose higher play, and "settle" with number two; number three to transact business with Pigeon, and drive him down to the city to sell out. We have known an instance or two where, after a very good night's work, number three has bolted with the winnings altogether, but the practice is

dangerous; not only disgraceful to the profession, but it cuts up your own chance afterwards, as no one will act with you. There is only one occasion on which such a manœuvre is allowable. Many are sick of the profession, and desirous to turn honest men; in this case when you can get a good coup, five thousand say, bolt without scruple. One thing is clear, the other men must be mum, and you can live at Vienna comfortably on the interest of five thousand pounds.

Well then, in the society of these amiable confederates little Pigeon goes through that period of time which is necessary for the purpose of plucking him. To do this, you must not, in most cases, tug at the feathers so as to hurt him, else he may be frightened, and hop away to somebody else: nor, generally speaking, will the feathers come out so easily at first as they will when he is used to it, and then they drop in handfuls. Nor need you have the least scruple in so causing the little creature to moult artificially; if you don't somebody else will: a Pigeon goes into the world fated, as Chateaubriand says—

Pigeon, il va subir le sort de tout pigeon.

He *must* be plucked; it is the purpose for which nature has formed him: if you, Captain Rook, do not perform the operation on a green table lighted by two wax candles, and with two packs of cards to operate with, some other Rook will: are there not railroads, and Spanish bonds, and bituminous companies, and Cornish tin mines, and old dowagers with daughters to marry? If you leave him, Rook of Birchin Lane will have him as sure as fate; if Rook of Birchin Lane don't hit him, Rook of the Stock Exchange will blaze away both barrels at him, which, if the poor trembling flutterer escape, he will fly over and drop into the rookery, where dear old swindling Lady Rook and her daughters will find him, and nestle him in their bosoms, and in that soft place pluck him, until he turns out as naked as a cannon ball.

Be not thou scrupulous, O Captain! seize on Pigeon; pluck

him gently but boldly; but above all, never let him go. If he is a stout cautious bird, of course *you* must be more cautious; if he is excessively silly and scared, perhaps the best way is just to take him round the neck at once, and strip the whole stock of plumage from his back.

The feathers of the human pigeon being thus violently abstracted from him, no others supply their place: and yet I do not pity him. He is now only undergoing the destiny of pigeons, and is, I do believe, as happy in his plucked as in his feathery state. He cannot purse out his breast, and bury his head, and fan his tail, and strut in the sun as if he were a turkey-cock. Under all those fine airs and feathers, he was but what he is now, a poor little meek, silly, cowardly bird, and his state of pride is not a whit more natural to him than his fallen condition. He soon grows used to it. He is too great a coward to despair; much too mean to be frightened because he must live by doing meanness. He is sure, if he cannot fly, to fall somehow or other on his little miserable legs: on these he hops about, and manages to live somewhere in his own mean way. He has but a small stomach, and doesn't mind what food he puts into it. He sponges on his relatives; or else, just before his utter ruin, he marries and has nine children (and such a family *always* lives); he turns bully, most likely, takes to drinking, and beats his wife, who supports him or takes to drinking too; or he gets a little place, a very little place: you hear he has some tide-waitership, or is clerk to some new milk company, or is lurking about a newspaper. He dies, and a subscription is raised for the Widow Pigeon, and we look no more to find a likeness of him in his children, who are as a new race. Blessed are ye little ones, for ye are born in poverty, and may bear it, or surmount it, and die rich. But woe to the Pigeons of this earth, for they are born rich that they may die poor.

The end of Captain Rook—for we must bring both him and the paper to an end—is not more agreeable, but somewhat more

manly and majestic than the conclusion of Mr. Pigeon. If you walk over to the Queen's Bench Prison, I would lay a wager that a dozen such are to be found there in a moment. They have a kind of lucifer-look with them, and stare at you with fierce, twinkling, crow-footed eyes; or grin from under huge grizzly moustaches, as they walk up and down in their tattered brocades. What a dreadful activity is that of a madhouse, or a prison!—a dreary flagged court-yard, a long dark room, and the inmates of it, like the inmates of the menagerie-cages, ceaselessly walking up and down! Mary Queen of Scots says very touchingly:—

Pour mon mal estrange
Je ne m'arreste en place;
Mais, j'en ay beau changer
Si ma douleur n'efface!

Up and down, up and down—the inward woe seems to spur the body onwards; and I think in both madhouse and prison you will find plenty of specimens of our Captain Rook. It is fine to mark him under the pressure of this woe, and see how fierce he looks when stirred up by the long pole of memory. In these asylums, the Rooks end their lives; or, more happy, they die miserably in a miserable provincial town abroad, and for the benefit of coming Rooks they commonly die early: you as seldom hear of an old Rook (practising his trade) as of a rich one. It is a short-lived trade; not merry, for the gains are most precarious, and perpetual doubt and dread are not pleasant accompaniments of a profession:—not agreeable either, for though Captain Rook does not mind *being* a scoundrel, no man likes to be considered as such, and as such, he knows very well, does the world consider Captain Rook:—not profitable, for the expenses of the trade swallow up all the profits of it, and in addition leave the bankrupt with certain habits that have become as nature to him, and which, to live, he must gratify. I know no more miserable wretch than our Rook in his autumn days, at dismal Calais or Boulogne,

or at the Bench yonder, with a whole load of diseases and wants, that have come to him in the course of his profession; the diseases and wants of sensuality, always pampered, and now agonising for lack of its unnatural food; the mind, which *must* think now, and has only bitter recollections, mortified ambitions, and unavailing scoundrelisms to con over! Oh, Captain Rook! what nice “chums” do you take with you into prison; what pleasant companions of exile follow you over the *fines patriæ*, or attend, the only watchers, round your miserable deathbed!

My son, be not a Pigeon in thy dealings with the world:—but it is better to be a Pigeon than a Rook.

THE SPORTING GENTLEMAN.

BY NIMROD.

HUNTING has been called "a remnant of ancient barbarism;" and so called by one who, no doubt, called himself a clever fellow. The blockhead! The antiquity of the Goths is nothing to it; we scarcely travel over half a dozen pages of the Bible ere the sport begins.—"And Esau went to the field to hunt for venison," says the author of the twenty-seventh chapter of Genesis. Perhaps he did so from necessity; but that this pastime—which doubtless it soon became—seized on the affections of men beyond any other, is evident from its having stood the test of so many ages, improving as it were, in each, without any one venturing to attack what has such high authority to support it. As has been elegantly said of it, "it has (with us) long since become the great and exhilarating characteristic of the English country gentleman, transmitted by his ancestors to the present generation, equally pure and unimpaired with the glorious constitution under which he lives." We wish Solomon had tried it. He is said to have found the pleasures in women, wine, fine houses, fine gardens, gold, silver, and music, to be vanity and vexation of spirit: would that he had tried fox-hunting!

But to be serious. Field sports are congenial with the habits and taste of Englishmen, as well as peculiarly suited to their native pith and pluck; they have, in fact, a natural tendency to inspire and promote manly spirits, and a free and generous conduct; whilst in the present state of society amongst the upper classes, they may be said to afford the only effectual counterbalance to the allurements of great towns and their consequences. Then, on



THE SPORTING GENTLEMAN.

— The breed of noble bloods.

Julius Caesar.

the score of *health*, which is said to raise us above man and fate. Cowley says:—

“*Here health itself doth live,
That salt of life which doth to all a relish give.*”

Look into the face of the Sporting Gentleman, and compare him with the town voluptuary—a sort of walking quagmire, with joints like rusty hinges. As the brightness of the flame consumes the fuel, so is he worn out long ere he attains the age of man; and how should it be otherwise? Independently of his dividing his time between an anxious conscience and a nauseated stomach the very make and composure of the human system *demand* motion and exercise for its relief and preservation, and it will not go on regularly and well without them; and as action is natural and necessary, it is as pleasant as it is useful. Indolence is, in fact, the bane of repose, whereas exercise and fresh air produce easiness of mind, joined with clearness and strength of thought that fit us for anything of which we are capable, to say nothing of the truism—that the devil always employs an idle man.

It is true, there have been objections made to hunting; the most powerful of any, perhaps, by Addison, as resisting our compassion for the brute creation. A Frenchman, M. Pascal, says no man goes a-hunting unless it be to fly away from his thoughts; whilst Virgil, in his tenth Eclogue, makes Gallus fly to it, to relieve his love for his lost mistress, all other expedients having failed; no small recommendation, by the way, to its all-engrossing powers. But what value has the opinion of a Frenchman of Monsieur Pascal's day, on the merits or demerits of the chase? We might as well apply to a Parisian for his notions of a pastoral, which seldom extend beyond a court; or to Sir Fopling Flutter, who considered all beyond Hyde Park Corner to have been a desert. Virgil was a Sporting Gentleman, and so was Pliny the Consul, both of whom extol the chase; and Horace speaks in disgust of an effeminate young Roman, who had given up the pur-

suit of manly and invigorating exercises; and, to crown all, Xenophon calls hunting a princely sport—*the gift of the gods!*

Divines, it is true, in their dark metaphysics, have been severe on hunting, and most others of our manly pursuits. By a perverse application of passages in the Old Testament, as well as from a corrupt interpretation of Evangelic precepts, the retirement and abstraction of a monastic life was represented as the state most favorable to virtue; but, happily for mankind, the more liberal use of reason has dispelled such mistaken notions. Providence never could have designed that this world should be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man should be voluntarily involved in gloom and melancholy.

“What more grateful to the ear,
Than the voice that speaks to cheer?”

They forget that recreation is an essential part of life, inasmuch as it gives us strength to fulfil the duties of it; nay, further, it has been insisted upon by some, that to occupy one part of life in serious and important occupations, it is necessary to spend the other in amusements. Then, again, hunting is said to be the most threadbare of all threadbare subjects for the pen. This assertion is untrue. It cannot be unpoetical, for it holds out an opportunity to expatiate on the beauties of Nature, with which, Milton says, the devil himself was pleased.

The great Lord Falkland pitied an unlearned gentleman on rainy days—a censure generally applied to Sportsmen. It is true, that the Squire Western of his day was little better than an illiterate brute in the morning, and a drunken sot in the evening; such, however, is not the case now. But, let us proceed to a description of the Sporting Gentleman.

The Sporting Gentleman is for the most part of comely appearance, his countenance and frame denoting health and cheerfulness, and cheerful he generally is. And a rare virtue is cheerfulness;—it makes more friends than learning and wit into the bargain:

in fact, it was a proverb among the ancients, that a man who can laugh heartily, will never cut your throat. It is malice and cunning that render him serious. It may be said of him, indeed, what Cicero said of Catiline—that he lives with the young, pleasantly; with the old, gravely;—that is to say, he is well bred enough to put all his friends and acquaintances at their ease. He abhors over-refinement, which he considers but a mark for profligacy, heartlessness, and insincerity; and often thinks what old Fabricius would say, were he to rise from the grave, and witness the over-strained and unnatural state of a great portion of the fashionable society of the present age. His house, however, abounds with everything tending to convenience and comfort: partly with reference to his station and family, and also with a view to the repose necessary to himself and friends, after a good day's sport.

In his general conduct—in his transactions with the world—the Sporting Gentleman has a scrupulous regard to truth, with the most religious attention to fulfil every engagement he may enter into, which is the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman. He has, in fact, been educated in the schools of honor—those of Eton and Christchurch, or others of equal note—which have inculcated the most delicate sensibility with respect to these points. But let us look a little closer into his character.

It is a singular fact, that there are thousands of country gentlemen possessing their thousands per annum, but who are scarcely known beyond the precincts of their own county. It is not so with the Sporting Gentleman. He is almost universally known by name and reputation, and not only in his native country, but on the continent. When Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith was presented to Napoleon at his court, he exclaimed, "*Ah! le grand chasseur d' Angleterre.*" And it does not require a man to be a master of fox-hounds, by which his name so frequently appears in the newspapers, to be thus known. The mere fact of his being an accomplished Sportsman and horseman is sufficient to

blazon him to the world. Where is the English gentleman who never heard of the late Lord Forrester and Lord Delamere, when they rejoiced in the less distinguished appellations of "Cecil Forrester," and "Tom Cholmondley?" And what raised them to the peerage? Why, in great part, their celebrity in the hunting field, which introduced them to the friendship of George IV, added to that of half the nobility of England.

The Sporting Gentleman seldom entangles himself in the thorny mazes of politics—at all events, he is never found amongst the daring apostles of Utopian liberty, and would as soon see the devil at his table, as Joseph Hume or Daniel O'Connell. He is, however, a thorough loyal subject, and in former days his usual daily toast was, "Church and King, and *down with the Rump.*" Refinement has robbed him of his toast, but the sentiment is still cherished by the Sporting Gentleman.

The Sporting Gentleman is a great admirer of the female sex, and, if married, his wife is generally what is called a fine woman. His eye, being accustomed to regard the points of the brute creation, does not overlook them in woman, knowing that, on the principle of "like producing like," it is hopeless to look for fine and healthy progeny from an ugly, ill-formed mother. The Sporting Gentleman is also proud of his wife: takes her to London for a few weeks in the spring, as well as to all the races and race-balls in his neighborhood; but, as he prefers the air of the country, and well-ventilated apartments to the heated saloons of London, his stay in the metropolis is short.

The Sporting Gentleman is very fond of his children, and puts them on horseback as soon as they can stride a saddle. He sends his sons to Eton for two seasons. He is partial to the Eton grammar, in the first place; and in the next, he was himself at Eton. He afterwards sends them to Oxford—where he also was—and to Christchurch, although warned by a friend of the expense. "I will make the sacrifice," is his answer, "for I wish my sons to be gentlemen." Should he have three, the second

succeeds to the family advowson, and the third generally enters the army. The law is suggested as a fine field for the third, but the father has at once an answer, having recourse to poetry for a clincher:—

“Tom struts a soldier—open, bold, and brave;
Will sneaks a scrivener—an exceeding knave.”

The daughters of the Sporting Gentleman are educated at home by a governess and other necessary instructors. He is too good a judge to send them to a boarding school, having been let into some of the proceedings of those seminaries as they are called—and not inaptly, inasmuch as they are the seed-plots of vice—by his wife. He also puts them on horseback at an early age, esteeming riding an accomplishment, but confines their excursions to the road. He has objections to their hunting; first, because he considers it not unattended with danger: secondly, his experience of the cover's side has taught him that it is not always the court of Diana.

The daughters of the Sporting Gentleman are generally much admired by the opposite sex, in great measure the consequence of their very healthy appearance, for there is nothing of voluptuousness about a woman without the display of good health. But the fact is, not only have the errors in the physical education of the body, in what Dr. Beddoes calls “the manufacturing them into ladies,” been avoided,—such as pinching them off in the middle by tight lacing and so forth; but the preternatural forcing of their intellectual faculties, to the destruction of the vital energy of their frames, and the banishment of the bloom on the cheek has not been resorted to by these country-bred-ladies,—and ladies they really are, notwithstanding the apparent laxity of their discipline, when compared with other systems. The daughters of the Sporting Gentleman are seldom cut off by consumption in the very budding of their womanhood, if not in still earlier life,

but live to become mothers themselves, imparting a healthy offspring to posterity, untainted by hereditary disease.

The Sporting Gentleman is always an agriculturist to a certain extent, and often to a very considerable one, assisted in his operations by a Scotch bailiff, being aware that none other will keep his land clean, and consequently productive, forasmuch as it cannot produce corn and weeds at the same time. He prides himself on his cattle and sheep, and now and then exhibits at the Smithfield show. In nine cases out of ten he is a liberal landlord, and from the following considerations. First, being himself a practical man, he knows what can be done on a farm; and, also, if the occupier is too highly taxed for rent, he is aware he cannot do justice to it. Secondly, his pursuits in life bringing him oftentimes in contact with his tenants, he has a feeling for their welfare beyond that of the mere landlord. They are brother sportsmen, in fact, and a bond of social union exists between them and their families, of great moral strength.

The Sporting Gentleman is a kind master to his servants—several of them being considered as heir-looms on the estate—descending from father to son, and dying in the service of the latter, or retiring on the fruits of their service. But he keeps a tight hand upon them, those in his stables especially—the high condition of his hunters, as well as the neat “turn out” of his equipages, being a grand consideration with him. Experience has taught him two lessons touching this matter,—the one, that servants like soldiers, under a relaxed system of mastership, are never really good; the other, that a good master makes good servants, kindness having more influence than fear.

The Sporting Gentleman prides himself on keeping what is called a good house—and in the real John Bull acceptance of this term—not a grand display in the family dining-room, with scantiness in the servants’ hall, but plenty everywhere, and to “comers and goers” as well. Still, without condescending to enter into the minutiae of the butlery and the pantry, his injunctions

are, that there be no wilful waste. The butler looks to it in his department, and over the kitchen chimney-piece is this seasonable hint in letters six inches in length,—“Want not; waste not.” Neither are the poor of his neighborhood forgotten by the Sporting Gentleman. Broken victuals and soup are served out to them twice a week through the winter, from his kitchen; and he gladdens their hearts at Christmas by a distribution of meat and coals, in addition to articles of female apparel, suitable to the season, by his lady.

The Sporting Gentleman gives a dinner to his tenants twice a year, at his rent days, and often presides at it himself. This latter point, however, is immaterial; he does what is much more beneficial to them and to his neighbors; he drops great part of the money he receives on the spot on which it is produced, in lieu of taking it to enrich strangers who neither know, nor care a rush for himself or any one belonging to him.

The Sporting Gentleman is oftentimes in parliament, and then generally for the county in which he lives. He is called upon by his station to go there, although it be not much to his taste; but when he does go, he goes as his hunter goes over the country, *with his head at liberty*; he will not stand a martingal. In other words he will suffer no one—not even the “unwashed”—to tell him how he is to act, or for or against what he is to vote. Neither is party his object. He wants no favors, the good of the country being his chief aim. In fact, he courts not popularity at its expense; he is too proud to do it:—

— “This, my prize, I never shall forego;
This, who but touches, warriors, is my foe.”

The Sporting Gentleman is on the Turf. That is, he has two or three thorough-bred brood mares, and runs their produce at the neighboring races—say, within a radius of fifty miles. Racing, with him, however, is only a secondary pursuit. Still, as far as he goes, he enters into it with spirit. He gives large sums for

mares of the most fashionable blood, knowing that to breed from any other is to incur certain loss; and he selects the best stud-horses to breed from, regardless of the heavy expense. He is proud of his paddocks, which he has planned himself after the newest system, being about a fourth of the size of those in his father's time; and his young racing stock are fed chiefly on dry food, by which they are forced into size and form, and as such have generally the best of their neighbors. He does not back them at the post beyond a few pounds, still less attempt to make what is called "a Book," and this for two reasons. First—he is aware that there are very long odds against him, or against any other private gentleman on a race-course. Secondly, he is well assured that not one man in a thousand possesses the powers of calculation sufficient to enable him to make a winning-book; and lastly, it is not congenial with his feelings.* He considers it *infra dig.* to be in constant communication with a most disreputable order in society—the public betting-men of the day.

The Sporting Gentleman, however, occasionally performs the office of gentleman-jockey, at some of our first private race-meetings, and occasionally at public ones, for stakes whose articles express that the riders of the horses should be gentlemen. And he will take great pains to prepare himself for this office, either on his own account, or to serve a friend, whose horse he may be asked to ride. He will go through the regular process of training, by severe exercise, for wind, and of reducing his weight by fasting, each of which is no small sacrifice to those who have not been accustomed to any compulsory exertions and self-denials. Ambition, however, has something to do with all this; he is proud of, and anxious to display his fine horsemanship, and the winning a

* It is a curious fact, that men who come under the true denomination of *Sportsmen*, are seldom ardent admirers of the Turf. On the day of the last Epsom Derby, three masters of fox-hounds, namely, Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith, the Earl of Kintore, and the Honorable Colonel Lowther, remained in London.

race, by a head, for a friend, is esteemed one of the most gratifying events of his life.

The Sporting Gentleman is proud of exhibiting his stables and their contents; and on the arrival of his sporting acquaintance and friends at his hall, the first walk is to his stables. The superior condition of his horses is his principal boast on these occasions; and it has been his aim to make as many converts as he can to the means by which it has been obtained, out of his regard to that noble animal, the horse, and from a wish to diminish his sufferings. Add to this, he urges this means—the in-door treatment of hunters in the summer—on the score of economy, assuring his friends, that five hunters so treated will do the work of six of those which have been summered in the fields, as was formerly the practice pursued by ninety-nine sportsmen in a hundred, to the destruction of a third of their studs by either accidents or diseases, of both of which it was the most prolific source.

Amongst other pastimes, the Sporting Gentleman is fond of what is termed “The Road;” and if he have not (as several of his genus have) a regular team of coach-horses at work all the year round, he generally contrives to make up what is called a “scratch team” in the summer—some of his hunters, who have rather lost their pace, contributing towards it. And he patronises “The Road” and all that belongs to it. A mail and a stage-coach pass daily through his nearest village, at a certain public-house in which a refreshing glass is always ready, at his expense, for the coachmen and guards. He also directs his attention to the state of the roads in his neighborhood; and to his countenance and presence are to be attributed sundry improvements and ameliorations in the important operations of travelling.

The Sporting Gentleman has once in his life been abroad—a foreign tour having been considered by his father an essential part of an English gentleman’s education. But the continent is little to his taste; he misses the comforts of his hall, and the habits and pursuits of the people are at variance with his own.

The Sporting Gentleman is a preserver of game in his covers and woods, for the amusement of himself and his friends; but a still stricter preserver of foxes—finding from experience, that game and foxes can be preserved together, on the same spot. But he is not content with the tame diversion afforded by partridges and pheasants; he visits Scotland in the August month, which, from the wildness of the quarry, is quite in unison with his idea of wherein the perfection of shooting consists. Neither is he content with grouse; but, with rifle in hand, pursues the stag of the forest, and has been known to kill from his own shoulder, upwards of sixty of those animals in one year—a feat that has been performed by the celebrated Captain Ross, Rossie Castle, N. B. He looks upon deer-stalking as the fox-hunting of shooting; and, on his return home, amuses his family and friends with a recital of what he has done. And he has a fine field for the descriptive. The majestic scenery of the Highlands; the motions of the deer under every variety of pursuit and danger; their sagacity and self-possession; their courage and noble bearing; the bay; the method in which they are prepared for being taken home; and many other particulars relating to their natural history and habits, are themes worthy of any man's tongue or pen.*

The Sporting Gentleman visits Melton Mowbray generally once in the year, for a longer or shorter period, as circumstances may direct; and occasionally spends the entire hunting-season in that emporium of fox-hunting. In the latter case, he is called upon to open his purse-strings, and increase the strength of his stud to the number of fourteen,—less not being sufficient for six days' hunting in each week, which the circumstance of there being three packs of foxhounds within daily reach of that town, enables him to avail himself of. And he is likewise called upon to make

* Should any of the readers of the "HEADS OF THE PEOPLE" be inclined to be initiated into the rudiments and mysteries of this noble sport, we recommend them the perusal of Mr. Scrope's elegant work, published last year by Mr. Murray.

another addition to his establishment—namely, a first-rate *man* cook. Mrs. Jennings is all very well—a top-sawyer, indeed, in the provincials,—but she will not do for Melton Mowbray. “*Nil ibi plebeium*,” and next to a slow horse, nothing is less in character with the place than the animal so often sought after by housekeepers in other parts of the world, where the palate is not so refined,—namely, “the good plain cook.”

It often happens that the Sporting Gentleman is himself the master of foxhounds; let us, then, look at him in that character. His heart and soul are in the whole thing, and he devotes half his time to it at least, forasmuch as, without the master's eye, and *that the eye of a sportsman*, a failure in some department of the undertaking is the natural and inevitable consequence. His object is to show sport to his field; to give satisfaction to the country; and in his endeavors to do so, he spares neither his purse nor his pains. Still, he does not launch out into unnecessary and ruinous expenses, it being his intention to continue to keep his hounds as long as he is able to follow them; and, not like Actæon of old, to be devoured by them in the prime of his days. Four thousand pounds a-year, then, is the sum he appropriates for the purpose, should he not accept a subscription; and he finds that, with good management, it will cover all expenses for four days' hunting in each week, and occasionally a bye-day. And such it should do; it is a large sum to pay chiefly for the amusement of others, and what no human being on earth, except a native of Great Britain, would ever dream of paying. Sancho Panza considered sporting pleasant when at other people's expense; and we are so far of his opinion, that except in cases of vast land possessions, all masters of foxhounds should be assisted by a subscription; and we say this from the knowledge of the great sacrifice of property that has already been made to the keeping of foxhounds; in some instances, indeed, to the irretrievable ruin of the too liberal individuals. But, referring to those who could afford the outlay which we have now stated as the annual

charge of an efficient fox-hunting establishment, some curious facts may be related. It is well known that one celebrated sportsman, lately deceased, was the owner of foxhounds for fifty-seven years; here has been the immense sum of two hundred and twenty-eight thousand pounds expended by one man, in one pursuit, supposing the above annual sum to have been disbursed in the charges attending it. We could name a dozen masters of foxhounds for thirty consecutive years, at their own cost, each of which must have expended one hundred and twenty thousand pounds in the course of that period, and on the above-named account! Should fox-hunting be put an end to in this country—which, despite of evil forebodings, we hope it may not—and another century be completed ere the pen of the historian should record the doings of the present, the foregoing statement might go far towards shaking the faith of the reader in the veracity of the writer.

The hounds of the Sporting Gentleman are bred by himself with the greatest care, his idea on that subject being that nothing should be esteemed as characteristic of a species but what is found amongst the best and most perfect individuals of that species. He breeds largely, therefore, to enable him to draft his pack closely, and thus avoid the almost certain disappointment of entering hounds at all faulty in their make—at least, in points that are found to be essential to hard work. Whether or not he performs the office of huntsman to his own hounds—so much the custom of late years—depends on circumstances. Carthage produced but one Hannibal, and Great Britain is somewhat tardy in giving birth to men eminently qualified for this difficult task; and he may be of opinion that it might be more satisfactory to his field to trust it to the hands of a well-instructed servant. Should he, however, undertake it, he resembles not the Baronet in Humphrey Clinker, who commenced hunting without having served an apprenticeship to the mysteries of it, but brings to his aid the experience of at least a dozen years in the difficult science of the chase; and difficult it is, as all those who have given their time

and attention to it, will testify. On this subject, there is a remarkable passage in one of the letters of Pliny the Consul.—“I employ myself,” says he, “at my Tuscan villa, in hunting and studying, sometimes alternately, and sometimes both together; but I am not yet able to determine in which of these pursuits it is most difficult to succeed.” On another occasion, he tells a friend, how much the chase contributes to enliven the imagination, and elegantly assures him, he “will find Minerva as fond of traversing the hills as Diana.”

It may be objected, that I have drawn too flattering a picture of the Sporting Gentleman. Let me hasten, then, to disabuse the minds of such of my readers as may be of this opinion. The Sporting Gentleman is very far from immaculate—perfection is not the lot of humanity:—

“Virtue and vice in the same man are found,
And now they gain, and now they lose their ground.”

Still, as regards his morality, he is generally on a par with his neighbors. At all events, there is nothing demoralising in his pursuits; on the contrary, the pastimes of the Sportsman have been found to be public benefits in more ways than one; and his example in the field is not without its effect. We have no slight authority for saying that the hearts of those men which are capable of being strung up to a high pitch of enthusiasm and determination in the chase—which is called the image of war—would fit them to lead columns in their country’s battles; at the same time that they are found to possess, in the softer moments of relaxation and enjoyment, certain chords which vibrate the sweetest notes of pleasure; and the former of these positions is substantiated by the testimony of military officers, who have so often asserted that in the battle-field the most daring and gallant soldiers have been those which have been accustomed to field-sports.* Neither does the Sporting Gentleman spend his time in

* General Sir Hussey Vivian expressed himself very much to this purpose, a few years back, in his place in the House of Commons.

counteracting happiness; and, as Johnson has it, "filling the world with wrong and danger, confusion and remorse." The converse is the case; the pursuits he indulges in promote happiness by finding employment for vast numbers of the community, both in trade and in servitude, and they are known to be the lion supporters of the agriculturist by the great demand for horses, and consequently for the produce of their land for their support. Let us hope, then, that although changes are gradually introduced by time in the habits and modes of thinking of mankind; and, notwithstanding the refinement of modern manners may contract, as it has done, the circle of, and abate the general ardor for, the sports of the field, room may still be found for the enjoyment of the manly pursuits of the chase; and also that the flagging spirit which has lately shown itself, may be revived by the generation that is to succeed us. As I have already observed, they have stood their ground from the earliest times: have been encouraged in all ages and by the greatest of men; and cannot, therefore, now be supposed to dread censure or need support. They had their origin in Nature. And we have a pleasing foreboding that our hopes on this subject will be realised. The illustrious consort of our gracious Queen is a sportsman; and although, as the poet says—

"Who, from the morning's brightest ray,
Can promise what will be the day;"

We have a fair promise here, that by his example and influence, the sports of the field, in the country which has adopted him, will be upheld in their pristine vigor. And Prince Albert will find his account in this. It was one of the qualifications bestowed by Xenophon on his Cyrus, that he was a sportsman; and if the Scripture Nimrod had not been a sportsman, he would not have been a king. Add to this, all sportsmen are popular; and the historian, Sallust, has assured us that neither armies nor gold can preserve princes on their thrones;—they must reign in the affections of their people.

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THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Her complexion was fair, a little injured by the sun, but overspread with such a bloom, that the finest ladies would have exchanged all their white for it.

— J. G. B. —

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THERE'S a world of buxom beauty flourishing in the shades of the country. Farm-houses are dangerous places. As you are thinking only of sheep, or of curds, you may be suddenly shot through by a pair of bright eyes, and melted away in a bewitching smile that you never dreamt of till the mischief was done. In towns, and theatres, and thronged assemblies of the rich and the titled fair, you are on your guard; you know what you are exposed to, and put on your breast-plates, and pass through the most deadly onslaught of beauty—safe and sound. But in those sylvan retreats, dreaming of nightingales, and hearing only the lowing of oxen, you are taken by surprise. Out steps a fair creature, crosses a glade, leaps a stile; you start, you stand—lost in wonder and astonished admiration; you take out your tablet to write a sonnet on the return of the nymphs and dryades to earth, when up comes John Tompkins, and says, “It’s only the Farmer’s Daughter!” What? have farmers such daughters now-a-days? Yes. I tell you they have such daughters—those farm-houses are dangerous places. Let no man with a poetical imagination, which is but another name for a very tindery heart, flatter himself with fancies of the calm delights of the country; with the serene idea of sitting with the farmer in his old-fashioned chimney-corner, and hearing him talk of corn and mutton—of joining him in the pensive pleasures of a pipe, and brown jug of October; of listening to the gossip of the comfortable farmer’s wife; of the parson and his family, of his sermons and his tenth pig—over a fragrant cup of young hyson, or lapt in the delicious luxuries of

custards and whipt-creams: in walks a fairy vision of wondrous witchery, and with a curtesy and a smile, of most winning and mysterious magic, takes her seat just opposite. It is the Farmer's Daughter! A lively creature of eighteen. Fair as the lily, fresh as May-dew, rosy as the rose itself; graceful as the peacock perched on the pales there by the window; sweet as a posy of violets and "clove-gillivers;" modest as early morning, and amiable as your own imagination of *Desdemona*, or *Gertrude of Wyoming*.

You are lost! It's all over with you. I wouldn't give an empty filbert, or a frog-bitten strawberry, for your peace of mind, if that glittering creature be not as pitiful as she is fair. And that comes of going into the country, out of the way of vanity and temptation; and fancying farm-houses only nice old-fashioned places of old-fashioned contentment.

Ay, many a one has found, to his sorrow, what trusting himself amongst barrel-churns, and rows of bee-hives has cost him. His resolutions of bachelor independence have been whirled round and round, and resolved themselves into melting butter; he has been stung by the queen-bee, in the eye, and has felt all over pangs and twinges, as if the whole swarm had got into his bosom. Then has come a desperate liking to that part of the country; the taking that neat cottage just out of the village, with its honey-suckle porch, and willow arbor by the brook; the sauntering down the foot-path that leads past the farm of a summer's evening, with a book of poetry in the hand; the seat on the stile at the bottom of the wood; the sudden looking up—"How sweet that farm house *does* look! What fine old trees those *are* about it! And that dear little window in the old gable, with its open casement and its diamond panes. And, Oh! surely! yes—that *is* Anne herself, and I think she is looking this way!"

Then follow the sweetest walks down by the mill; the sweetest moonlight leaps over the sunk fence at the bottom of the garden; the most heavenly wanderings along that old quince walk—such vows! such poetry of passion! such hopes and promises of felicity;

and then the old farmer looks over the hedge, and says, "Who's there?" There, this is a pretty go! Off goes Anne like the spirit of a young lamplighter up the garden, through the house, up the stairs at three strides, and there she is, locked and bolted in that dear little chamber, with the little diamond window in the old gable. She has sunk into a chair (it is a very soft one, cushioned comfortably all round, seat, back, and elbows), and very wet is that white cambric handkerchief which she holds to her eyes.

But where is Captain Jenkinson? Oh! he's there!—and he's too bold and too true a lover to fly or sneak. There they stand, face to face, in the moonlight, the tall, slim Captain Jenkinson, and the tall stout Farmer Field, with his huge striped waistcoat, ready to burst with hurry and indignation, and his great stick in his hand. "What, is that you, captain! My eye? What! was that you, a talking to our Anne?" "Yes, friend Field, it is I; it is the Captain, that was talking to your adorable Anne; and here I am ready to marry her with your consent, for never shall woman be my wife but your charming Anne!"

How that great elephant of a farmer stands lifting up his face, and laughing in the moonlight! How that "fair round *corporation*, with good capon lined" (good Shakespere, pardon our verbal variation in this quotation, in courtesy to the delicacy of modern phrases)—how those herculean limbs do shake with laughter! But, now, as the tears stream down his face, he squeezes the youth's hand, and says, "Who could have thought it, captain—eh? Ha! ha! Well, we're all young and foolish once in our lives—but come! no more on't—it won't do, captain, it won't do!"

"Won't do! won't do! why shouldn't it do, farmer, why shouldn't it do?" "Why, becos it won't, and that's why—a captain and old Farmer Field's lass—ha! ha! What will Lady Jenkinson say—eh? What 'ull that half-a-dozen of old guardians say—eh? The Honorable Captain Jenkinson and the daughter of old Farmer Field! What 'ull they say—eh? Say I'm a

cunning old codger; say I've trapped you, belike. No, no—they shan't say so, not a man-jack of 'em. Not one of the breed, seed, and generation of 'em, shall say old Farmer Field palmed his daughter on a gentleman for his houses and his lands. No, Anne's a tight lass, and John Wright will come at the right time; and when you're married to my lady Fitz-somebody, and Anne's got the right man, come down, captain, and kill us a pheasant, and set up you horses and your dogs here, and we'll have a regular merry do, and another good laugh at our youthful follies!"

But all won't do. The captain vows he'll shoot all the old guardians of a row, and tell his mother to shoot him, if they make any opposition; and the very same night he sticks a note on the top of his fishing-rod, and taps with it at Anne's little window, with the diamond panes, in the old gable; and Anne, jumping from the easy chair, looks, out, seizes the paper, clasps her hands, casts down a most affectionate but inconsolable look, and sighs an eternal adieu!—then flying to read the note, finds the captain vowing that "she may cheer up, all *shall* go right, or that he will manfully drown himself in the mill-dam."

Now, there is a pretty situation of affairs! and all that through incautiously wandering into the country, of a summer's evening, and getting into one of these old-fashioned farm-houses. It would serve them all right to leave them in their trouble. It might act as a warning to others, and place the dangers of the country in their genuine light. But as the captain would be almost certain to drown himself, he is so desperate, (and then there must be a coroner's inquest, and we might, at a very inconvenient moment, be called up to serve upon it,) we will for this once let things pass—all *shall* be right. The guardians relent, because they can't help themselves. Lady Jenkinson bounces a good bit, but like all bodies of a considerable specific gravity, she comes down again. The adorable Anne is not drowned in her own pocket-handkerchief, though she has been very near it; and "The Times" announces, that the Honorable Charles Jenkinson, of the Light

Dragoons, was married on the 7th instant, to Anne Louisa, the only daughter of Burley Field, Esq., of Sycamore Grange, Salop.

Merciful as we have been to this young and handsome couple, we think we have not failed to indicate dangers of no trivial description, that haunt the bush in England, though there be no lions; dangers out of which others may not probably so easily come; for, without a joke, the Farmer's Daughter in the bloom of beauty, is not to be carelessly approached. She can sing like a Syren, and is as dangerous as Circe in her enchanted island.

It is not to be inferred, however, that all farmers' daughters are like Anne Field. Plentifully as Providence has scattered beauty and good sense through our farms and granges, both these and other good things are given with a difference. There are such things amongst farmers' daughters as ranks, fortunes, educations, dispositions, abilities, and tastes, in as much variety as any lover of variety can desire. There are farmers of all sorts, from the duke to the man of twenty acres; and, of course, there are farmers' daughters of as many degrees. There is a large class of gentlemen-farmers—men of estates and large capitals, who farm their two or three thousand acres, like some of the great corn-farmers of Northumberland; live in noble large houses, and keep their carriages and livery servants. Of course, the daughters of these, and such as these, are educated just the same, and have all the same habits and manners as any other young ladies. It is neither Cobbett, nor any other contemner of boarding-schools and such "scimmy-dish things," that will persuade these damsels to leave the carriage for the tax-cart, the piano for the spinning-wheel, nor the fashionable novel for the cook's oracle. They will "stand by their order" as stoutly as lord Grey himself.

Yet, if any body wishes to see the buxom, but housewifely, Farmer's Daughter, that is not afraid "to do a hand's-char," that can scour a pail, make a cheese, churn your butter—fresh as the day and golden as the crow-flower on the lea; can make the house look so clean and cheery that the very cat purs on the hearth,

and the goldfinch sings at the door-cheek the more blithely for it: can throw up a hay-cock, or go to market, as well as her grandmother did; why, there are plenty of such lasses yet, spite of all crinkum-crankums and fine-figuredness of modern fashion. Haven't you seen such, north and south? Haven't you met them on single horses, or on pillions, on market-days, in Devon and in Cornwall? Haven't you danced with them on Christmas-eves in Derbyshire or Durham?

There are some specimens of human nature, that not all the fashions or follies of any age can alter or make new-fashioned. They are born old-fashioned. They have an old head on young shoulders, and they can't help it if they would. You might as soon turn a wheel-barrow into a chariot, or an ass into an Arabian steed. There is Dolly Cowcabbage now, what can you make of her? Her father farms eighty acres, and milks half-a-dozen cows. He has nobody but her, and he has saved a pretty bit of money. Dolly knows of it, too. Her mother died when she was only about fourteen, and Dolly from that day began to be her father's little maid; left her play on the village-green, and village play-fellows, and began to look full of care. She began to reap, and wash, and cook, and milk, and make cheese. It is many a year since she has done all those things entirely for the house. Those who know her, say "she has not thriven an inch in height" since that day, but she has grown in bulk. She is like a young oak that got a shock from a thunder-bolt in its youth, or had its leading branch switched off by some Jerry Diddle or other as he went past to plough, and has ever since been stunted, and has run into stem. She is "a little runting thing" the farmers say; a little stout-built plodding woman, with a small round rosy face. She is generally to be seen in a linsey-wolsey petticoat, a short striped bed-gown or kirtle, and a greenish-brownish kerchief carefully placed on her bosom. She is scouring pails with a whip of straw and wet sand, and rearing them on a stone bench, by the door, to dry and sweeten; or she is calling her cows up,

by blowing on a long horn; or calling her father and the men to their meals, out of the distant fields, by knocking with a pebble on a pail bottom. She is coming out of the fold-yard with the milk-pail on her head, or she is seated by the clean hearth, busy with her needle, making a pillow-case to hold the feathers she has saved.

Such is Dolly Cowcabbage. She has had offers: men know what's what, though it be in a homely guise; but she only gives a quiet smile, and always says "No! I shall never marry while father lives." Those who don't like "sour grapes" begin now to say, "Marry! no! Dolly 'ull never marry. There always was an old look about her; there's the old-maid written all over her—any body may see that with half an eye: why, and she's thirty now, at least." But Dolly knows what she knows. There is a homely, close, plodding sort of a chap, that lives not far off—Tim Whetstone. He farms his fifty acres of his own. He has nobody in the house with him but an old woman, his housekeeper, who is as deaf as a bolt, and has a hundred and thirty guineas, of old gold, wrapped in an old stocking, and put into a dusty beehive that stands on her bed's-head. Tim knows of that, too, though the old woman thinks nobody knows of it. She has neither kith nor kin, and when the lumbago twinges her as they sit by the fire, she often says, "Tim, lad, I shall not trouble thee long, and then what two-three old traps I have 'ull be thine." Tim is certain, before long, to find honey in the old hive; and he has been seen, sly as he is, more than once, coming over the fields in the dusk of the evening, in a very direct line towards old Farmer Cowcabbage's house. *He* says, that it was only to seek a lamb that he had missed. But when somebody asked him if it was the same lamb that he was looking after so earnestly in church last Sunday, Tim blushed, and said, "All fools think other people like themselves," and so went away. If the old woman should drop off, I should not be very much surprised to see these two farms thrown into one, and old Samuel Cowcabbage

having a bed set up in the parlor at Tim's. In the meantime, Dolly goes to market with her maund* of butter, as regularly as Saturday comes. She makes eighteen ounces to the pound, and will have the topmost price. Beautiful cream cheeses, too, Dolly manufactures; and if any one attempts to banter her down in her price, Dolly is just as quiet, as firm, as smiling, and as ready with her—"No," as she was to her sweethearts. If I were to prophesy it would be, that Dolly will marry and have half-a-dozen children yet, as sturdy and as plodding as Tim and herself; but there is no knowing. She tells Tim they are very well as they are—she can wait; and the truth of the matter is, they have kept company these ten years already.

A very different damsel is Miss Nancy Farley. She is the Farmer's Daughter in quite another style. Nancy's father is a farmer of the rough old school. He has none of the picturesque or the old-fashioned sentimental about him. He is a big, boorish, loud-talking, work-driving fellow, that is neither noted for his neatness in house, nor farm, nor person; for his knowledge, nor his management. He is just one of those who rough it along, get a crop though there are plenty of weeds in it; have the miller complaining that their wheat is not winnowed very clean, and the butcher that their sheep died but badly; yet, they get along, pay their rent, lay something up, and by mere dint of a hard face, a hard hand, and a hard conscience, do as well and better than some.

Nancy's father farms his two hundred acres, and yet there's a slovenly look about his premises; and Nancy has grown up pretty much as she pleased. As a girl, she romped and climbed, and played with the lads of the village. She swung on gates, and rode on donkies. When ten or twelve years old, she would ride bareback, and astride, with a horse to water, or to the blacksmith's shop. She thrashed the dogs, fetched in the eggs, suckled the calves, and then mounted on the wall of the garden, with her

* A basket with two lids.

long chestnut hair hanging wild on her shoulders, and a raw carrot in her hand, which she was ready either to devour or to throw at any urchin that came in sight.

Such was Miss Nancy Farley in those days, but her only appellations then were Nan and Nance. Nance Farley was the true name of the wild and fearless creature. But Nance was sent for by an aunt to a distance; she was away five years; she was at length almost forgotten, and only remembered when it was necessary to call any girl as "wild as Nan Farley:" when lo! she made her appearance again, and great was the wonder. Could this be the gipsyish, unkempt, and graceless Nance Farley? This bright and buxom young lady in the black hat, and blue riding-habit? This fine young creature, with a shape like a queen, and eyes like diamonds? Yes, sure enough it was her—now Miss Nancy Farley indeed.

Miss Nancy's aunt had determined that she should have what is called "a bringing up." She had sent her to a boarding-school; and whatever were Miss Nancy's accomplishments, it was clear enough that she was one of the very handsomest women that ever set foot in the parish. The store of health and vigor that she had laid up in her Tom-boy days, might be seen in her elastic step, and cheek—fresh as the cheek of morning itself. She was something above the middle size, of a beautiful figure, and a liveliness of motion that turned all eyes upon her. Her features were extremely fine; and her face had a mixture of life, archness, freedom, and fun, in it, that was especially attractive, and especially dangerous to look upon. Her eyes were of half-a-dozen different colors, if half-a-dozen different people might be believed; but, in truth, they were of some dark color that was neither black nor brown, nor gray, nor hazle; but one thing was certain, they were most speaking, and laughing, and beautiful eyes, and those long flying locks were now, by some gracious metamorphosis, converted into a head of hair that was of the richest auburn,

and was full enough of a sunny light to dazzle a troop of beholders.

Miss Nancy had enough of the old leaven in her to distinguish her from the general run of ladies, with their staid and quiet demeanor. She was altogether a dashing woman. She rode a beautiful light chestnut mare, with a switch tail, and her brother Ben, who was now grown up, with the ambition of cutting a figure as a gay blade of a farmer, was generally her cavalier. She hunted, and cleared gates and ditches to universal amazement. Everybody was asking, "Who is that handsome girl, that rides like an Arab?" Miss Nancy danced, and played and sung; she had a wit as ready as her looks were sweet, and all the hearts of the young farmers round were giddy with surprise and delight. Miss Nancy was not of a temper to hide herself in the shade, or to shun admiration. She was at the race, at the fair, at the ball; and everywhere she had about her a crowd of admirers, that were ready to eat one another with envy and jealousy. The young squire cast his eyes upon her, and lost no time in commencing a warm flirtation; but Nancy knew that she could not catch him for a husband—he was too much a man of the world for that, and she took care that he should not catch her. Yet she was politic enough to parade his attentions whenever he came in the way, and might be seen at the market-inn window, or occasionally on the road from church, laughing and chattering with him in a fashion that stirred the very gall of her humbler wooers. The gay young gentleman farmer, the rich miller, the smart grazier, the popular lawyer of the county town, were all ready to fight for her; nay, the old steward, who was nearly as rich as the squire himself, and was old enough to be her father, offered to make a settlement upon her, that filled her father with delight. "Take him, Nance lass, take him," he cried, "thy beauty *has* made thy fortune, that it has. Never a woman of our family were ever worth a hundredth part o' that money."

But Miss Nancy had a younger and handsomer husband in view; and Miss Nancy is Miss Nancy no longer: she has married the colonel of a marching regiment, and is at this moment the most dashing and admired lady of a great military circle, and the garrison town of ———.

THE FAMILY GOVERNESS.

BY MISS WINTER.

"It is most vexatious—most distressing!" ejaculated Mr. Burleigh, of Effingham, as he paced up and down his breakfast-room, awaiting the appearance of his lady. "I cannot think of it with toleration!" he continued, as he stopped before the window, commanding a view of his own spacious park, and of the distant Frith of Forth, with its rocks and islands. Nothing in the view, however, seemed to give ease to his troubled spirit; for, flinging himself into an arm-chair at one end of the table, which was loaded with the multifarious luxuries of a Scotch breakfast, he resigned himself to a gloomy despondency. At length the door opened, and Lady Harriet Burleigh entered.

"*I do* trust, Lady Harriet," he immediately cried, "*I do trust* you now see the necessity of parting with the cook! The dinner yesterday was execrably bad."

"You have only to make up your mind to give the requisite salary," replied the lady, with fashionable indifference.

"*I have* made up my mind, Lady Harriet, provided I can obtain a complete history of the man's training. I will know where he began life: under whom he studied; and every family in which he has since lived," said Mr. Burleigh, solemnly.

"Well, here is the document furnished by Chouffleur, Lord Dyтчland's late cook," replied Lady Harriet; "I told you, a week ago, I had received it."

"Highly satisfactory, indeed," said Mr. Burleigh, reading, as he sipped his coffee with an additional relish. "Salary, three hundred a-year; three under-cooks, a separate table, and the



THE FAMILY GOVERNESS.

She only said, "My life is dreary."

Thackeray.

exclusive use of a gig. Well, well, I agree to this; I will write and conclude the negotiation to-day. I must also see about another gardener, our fruit is very imperfect. I shall insist on knowing every particular of *his* life, from his apprenticeship upwards. No ignorant bungler shall pretend any longer to be the cultivator of my grapes and pines."

A silence which ensued was broken by the loud lamentations of two childish voices, proceeding from the terrace outside, with a "running accompaniment" of reprimands from the nurse. "You deserve to lose your ball, Miss Ellinor," said this "cultivator" of Mr. Burleigh's children; "it has fallen over the parapet just *to punish you* for jumping about like a boy, instead of walking like a young lady. Hold your tongue, Miss Caroline; I won't give you back yours, *because* you only want to lend it to Miss Ellinor. You are both very naughtly girls."

Mr. Burleigh raised his eyes from M. Chouffleur's memorial of culinary studies, and muttered, "What a horrid noise those children make."

"Ellinor is getting too old for the nursery," said Lady Harriet, languidly. "I suppose we *must* get a governess."

"Very well—why not? I think you might as well choose an Englishwoman, that the children may not learn to drawl. Write to Mrs. Sharp to look out for one in town. The merchants are all breaking, and one of their daughters might be had cheap enough, I should think. I am sure five-and-twenty pounds a-year is ample for two such children as those."

This idea of the "merchants' daughters" included, in fact, a large proportion of those whose fate it is to become governesses; and who are among the greatest sufferers from the monotony and solitude of their new condition. They are, however, as likely as any other individuals to be qualified for the task; for, in no case, does any one think of inquiring whether a young lady who finds it necessary to "take a situation as governess" is capable of educating successfully; neither are any pains bestowed on her

"training." She has only to say she is competent, and that is usually sufficient: she is required to profess and undertake to be universally accomplished. We constantly see advertisements in which a governess is required to teach everything. This being the fact, there is really nothing left for the unfortunate daughters of reduced gentility but saying they *are* able to teach everything. As to the general management of children, nobody ever supposes *that* requires any particular knowledge or habitude. It is evident that people think young ladies possess an instinctive power to educate; whereas it is a very rare talent, and depends on a peculiar order of sympathies and tastes, which require skilful cultivation. There must, therefore, necessarily be many inefficient governesses; and the good ones have all acquired their art by experience, and after many mistakes; while the indifference of parents as to the qualifications of the educator of their children, in comparison with their anxiety about the cook and gardener, is only too frequently like that displayed by Mr. Burleigh.

The friend commissioned to "look out" in town, took as little trouble as possible in making a choice, and fixed on Miss Villars, the daughter of a merchant suddenly reduced from wealth to utter ruin, because "she had good connections, and looked like a lady."

Miss Lucy Villars was indeed like a lady, in the best sense of the word, but yet was quite unfit to undertake education. Having lost her mother early, she had been her father's companion for some years, and the delight of the refined society which his cultivated taste and high acquirements had collected around him. She had received a really fine education, but was not at all accomplished in the requisite trivialities; she had never even been among children, and if she had, would never have been a good teacher, having all the qualifications for a delightful companion, but not for an instructor. To instruct, however, was her fate: she could not remain dependent on her father; nor could she, as if she had been a son, instead of a daughter, choose among dif-

ferent professions that which would suit her; nor marry a rich man she did not like, as she might have done, and as many do. She had no genius for any of the fine arts, and too correct a taste to deceive herself into believing she could attain excellence in any of them. She had, therefore, no other resource; and in engaging to educate when, in fact, she was unable to fulfil her engagement she did wrong unconsciously: her mind had never been turned to the subject. She was compelled, after many disappointments, to take this situation in Scotland, her deficiency in "accomplishments" obliging her to accept a very trifling salary. In a few weeks she had gone through the bitter separation from her father, accomplished the voyage to Scotland, and alone in a post-chaise was rapidly approaching the gates of Effingham Park.

The chaise drew up at the door of a large and splendid house; a party of gentlemen with their dogs and keepers were lounging in the entrance, and three or four servants answered the post-boy's ring. Miss Villars gave her name, and was assisted to alight by a footman, who answered to her inquiries, that "my lady was out." The gentlemen offered her no assistance in settling with the driver, or seeing her luggage taken out, but annoyed her by staring; at the same time laughing and talking among themselves as if they did not observe her, though, to the whispered question of one among them, she heard the servant reply, "It's the governess come, my lord." Reaching the entrance-hall, she encountered another party playing billiards, and after making her way through, found there was some demur as to "where the governess was to be shown." She desired to be taken to her own room immediately; and when she reached, sank into a chair, in a state of mind more confused than absolutely painful. She, who had all her life been the object of affection, deference, and respect, suddenly found herself desolate, and treated with neglect and absolute rudeness. The change was so complete that she scarcely comprehended it; yet, as a quick, confident step approached, and a loud tap at the door announced Lady Harriet

Burleigh, she started to her feet with vexation that she should betray her emotion, for she felt that she trembled, and that her cheeks were wet with tears. The cold and distant interview, however, calmed her: feelings of any kind seemed quite out of place in the atmosphere of a Lady Harriet. "She seems a poor, nervous thing," said that lady to herself, as she left the room. "I wonder Mrs. Sharpe did not choose better." Miss Villars spent the evening alone, employed in writing to her father; sounds of laughter, loud talking, and music sometimes reached her, as doors opened and slammed, and the echoes vibrated along the hollow stone stair-cases and galleries; but no one came near her.

The next day she began her duties with the children; and here a new and unforeseen difficulty arose. It was singular that among all the fears she had entertained, that of not being able to manage her pupils had never once presented itself to her; but she soon found her incapacity. The eldest was haughty and self-willed; the youngest, sensitive and shy; and she could do nothing with either of them. She succeeded no better on further acquaintance. It was in vain she tried to discover the mode of interesting them in what they learned; and scarcely a day passed which did not end in scenes of crying and distress.

Bad temper is a very common fault among governesses, and children are dreadful sufferers from this evil. They undergo a sad amount of unnecessary pain in the course of their education; but very often that which seems bad temper, is only incapacity to teach joined to the wish to teach well. A good educator is as sure to produce cheerfulness as to impart knowledge.

Lady Harriet required, as a part of her duty, that Miss Villars should accompany the children to the drawing room after dinner. The first evening that she complied with this requisition, the ladies in a large group, were gathered round the fire at the further end of the gorgeously furnished room. They took no notice of her, though she was noisily announced by some half-dozen lapdogs, which, starting from rugs and cushions, yelped and

snapped at her feet. Lady Harriet, stopping in the midst of some piece of scandal with which she was amusing her guests, told her to "take a seat," and went on again. A lady would now and then stare at her, and then whisper to her neighbor. The entrance of the gentlemen produced the usual effect. They swept past her as if she had been a part of the chair she sat on, and took off the attention of the ladies from her. It was an inexpressible relief to get out of the room. She despised this cold-hearted vulgarity of assumed superiority, but she could not help feeling it bitterly, notwithstanding.

A year of her irksome residence in this family had nearly passed, when it was suddenly brought to a conclusion. Among the gentlemen who one evening appeared in the drawing-room, was a baronet, an old admirer of Miss Villars, and whom she had rejected. But he had indulged very freely in wine, and no sooner observed her than he loudly expressed his delight at meeting her, drew a chair close to her, and began a course of high-flown compliments on her looks. She escaped from this unwelcome entertainment as soon as she could, unable to repress a smile at Lady Harriet's amazed and irritated countenance; but next morning, a note from that lady, enclosing her year's salary, dispensed with her future services, which "the extreme levity and impropriety of her conduct last evening made no longer desirable." Indignation at this insolence, to say nothing of the ridiculous injustice of accusing *her* of the levity which an intoxicated guest had displayed, quickly gave way to joy that she was about to escape, and wonder that she had endured the thralldom so long. The first steam vessel that passed the coast, took her back to London.

The next situation which Miss Villars obtained was in a quiet family near London. They were good-hearted people, experimenters in education, and had tried various new plans with their numerous children, being anxiously desirous for their improvement; but with so little success, that their state of turbulence and

idleness effectually puzzled Lucy, who was utterly unable to reduce them to order in the slightest degree. They would have required a skilful and experienced teacher, and she was neither the one nor the other; but her sweet manners and evident superiority of mind so won upon their parents, that when obliged to tell her that she was unfit for their family, they recommended her to a young heiress whose guardians were looking out for a lady whom they might hope would suit her taste, and be able to conduct her education. Here, however, she only stayed a week; for her pupil declared "Miss Villars had all the lines of art and hypocrisy depicted on her face; and having never been deceived in a first impression, she neither would nor could learn anything of her."

Lucy would not suffer herself to despair. To become a burden to her father, would have been more painful than all she had to endure; and she left no exertion untried to meet with another engagement. She at length obtained one in the family of Mrs. Harrison, the wife of a rich banker who lived in Portman Square.

Mrs. Harrison was reckoned a clever woman, and liked to patronise talent. She therefore frequently invited Mr. Villars to dinner, in his fallen fortunes, his conversation and literary tastes being of that order which she liked to have displayed at her table. Miss Villars had formerly visited this lady, whom she had also frequently entertained at her father's house.

An interview was appointed on an early day, and she was received by Mrs. Harrison in her private room, where she daily transacted all her domestic concerns before seeing company. The "lady" motioned the "governess" to a chair with an air intended to mark the distance between them.

"Miss Villars," said she, "I like to make all matters of business distinctly clear at the beginning. I require in my governess that propriety of conduct which I may justly expect from the daughter of a talented sort of man like your father. I say

nothing of his imprudent losses: do not suppose for a moment that I mean to wound your feelings by any allusion to his bankruptcy;—of course, it was no fault of yours.” Here she paused, perhaps expecting a reply, but receiving none, continued:—“The Miss Harrisons have masters for all the requisite accomplishments: your office will be to keep them continually under your eye. They enter their study in the morning at seven, and retire to rest at nine at night: during that period I expect your attention will be unremittingly fixed upon them. You will partake of your meals with them: I consider your position, Miss Villars, in my family entitles you to this privilege. My youngest girl is not yet able to feed herself with propriety: you will, therefore, avail yourself of the opportunity to assist as well as instruct her. The three elder young ladies practise the piano and harp four hours a-day; and Miss Harrison, who learns singing, exercises her voice for two hours daily; to this you will carefully attend. You have a correct ear?” (Lucy had, to her cost, as the Miss Harrisons made her feel.) “You will also sit by at the attendance of all their masters; accompany their walks in the square; go out in the carriage with them when necessary; and remain in the gallery of the riding school while they take their lesson. You will speak French and Italian on alternate days with them, and take charge of their studies in English *belles-lettres* and arithmetic, under my direction. I offer you a salary of fifty pounds, to be increased to fifty-five at your second year of service—of residence in my family, should it last so long.”

No establishment was ever conducted with greater propriety than that of Mr. or Mrs. Harrison; no young ladies ever applied to their studies with greater perseverance than the Miss Harrisons. They played, they sang, they danced, they drew; twangled the harp, scratched the guitar, screeched *bravuras*; they learned French and Italian, and wrote English essays; read English books, and made extracts and abstracts and verses in albums; studied tambour-work, and carpet-work, and screen-painting, and

Grecian painting, and velvet-painting; cantered round the riding-school; and everywhere and at all times Lucy was with them. Mrs. Harrison told all her friends "she had a treasure in her governess;" she was treated with the usual respect due to a governess, had her salary punctually paid, and every morning at ten o'clock the rustling of a silk dress announced the presence of Mrs. Harrison in the study, to wish her a stately "good morning."

Of what had Lucy to complain? She was merely excluded from all that makes life a blessing; dragging on a lonely existence languishing in a living death.

Four years had wearily rolled over her head, but ten seemed to be added to her age. Her light, graceful figure had become large and heavy from want of air and exercise, and from torpidity of mind; her eye was dull, her cheek sallow, her manner apathetic; she suffered from constant head-ache; the daily walk of one hour round the eternal gravel walks of the square fatigued her almost to fainting. When, at last, left to herself at the close of each long day, she was unable to enjoy her leisure; but sunk exhausted into sleep. Her nights were either one continued heavy slumber, or disturbed with frightful dreams, and spent in restless, tossing wakefulness; forms and faces unbidden began to haunt her, and flit about her even in the day; she had become irritable to a degree that made her life a perpetual struggle to avoid giving offence.

At this period a West Indian, a distant relation of Mr. Villars, who had never heard of his distresses, left him an immense fortune. With a sentiment of high honor, he immediately divided it among his creditors, liquidating the debt of every man who had suffered by his bankruptcy. A few thousand pounds only remained to himself. "With this capital," said he to his daughter, "I will re-commence life; in a few years, my dear Lucy, I will restore you to a home." His daughter had no words in which to express her admiration of his conduct; she returned to her soli-

tary room in extreme excitement; she had forgotten that high honor, generosity, and enthusiasm existed in the world; but now she seemed to awake as from a dream into sudden life, she was unable to sleep, and before the night was over, impatience and irritation had taken possession of her: her head throbbed, her limbs ached;—"In a few years I am to have a home. Ah! before a few years have passed, I shall have found a home—a long home, for myself." The night was succeeded by a dreadful day; the practising and singing were torture; she with difficulty repressed a shriek more than once during its continuance, and all her efforts could not repress her disgust at the vapid talk of the young ladies. Relieved at length from their society, she was left alone with the essays and calculations to correct, but in vain she tried to fix her mind upon her task; a horrible suspicion had haunted her throughout the day, and to avoid the thought she took up a Review which lay on the table, and tried to read. An article on "Domestic Service" arrested her attention; "this might apply to me" she thought inwardly. Suddenly she started, her eye glared, and she repeated again and again some words she found there. "*Next to governesses*, the largest class of female patients in lunatic asylums is maids of all-work."* "*Next to governesses*," she repeated. "It is so—I know it—I am going mad." Terrified at her solitude she seized the bell, but paused, fearing that any one who came would send her to an asylum; she then threw up the window, hoping the passers-by would relieve her loneliness. It was a lovely night in June, and the sky was glittering with stars; a strange hallucination seized upon her brain.

* * * * *

Lucy had recovered—she was at home. She had taken her father's hands in hers, and looked earnestly into his eyes; and he had listened to her words. "You are right, my child," he said

* See an article in the London and Westminster Review, entitled "On Domestic Service." It is from the pen, we believe, of Miss Martineau.

with emotion: "it is indeed a waste of life; and we have enough to live upon."

A few weeks after, they were living in a quiet cottage at some distance from "stony-hearted" London, to whose busy scenes they both resolved never to return.



THE STOCK-BROKER.

His means are in *supposition*.

Merchant's Voice.

THE STOCK-BROKER.

BY OWEN PENGUIN.

It is universally admitted that we—the English—are the very best people to be found in the world; and yet, it has sometimes occurred to us that rather too much deference is paid to wealth in this country. It is *not*, we have occasionally ventured to opine, the all-in-all—the only needful—the “tottle of the whole.” We have been now and then betrayed into the momentary belief that poverty is not altogether infamous, and that virtue in rags is hardly dealt by when it is sent for three months to the treadmill; it should be two months—say, six weeks. Having avowed our heresy, we proceed at once, lest we should be “put down by clamor.”

Profound was the remark of that sage, who must have read human nature to some purpose, when he averred that there were good and bad of all professions. We are entirely persuaded of this. Honest lawyers are to be found, if a man will but diligently look after them; the treasurer *pro tem.* does not always go off to America; and orphans sometimes come by their right. Accordingly, there are good and bad Stock-Brokers; many very good; some so-so, by which we mean, *so* at one time, and *so* at another; and a few, we dare say, bad enough. Indeed, we once knew a gentleman of the last description (he is now settled in New South Wales) who, had *Ariel* appeared to him, with the intimation,

“Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones is coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;”—

would have bethought him, "What a glorious spec. if one could fish up dad, and effect a sale of him by retail to the jewelers."

The overweening reverence for wealth (which is at once the criterion of, and the substitute for, morals) to which we have adverted above, certainly sets men upon strange contrivances to acquire it. Money must be got, or how is a man to be respectable? the where-withal must be forthcoming, or how is one's station in life to be preserved? an income must be realised, or how is Mrs. Robinson to make head against the Jenkinses, who have just mounted a carriage; put their man, with unexceptionable calves, into livery, and secured a coachman with a little yellow wig, and a triple row of curls behind it, for all the world like the aristocracy?

Your Stock-Broker manages all this. By his so potent art he lures the specie towards him. With wanton heed, and giddy cunning, he flutters about the Money Market for a score or two of years, and then retires at a premium of a quarter of a million. But when I speak of "your Stock-Broker," I do not mean your formal, careful, business-like, unspeculative fellow, who buys in and sells out to order; who receives directions from his agricultural friend in the country, to invest a thousand or two for him in the Three-and-a-Halves, the crops being so bad, and the price of corn not much above seventy: and who attends the old lady, from Kennington, once a quarter, to guide her hand whilst she signs the books, and to satisfy her queries respecting the *sponge*, and whether "those wicked Radicals" really *do* intend to wipe off the National Debt, as they threatened? It is true, this cautious individual is sometimes bitten by a crazy maggot, and ventures a little in Exchequer Bills, and nibbles at Tontine Debentures; and will buy a reversion, if the physician has really shaken his head every day, during the last fortnight, at your asthmatic uncle; but he is plaguy prudent. He does not buy a pig in a poke; he must see the suckling, and determine whether he is real dairy-

fed. He looks before he leaps, and he looks a long while, and makes a small skip of it, after all; and if he can but get a paring off a slice of a loan, he goes home by the omnibus to his box at Clapton, waters his geraniums in the fore-court; and really thinks Mrs. Brown was quite right the other day;—there *is* room for a small coach-house and stable.

Your real, *bona fide* Stock-Broker is a different class of being. To him the various turns of fate below are important only as they affect the turns of the market. He is solicitous about the funds which he never sees, and which he has nothing directly to do with; and he can tell the price of Consols to an eighth, at any given minute in the day.

The Stock-Broker is either a Bull or a Bear—fanciful designations! Would you fain know, dear uninitiated reader, why he is thus playfully and zoologically ranged? It is the nature of the bull to toss—for proof, look up and see yon retributive drover in the air! it is the nature of the bear to pull “with downward drag austere”—witness the fate of *Antigonus*, in “The Winter’s Tale,” as related by the *Clown*. “Will that humor pass?” as *Nym* says. The Bull then speculates upon a rise in stocks—the Bear upon a fall. But should the Bull get his horns entangled, or the Bear singe his paws, while he is endeavoring to make himself warm, he is forthwith transformed; or, as Peter Quince currently reported of Bully Bottom, he is “translated” into one of your tame villatic fowl; and a fowl, too, with an unhappy disqualification in one of its legs; in other words, he becomes “a lame duck.” Some, with more love of metaphor than of ornithology, term him a waddler. Should any one be curious enough to wish to see either these Bulls, or these Bears, let him by no means enter their den in Capel Court, Bartholomew Lane. Lack of sedentary employment renders them sportive and frolicsome, and the prevailing humor prevades both old and young. They are all wags of the first water—practical Joe Millers. If kicking a stranger’s hat about the Exchange were pleasant *badinage*, or

unceremoniously shouldering the intruder, were agreeable banter, they might pass for wits. As it is, they are great in physical repartee: full of animal spirits—manual Sheridans. But, if he will plant himself near the west-end of Bank Buildings, he may see some of the lay-brothers of the establishment (who are not members of the Stock Exchange) rushing to consult the Consol-thermometer, hung forth at the house at the corner; and if the financial Mercury be high or low, as the case may happen, he will hear the Bull roar, and the Bear growl, to his heart's content.

Many is the luckless wight who has driven his hogs to this fine market. He has taken good care beforehand to soap their tails, and to put them upon their mettle; and it is astonishing how well they contrive to elude his fingers. The devil a bristle does he ever see of the herd again. For instance, there was Parsons, the button-maker, of Cannon Street, whom we knew well. Fortune had favored Parsons: that is to say, after thirty years' screwing and scraping, he had got together about ten thousand pounds. He thought of retirement, and Muswell Hill. The very place—the spot of all others, a terrestrial Paradise, without any fear of the serpent (the palings were too high for that)—had been chosen and approved, as he emphatically said, “at home.” In hapless hour, Parsons turned an eye—both eyes—to the Stock Market.

Be it known, that Parsons had been for thirty years a locomotive clock that never required to be wound up. You might tell the hour by him, the minute: his outgoings and incomings, his risings and sittings, were invariable. But he now became volatile, transitive, discrepant—a breathing enigma. His wife—he himself endearingly called her his “old woman”—could not make him out at all. “Drat the man! what was he after? running in and out, and out and in, like a dog in a dancing school. His top story wanted repair; he was damaged in the upper works!” And so it fell out. Cards will beat their makers. Fortune's wheel revolves with more than railroad rapidity; and stocks will fluctuate, and people will never nick the right minute. “Heigho! the wind

and the rain." The one fell upon, and the other whistled round, a very different tenement (in which poor Parsons breathed his last) from the snug little villa at Muswell Hill. He died before the new act came into operation.

And now it behoves us to furnish a brief account of the worthy gentleman whose "picture in little" lies before us. Gregory Grayson cannot, we believe, boast of an illustrious descent; and, if he could, we do not think he would be inclined to do so. His ancestor might have come in with the Conqueror, but, if he did, he came *incog*. The truth is, Grayson's sire was a ticket-porter, and his mother cleaned out the office of old Perkins, the Stock-Broker, whose father had been swamped in the frightful burst of the South Sea Bubble. Old Perkins was wont to term it "Bubble and Squeak."

The unimpeachable manner in which young Gregory cleaned the shoes of Perkins, probably suggested to the latter that the lad might be made admirably fitted to step into them. He conceived an affection for him, raised him to the stool, taught his young idea how to dabble; and finally died, leaving him the whole of his property—no trifle, I'll warrant you. Long before this last event took place, however, Gregory Grayson had become an adept in the art and mystery of stock-broking, and so he went on, mending and improving,

"Till old Experience did attain
To something like prophetic strain."

He is now warm—very warm; some call him red-hot. You might be fifty thousand out in a guess as to what he is worth; and name a high figure too.

Be so kind, good reader, as to cast your eye upon Gregory Grayson. He is said to bear some resemblance to Old Perkins. It has been whispered—originally in confidence, no doubt, or the thing would never have been so rife—that Perkins was really—no matter. The hat—do you mark the adjustment of it?—is a

direct plagiarism from his former master; the frill is very Perkins. But times are changed. Perkins existed in the upper part of a dark house, in Birchin Lane, with a back view of the churchyard in which he lies, and spent his evenings at Toms' Coffee House. Grayson lives in Woburn Place; gives, and goes out to, good dinners, and intends, no doubt, to rest his bones in one of the best vaults of the Bayswater Cemetery. We know he is a large shareholder in one of those recent *memento mori* specs. He facetiously designates his shares *post obits*.

Who knows—Gregory Grayson is not the man to care if all the world knew—that he married the daughter of the laundress who brought home his linen every Saturday night, with a little mis-spelt bill, receipted, it would seem, with a skewer? Mrs. Grayson once had personal requisites of no mean order, and is now as handsome as fifty-five will permit her to be; and, really, she is very much of a lady; much more of it than many who have been born, but appear never to have been bred, to it. And the two Misses Grayson are, in our opinion, charming girls, who can talk of poetry and Bellini, “Shakspeare and the musical glasses,” as well as the best brace of Misses in the parish of Bloomsbury. They were once mistaken, in the dress circle, for the Honorable Misses Somebody; we forget the name, but we have heard the story told a hundred times in Woburn Place: it is a great favorite with Mrs. Grayson.

It is more easy to exemplify the character of Gregory Grayson than to describe it. One morning, he was seated in his office; in Warnford Court, “doing a little bit of retrospective,” as his friend Larkins would have said, when that gentleman himself made his appearance. Mr. Larkins was one of those individuals who make it their business to attend to the business of other people, and whose pleasure it is to look upon everything as a joke.

“Caught you in a whitey-brown study, I see,” said he.

“Not at all,” replied Grayson.

"Have you heard anything about Tom Beccles?" asked the other.

"No. I have only this moment got here. What of him?"

"Oh! flown—gone—off! Ha! ha! how you look; gone without bidding any of us good-bye, I assure you."

Mr. Grayson ejected a piercing whistle: "Who told you this?"

"Friend Bradbury," said Larkins. "Settling day to-morrow, you know, and it was far from Tom's wish to settle. As he can't pay all the difference, he prefers paying none; ha! ha! But I guess, by the length of your phiz, he has let you in—eh? come, that's devilish good, 'pon my honor;" and Larkins grinned with the zest of a man who knows he has a good thing all to himself.

Grayson's face was certainly at a considerable discount, at this intelligence. "But Beccles has property?" he said, in a slightly impaired tone.

"All settled, it seems, upon his wife, some months since," said Larkins, coolly. "Tom considers it a sacred duty to take care of his wife and family; he has said as much, and so the devil a rap will be got out of him."

"The scoundrel!" muttered Gregory.

"What's the figure?" asked Larkins, with an air of indifference—"to what tune?"

"About fifteen hundred—rather more," groaned Gregory, as he returned his book to his pocket, after ruefully gazing at it for some minutes.

"Sweet—very sweet," remarked the other. "Guess what the sly dog has done. Bradbury tells me he has lately discovered a dubious brother's imaginary widow with a huge supposititious offspring, and has resuscitated a helpless grandmother to keep them company; so that, you see, he *has* claims upon him. A pity they didn't turn up before he made so many bargains."

"I'll learn more about this," said Grayson, snatching his hat from the desk with unwonted fierceness.

"By the bye," said Larkins, taking his arm, "I saw you looking at a play-bill yesterday."

"Yes, yes, I believe I did," replied Grayson impatiently; "my girls wish to see the new play at Covent Garden."

"You never bet, I think?" inquired his friend.

"Never!"

"Sometimes at whist," returned Larkins, "I have seen you. I'll tell you, what: I've taken fifty to thirty with Lightly, that 'The Garden' doesn't do so well as 'The Lane' this season, if 'The Lane' gets the Cherokees, and concludes an engagement with the three White Elephants from Siam. Shakspeare can't stand against the Cherokee War-dance, and the White Elephants."

"D——" Gregory was about to say—"Shakspeare;"—but he checked himself, and bestowed his malediction upon the Cherokees and the White Elephants, to be divided equally amongst them. "Good bye, I'm very busy now;" and he hurried from his imperturbable tormentor.

Grayson had a large fund of philosophy, but unhappily, with mistaken generosity, he reserved the whole of it for the misfortunes of his friends, never drawing out the smallest portion of it for his own use. He was, so to speak, "in a devil of a way" all the morning, and walked home, at four o'clock, with a particularly bad opinion of mankind in general, and of the individual hight Beccles, in particular. The man at the crossing, in Bloomsbury Square, saw afar off that his accustomed half-pence would not be forthcoming on that day; and the footman, when he descended to the kitchen, reported that the old chap had snapped his nose off in the passage, and muttered something about warning, and a place he knew of in Gower Street.

"No going to Brighton this winter, Mrs. Grayson," cried Gregory, as he entered the drawing-room.

"My love!" exclaimed Mrs. Grayson.

"My dear papa!" duetted the girls; but there was something

in the husband and father's face, that told the three ladies it would be worse than useless to raise that question at present.

It was not until the evening, in the drawing-room, that Gregory opened the case of "Grayson v. Beccles," which he did in a speech more remarkable for its feeling than its brevity. The discussion upon it was scarcely concluded when Mr. Lightly was announced. The usual salutations having been gone through, Mr. Lightly seated himself.

"I did not see you in the city to-day," said Grayson. "Have you heard about Beccles?"

"I have."

"What do you think of him?"

"A man of the world."

Grayson thought this a deuced heartless speech, and gave a dissenting grunt.

"When *is* Mrs. Lightly going to invite us to see the literary lion she spoke of?" inquired one of the girls.

"Did Mrs. Lightly tell you she had secured a literary lion?" said Lightly; "ah! I remember, but he's no lion, I assure you; no more like a lion, than a little trimmed French dog. Can I say a word to you in private?" he added, turning to Grayson.

"Surely;" and the old gentleman led the way to the dining-room.

"Settling day to-morrow," said Lightly with assumed calmness.

"What a collector of rare news you are!" cried Grayson, ironically.

"I have stranger news to communicate; I shall be a defaulter."

"Good God! Lightly, you don't say so?"

"True as two farthings to a half-penny," replied Lightly, shaking his head. "Hang it, Grayson, it's devilish hard too."

Grayson was mute for some minutes. "Why do you come and tell me your misfortunes?" he said, at length; "I'm not interested in the matter: nothing between us, I think?"

"Nothing; but you've been friendly to me, my dear fellow, and I felt I must unburden my mind to somebody. You won't believe me, but, upon my soul, I hardly dare go home. Poor Emily!"

"There it is," cried Gregory, "you're so sanguine and head-strong, Lightly. I've always told you so. You wouldn't take my advice. You've got the money in your pocket before it comes out of the Mint. You're as bad as poor Berners, who blew out his brains in '25."

"He!" cried Lightly; "no, not quite such a fool as Berners. Why, he'd plant an apple tree, and then, order the dough to be made for the dumplings."

"And you," retorted Grayson, "would peel the apples when they were sowing the corn: that's all the difference. What's your deficiency?"

"Five thousand—rather more," said Lightly.

"Um—awkward—very awkward. What do you mean to do?"

"Oh! I shall be able to make it up shortly, I dare say," returned Lightly; "but, in the meantime, there's the devil. I must sell the place at Clapham, cashier the servants—tiger included—and live low and fight low, until things come round."

"Mrs. Lightly won't much like that," remarked Grayson.

"Mrs. Lightly *won't* much like it," answered the other; "but I'll tell you, Grayson, what Mrs. Lightly *will* like, and *does* like—a man of honor, better than a rascal."

Grayson's face underwent a slight convulsion. He motioned as though about to rise.

"By the bye, I'm detaining you," cried Lightly; "I'll bid you good night."

"If you'll call upon me," said Grayson, "to-morrow morning at ten, you shall have a cheque for six thousand, and our settling day shall be this day twelvemonths."

"Do you say so?" exclaimed Lightly, springing to his feet, and accomplishing a snap of the fingers, that made the wine-glasses ring upon the side-board. "Hang me, if I don't have a painting

of you, Grayson; you shall be drawn as the good Samaritan: Howard was a humbug to you:" and he turned upon his heel, and passed his hand across his eyes.

"I'm a great fool," thought Gregory Grayson, as he walked up stairs, "but *that*, as Perkins used to say, comes by nature. Lost fifteen hundred odd by Beccles, and may lose six thousand by Lightly. No matter. The girls *shall* go to Brighton, this winter, notwithstanding."

We saw Lightly, the other day, in his cab. He was in high spirits, and the tiger looked as formidable as ever. He repaid Grayson six weeks since. (This was told us in confidence.)

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL! There is much romance in the name—nay, much that takes us back to the stern realities of bygone centuries; when ignorance, and its attendant ministers, craft and violence and cruelty, sat in the high places of the world, and the awakening intelligence of man was anathematised and scourged as the evil promptings of the fiend, and the day-spring of moral light was accounted as the “pale reflex” of the eternal fires. Hence, the printer became a wizard and a magician; hence, he had a familiar; hence—the Printer's Devil! In the day of darkness, in the hour of superstition, was our subject christened; it is now nearly four hundred years ago since he was baptised; and though his name was given him as a brand, great and mighty indeed were they who stood his sponsors. He had among them cardinals and mitred abbots; nobles and richest citizens. They took counsel together, and called the goodly creature—Devil. Hence, he was to be seized, and bound and burned to ashes; amidst the chanting of priests, and the swinging of censers, and the aspersions of much holy water!

And is it possible—some reader may ask—that little Peter Trampington, Printer's Devil at the office of Vizetelly and Co., at the full salary of five or six shillings per week—is it possible that Peter can have had an origin so wonderful, so perilous? Yes, believe it; the Printer's Devil, though now a household servant—though now he run like a *Robin Goodfellow* from office to author, and from author to office; though now he wait meekly for copy, or contentedly sleep away the time of composition, tarrying



THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

— Ever on the look,
For "ass" or "pig" or else an author's proof.

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

some three or four hours for the chapter or essay that is "just done"—even Peter, in the fifteenth century, might have had the singeing honors of an *auto da fê*; might have enjoyed a faggot from the same bundle as his master.

It is pleasant, passing pleasant, in these times, to look back upon the perils of the printer, seeing him as he now is, crowned with a thousand triumphs. We can, almost with complacency, enjoy the predicament of John Faust, goldsmith of Mentz, offering in the pious city of Paris, his printed bibles at five and six hundred crowns a-piece; and then, suddenly abating his demand, tendering them at the remarkably low price of sixty. The scribes take the alarm. The devil must be bondman to the printer. The books are curiously scanned, and it is manifest as truth, the uniformity of the copies declares the workmanship, or at least the co-assistance of Beelzebub himself. (A great reflection this on the legendary astuteness of the devil, that he should be so forgetful of his own interests as to manufacture cheap bibles: but so it is; ignorance and persecution are prone to such false compliments.) Well! great is the uproar in Paris; the scribes, be sure of it—the ingenious, industrious men who copy bibles—very disinterestedly joining in the outcry. Faust is discovered—many bibles found at his lodgings; some of the books printed in his blood; a horrible fact, shown beyond all doubt in the red ink by which they are embellished; and loud and unanimous is the cry for fire and faggot to consume the magician. The wizard is flung into prison; and, to escape roasting alive as one in fealty to the fiend, he makes known his secret to the admiration of the world, and especially to the wonder and thanksgiving of the simple church. Alas! little did her fat and rubicund children, feeding quietly in her cells like worms in nuts, little did they suspect the mischief hidden in the discovery. Little thought they that the first creaking of Gutenberg's rude printing-press was, in the fulness of time, to be the knell of craft and ignorance. At that sound, had the monks had eyes, they might have beheld their

saints turn pale and wince; they might have heard old, profitable, penny-turning relics shake and rattle; and—

“In urns and altars round
A drear and dying sound.”

At the moment Gutenberg pulled his first proof (the historian of the popes has very disingenuously avoided the fact) the Pope was fast in his first sleep; but suddenly his holiness awoke with a bounce, and for at least five seconds wondered if he were the Infallible or not. Strange! it may be thought, that a little creaking at Mentz should make itself so very audible at Rome!

Our present purpose, however, is not to follow the Printer's Devil through all the windings of four centuries; but to speak of him as he is at the present day, after many and great mutations. That he gained his name as a reproach, in an age of darkness, is incontrovertible; many very respectable, tax-paying people in France dying in the faith that, though Faustus had cleared himself with the too easy civic authorities, the devil must have had a finger in the printing, for all that. Hence, the Devil and Doctor Faustus became household words: and the Printer's Devil, though now philosophically received as a creature of light, survives to these times.

The Printer's Devil of our day is the humblest flamen at the shrine of the press. We would, did our too circumstantial conscience permit us, suppress all public knowledge of the fact; but the Printer's Devil of the nineteenth century is, in the social scale, estimated at very little above the errand-boy. Thus, do length of days and familiar intercourse vulgarise the mysterious—make common-place the most dear. A youth running with a proof from the press of Gutenberg, or Caxton, or Wynkyn de Worde, was, so to speak, a messenger of state; the bearer of a miracle of art; the part and parcel of a mysterious body, sworn to maintain the secrets of their craft. Then, indeed, the Devil was somebody to be respected; and now is he—Peter Trampington, aged nine.

The Printer's Devil, however, of these days has one great advantage over the Devil of forty years ago. In his visits for copy—and believe it, reader, the calls of the Devil are anything but

“Angels' visits, few and far between,”

but daily; sometimes, if the publisher be a sanguine man, hourly—in these, his unremitting visits upon authors, the Printer's Devil has not, like the devils of a bygone generation, to mount so many pair of stairs. Authors have, it must be confessed, come down a little: once, the Devil had to climb for them to the top of the homestead; and now, such is the progress of things, authors may be said to meet the Devil half-way. This is as it should be.

In the printing-office, the Devil is a drudge; yea, “a young and sweating devil.” There is no employment too dirty for him—no weight too heavy for his strength—no distance too far for him to walk; no, not walk, but run, or fly: for it is an axiom, that the Printer's Devil is never to walk—he is always to make haste; no matter how; he is “to make haste.”

— “so eagerly the fiend
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings or feet, pursues his way;
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.”

And the conscientious, pains-taking Printer's Devil, on an errand for copy, is expected to emulate the indefinite action of the father-fiend. The vulgar errand-boy may saunter on the road; but the intelligent Devil—he who fetches and carries precious thoughts—he, the light porter to the brain—the go-between of author and the press—he may not lounge and tarry like a common messenger; but, insensibly impressed by the consequence of his calling, by the wealth of which he is the depository, he, in his motion to and fro, must approach as near to flying as is permitted to the human anatomy.

The extraordinary probity of Printer's Devils—like many

other virtues of the humble—has not been sufficiently wondered at. Be it our task to awaken the attention of the world at once to the beautiful confidence in human nature as daily illustrated in the literary character, and to the surpassing rectitude of Devils in general.

That the riches of the mind outvalue, to an inconceivable degree, all tangible wealth, whether in gems or metals, is a truth preached from a thousand pulpits—a truth we emblazon in our copy-books—a truth that even men of ten, twenty, forty thousand a-year are in a condition to very placidly admit. How often, if we search the archives of the police, shall we find goldsmiths' porters—jewellers' shopmen—nay, the clerks of bankers—how often shall we find them wanting! Plate has been stolen—diamonds carried off—moneys embezzled; yes, men in trust have succumbed to the blandishments of the baser wealth, and become naught. But when—and we put the question with a thrill of triumph at our heart—when was a Printer's Devil ever known to embezzle his copy? When did he ever attempt to turn an article into money, and escape to France or America with the fruits of his wickedness? We answer for him—never. We call upon all the police magistrates, the Lord Mayor, all the aldermen, and with them of course Mr. Hobler—we call upon these gentlemen to confound us if they can. No: our Printer's Devil, intrusted as he hourly is with valuables to which the regalia of the Tower—whatever Mr. Swift, the keeper of the same, may assert to the contrary—are as paste and foil-stones; made the bearer of thoughts more brilliant and more durable than virgin gold; a carrier of little packets outvaluing the entrails of Golconda; nay, single sheets, to which all the Mogul's dominions are, at least in the opinion of one man, as a few unprofitable mole-hills; the Devil, freighted with this inconceivable treasure, despatched trustingly by its producer with this immortal wealth, goes unerringly to his destination; and with the innocence of a dove, and the meekness of a lamb, gives up his precious burden. He never

betrays his trust, not he. The Printer's Devil takes not the mental gold to unlawful crucible—offers not the precious paper to the felonious money-changer—seeks no loan upon the copy from the pawnbroker; but, with a fine rectitude, with a noble simplicity of purpose, gives up the treasure to the hand appointed to receive it, as though it were rags or dirt. The oyster that breeds an union for the crown of an emperor, is not more unpresuming on its wealth than is the Printer's Devil on his costlier copy.

And now, gentle reader, does not the Printer's Devil present himself to your admiring imagination, despite his ink-stained hands and face, in colors of the brightest radiance? Jostled in the street, or, it may be, triflingly bespattered by mud from his mercurial heels, how little do you dream that the offending urchin, the hurrying Devil, has about him "something dangerous." You know it not; but, innocent, mirthful as he seems, he is loaded with copy. He may be rushing, gambolling, jumping like a young satyr, and is withal the Devil to a newspaper. His looks are the looks of merriment; yet the pockets of his corduroy trowsers may be charged with thunderbolts. He would not hurt a mouse; and in his jacket slumbers lightning to destroy a ministry. Perhaps, for the whole Mint, he could not compass a sum in addition; and yet, it rests with his integrity whether to-morrow morning the nation shall be saved from bankruptcy; for, deposited in his cap, is an elaborate essay addressed to the ingenuous traders in the Money Market; an essay setting forth principles which, if adopted, shall in one fortnight transform beggared England into El Dorado.

If the Printers' Devils, as a body, knew their strength, what darkness might they for a time bring upon the world! A conspiracy amongst the gas-men would be matter for a jest, compared to the Cimmerian gloom produced by Printers' Devils, sworn to a simultaneous destruction of copy! We own, this is a dangerous suggestion; but, had we not a great faith in the natural goodness of our Devils, we might assure ourselves in their want

of combination. Besides, it is just possible that the Devil may bear copy as a bishop's horse may bear his master; without for one moment suspecting the wisdom, the learning, the piety, the charity and loving-kindness to all men, that he carries. We say, this is possible.

We trust, however, that we have uttered sufficient to obtain for our Devil respectful consideration in his street pilgrimages, should the reader, by the smutched face, the very dirty hands, the air of literary slovenliness about his wardrobe, and withal by a certain quickness of expression, a shrewdness of face, detect the fiend; for, indeed, he has all these marks. The true Printer's Devil is, after all, a very superior drudge. It would be unseemly in us to insist, that his constant intercourse with a certain class of individuals, whets his spirit, and endues him with a peculiar look of intelligence; but so it is; the Devil, especially the newspaper Devil, is as distinct an animal from the mere errand-boy, as is the wild ass of the desert from the ass of the sandman. Hence, should the reader meet with him, we crave for our devil, by the virtue of what he may carry, respectful consideration. Consider it: are there not some Printers' Devils, nameless though they be, who may be considered almost classic? The Devil, for instance, who carried the proofs of the "Vicar of Wakefield" to Goldsmith; who we will be sworn for him, rewarded his inky messenger with many a tester: the Devil, the constant Devil, who took copy from Johnson; Defoe's Devil; Dryden's Devil; the Devil who—but we will not number them: we leave it to the memory, to the imagination of the reader, to call up, and picture to himself the legion of Devils that have visited the sons of genius and of wretchedness: that now, climbing garret stairs; now, despatched to suburb hovels; and now to the squalor, the darkness, the misery of a gaol—for copy; have born from thence to the press, thoughts that have crowned human nature as with a diadem; thoughts sweet and sustaining as the air of heaven; thoughts, unfathomable as the sea, imperishable as the stars.

Yes; the Printer's Devil, in his day, has kept the best of company; though, be it allowed, the parties visited have not always lived at the better end of the town, or at an easy distance from the ground floor. Neither has he always found them at their venison; or, the cloth removed, quaffing Burgundy; but, oftener, at humblest cates. He has, however, had great privileges. Frequently, when the poor author—the human civet-cat, cherished by some Lintot—has, for sundry reasons, eschewed the publicities of the town making to himself a hermitage at Barnes, or Islington, the Printer's Devil has had the right of call, all other visitors sedulously barred out. Civet—no, we mean copy—must still be had; and, certain as the village clock, came the Devil.

Many and various are the pilgrimages of the Devil for what is now the daily food of a reading generation—the *pabulum vitæ* of our age; the important *copy*. In these errands, the Devil has his small delights, as well as his drudgery. Visiting the spirits, whose peculiar boast it is to soften and refine the ruggedness and selfishness of life, the Devil, doubtless, in his own little person, proves the high mission of such ladies and gentlemen; and is often a practical example of their theoretic benevolence. For instance, the political philanthropist, at the very hour indicting the sufferings and wrongs of a tax-ground, bread-denied people; at the moment glowing from head to heels with the hottest indignation at the selfishness of the rich, and with tears mixing in his ink for the miseries of the poor; he cannot suffer the little Devil, despatched a two or three-mile journey, through wet and cold, for the invaluable copy, to shiver with a wet skin in the passage. No; he forthwith orders him to the fire; and whilst the philanthropist turns his periods, the Devil, it may be, helps to turn the spit; and the copy done, at length departs for the printer, with a belly full, and, perhaps, sixpence. Such, we are inclined to believe, was ever the custom of the late Mr. Cobbet: hence, we presume, it was always a contest among the Devils to obtain the honorable advantage of a mission to him.

Mr. Macquotient, though a mathematician, had the best sense of the wants and qualities of the Printer's Devil. Thrice a week, the imp attended at the lodgings of the mathematician—we believe they were in the rules of the Fleet—with proofs of "Logarithms!" Pretty, light, interesting reading for the little Devil. Mr. Macquotient, however, did not deem a perusal of the figures of itself a sufficient advantage to the quick-witted urchin. No; it was his custom—and we dwell upon it, for it is most worthy of imitation by all mathematicians, philosophers, and others, "in the press"—to award to the early-coming Devil the benevolence of hot coffee, *ad libitum*, and two rolls liberally buttered! More: the Devil rarely left the mathematician without receiving three-pence; sometimes, a tester. We doubt not that tables of Logarithms, edited by Mr. Macquotient (would we could point out the edition) are superior to any other. Sure we are, the Devil thought so.

The Printer's Devil—if the author, by chance, live in respectable lodgings—has a mortal enemy in the landlady. She, with little respect for literature in general, thinks only of one passage—that of her house. With no consciousness of the moral majesty of the press, she is keenly alive to the muddy feet of Peter Trampington (Devil). More: it may happen that a footboy shall appertain to the establishment; a young gentleman, whose green, succinct, button-bedecked jacket, very white collar, particularly clean face, combed, shining hair, and cut-and-dried manners, are one and all in great danger from the visits of the ragged, easy, dirty-visaged care-nothing Devil from the office. The urchins often meet in the passage, and the aristocracy of the footboy is perilled by the democracy of the press. Ignorance always exclaims against printer's ink; hence, the following brief note, written by a landlady to an author, may be depended upon as genuine:—

Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. Thursday.

SIR—It is to me the painfulest annoyance to assure you that, in consequence of the many *nasty, dirty little boys*, constantly coming to you, I must,

for the respectability of my establishment, decline you as a lodger. Yesterday, Amelius's [*i. e.* the footboy's] cotton gloves were black as pitch, and not fit to wait at dinner, and all through your *nasty, dirty little boys*, who will talk to him. Believe me, sir, I give you warning with much pain, but I am answerable for Amelius's morals to the parish; and it was only three months ago, I paid two pounds ten for his livery. Your humble servant,

ELIZABETH RENTINGTON.

P. S.—Should be most happy, sir, to keep you as a lodger, with this understanding—without the going and coming of the *nasty, dirty little boys*.

It is thus Mrs. Rentington speaks of Peter and his tribe. Peter is a Devil; therefore, to the illiterate, he is no other than a nasty, dirty little boy. And yet Peter—and there are many Peters Devils—has as much intelligence as would, without cotton gloves, make up twenty Ameliuses. Yes, for Peter is, by his very calling, bookish; nay, Peter is literary, and has been known to escape out at the very top of the house, and, lying on the tiles, has conned “The Arabian Nights.” Nay, more; Peter once poured forth his yearning soul in the following lines (a true copy):—

“I wish not for Aladdin's lamp,
 ’Tis fed by Satan's pride,
 Lest worldly joys my virtue damp,
 May no princess be my bride.”

Reader, do not, with the lodging-house landlady, think the Printer's Devil only a nasty, dirty little boy. Though he be drudge to the press, he is of the press; hence, should you even once in your life tempt the perils of the type, treat our subject courteously, liberally;—give the Devil his due.

THE BRICKLAYER'S LABORER

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

MOST people have heard the story of the Bricklayer's Laborer, who laid a wager with "a boy" in the same "trade," that he would carry him, on his hod, to the summit of a five-storied house in perfect safety. The feat was accomplished; and the delighted carrier capered with glee at his triumph. "Ah, be dad!" exclaimed the carried, who most unquestionably would have been dashed to atoms if the other had made a false step; "Ah, be dad! I had great hopes once, whin, a little more than half way up, *ye made a stumble!*" It is impossible not to laugh at this recklessness of consequences, so very characteristic of my poor countrymen. The story may be called "a Joe" or "a jest;" but there is no mistaking the nationality of its detail and its moral. Paddy's whole body and mind is imbued with a love of "fun;" no matter what the hazard may be, he will have his fun out; he never could, never can, never will, trim his barque carefully, and sail quietly down the stream of life. Not he, indeed! He will feather his oar with the breakers a-head; and mingle death and laughter together. Not that he is unfeeling; oh, no! When away from the influence of either of the three excitements that, united, may be termed the *Black Shamrock* of Ireland—the excitement of whiskey, sectarianism, or politics—Paddy's heart is full of the most generous sympathies and affections. He will weep at the misfortunes of others, but laugh at his own. I remember once hearing of a young countryman, Alick Grace by name, who had lost his all by the failure of a provincial bank. A gentleman overtook him as he was returning



THE BRICKLAYER'S LABOURER.

Young Ambition's ladder.

Shakspeare.

to his farm, and perceived that he was laboring under some strong feeling: he was running; springing, and whirling his shillala; at last, his animal spirits sunk; and, leaning his head against a tree, the poor fellow burst into tears. "For shame Alick!" exclaimed the gentleman: "for shame! bear up against your trouble like a man: you have youth, health, strength, and a good character, there is no fear of your doing well, Alick Grace—none in the world."

"The devil a fear, sir; I know that, *now that I come to think of it*: but sure it's little right that a *gorsoon* like myself would have to think of himself, and trouble over the poor cabin-keeper like a thunder cloud powering down destruction on him and his;—and the thing that crushes my heart most, is the picture of Mary Mulvany—God look down on her!—standing like a statue opposite the bank door, pressing her small children to her bussum, and the thrifle her young husband left gone, and nothing *but the road to take to*. I never thought of my own share when I looked at her, until I thought if I had it back, it's to her I'd give it—the darlint!"

"Marry her, Alick," said the gentleman.

"Be dad, I would, sir! and take poor Larry's children into the bargain, but I wouldn't distress her feelings by naming the like in her hearing: for well I know *her heart's in her husband's grave!* I wonder at ye, sir, to think Alick Grace could cry for the loss of *his own money!*"

This little episode may, perhaps, be considered out of keeping where it is the writer's duty to portray but one object; a thing I find it difficult to do when treating of the inhabitants of the "green isle," because obliged to select out of an abundance, not a dearth, of subjects. At least, forty Bricklayer's Laborers pass our garden gate every morning and evening; the sound of their brogue ascends, though there is neither mirth nor quarrelling amongst them; for the Bricklayer's Laborer is a peaceable person, except, perhaps, on Sundays; when he loses his identity,

exchanges his cap for a hat, his jacket for his national long coat, his hod for a shillala, and becomes, instead of an up-going, down-coming, mortar-making machine, a genuine son of the sod! Dwelling, most likely, in the neighborhood of Saffron Hill, Seven Dials, Paddington, or Jew's Row, Chelsea, there on a Sunday morning, he sometimes indulges in certain outbreaks which invariably create much amusement in the police-offices:—except then, he is a well-ordered machine as to his labor, careful and circumspect, well knowing that his lot is cast in an enemy's country; knowing that every laboring Englishman would be most happy that he remained in his own island to starve, so he did not trench upon what he considers his exclusive property. The Bricklayer's Laborer lives upon one-third of what is required to support an Englishman, and he does a third more work; he eats his mid-day meal, brought to him by a fair-haired *colleen* or a rosy boy, under the wall he is building; he does not heed the weather; he does not, if he can help it, heed the reproaches flung in his teeth by those who feed on bread and bacon, while he is content with herring and potatoes; he sacrifices (without thinking it a sacrifice) a portion of his earnings to keep his old mother from the parish. His charities are voluntary: an Irishman, no matter how poor, is generous; if he has not money to bestow, he gives his sympathies, his time, his affections; his heart is never closed, though his pocket may be empty. There is Lawrence Larkin, or as he is called, Larry Larkin—I cannot select a better specimen than Larry—whom I have known long, and whose virtues I honor—I do not care whether a man's shoulder bears an epaulette or a hod, if he has a generous and feeling mind—I honor *it*, and not the badge he wears. Larry in his calling, is a genuine Bricklayer's Laborer; a creature perpetually moving between earth and heaven, continually ascending and descending; whose existence depends on the soundness and safe placing of a ladder, and the balancing of a hod. See him as he stands in the very act of preparing for his ascent, his hod heavily

laden with its usual freight; he rubs his hands together to rouse their dormant circulation; then weighs it, as it were, but the motion is to ascertain if the bricks are securely in; and then, having found all right, places it on his shoulder, which he jerks so as to fit on the hod as if it were a part of his dress; all this is done carefully, treating the hod as if it were a badge of honor; and so it is, Larry—the badge of honorable industry.

The hod being fixed, up he goes, firmly and lightly, rapidly too, considering the load he carries—and now observe him: his figure is not very tall, but it is muscular and compact: has he not less of the gay-hearted Irishman in his manner, while at his work, than any other out door laborer? those who labor within doors are always more silent, more shut down, as it were, by the roof that covers them—less buoyant, less gleesome than those around whom the fresh, free air, even of a city, blows, during the hours of toil; but Larry Larkin's business, though out of doors, is both laborious and careful; a false step, on the ladder, would be his destruction, and he knows it; he does not sing at his work, though he is happy; his jacket of white flannel is powdered with the mingled dust of lime and brick; his stockings are of white worsted, similarly spangled; his brogues, guiltless of blacking, and his cap, a low, flat, round cap of gray skin, does not descend low on the back of his head, so that you see his thick, bushy, lime-powdered hair, curling beneath it; his great bodily attribute is strength—his mental one, patience; there is no variety in his occupation, no change: consequently the Bricklayer's Laborer is the most steady of all Irishmen. Sometimes when the wind blows the smoke in an opposite direction, and the clouds disperse, he leans his arms for a moment on the hod which he has rested on the corner of the parapet wall of that tall house, turns up his face to the clear, blue sky, and fills his ample lungs with a long draught of heaven's elixir. Who can tell, within the compass of a few moments, the torrents of ideas, the floods of precious memories, that rush back into his heart; he does not know how they come—those mys-

terious visitors—but they are there, winged by the western wind from his own isle: not redolent of abundance, that idol of a mind more gross than the poor Irishman's, but laden with dreams of the affections of his youth, his mother's blessing, his father's advice, the parting words of some "little Colleen," whom his own fagging, faithful Peggy would just as soon he did not remember; the dance, the jest, perhaps the fight at the last fair, or the memory of some love-lay rises above the turmoil of the noisy street, though the lips that breathed it may have long been cold; he gazes on the expanse of sky until his imagination has converted the very smoke, hanging like a pall over the great city of the world, into his native hills; and if the notes of a captive bird rise upon the air, his heart swells within his bosom: the carol of the wild lark, the blackbird's whistle, the thrush's chaunt, the plover's lonely pipe, the music of early peasant life, ring in his ears—and all this passes within the compass of a minute, before you can read half what I have written: the dream of his country is over, the romance is past; he is the poor, patient, plodding, Bricklayer's Laborer, descending with his hod, again to ascend, but not again to dream; those visions are "few and far between," but, like the mountain rill, rushing into the bosom of the silent lake, though its identity is lost in the tranquil waters, it has purified, in some degree, the stagnant pool; it has disturbed the weeds; it has brought the freedom of the hill into the valley; the spirit of the poor man is revived within him, and his step, in descending, is more firm, his eye more bright than it was.

I have observed that the relaxations of the country, the walk on the hill side, away from town, the stroll in the fresh air, the game of cricket on the broad green common, send men back to their work with renewed cheerfulness, and an increased disposition to labor, *while they are at it*; but the feverish and unhealthy relaxations of the town—the pint and pipe of the hot tap-room, the fever of the cheap theatre, dissipate without amusing. Our legislators would do well to encourage the occasional migrations

of our working classes to the neighborhood of London; where strictly rural sports could be enjoyed under regulations conducive to health and mental cheerfulness.

No one, I repeat it, was ever able to recognise a Bricklayer's Laborer on Sunday; he casts his hod, his coat and his carefulness together, as a snake does his skin; he is on Sunday like any other Irishman, ready for a spree or a fight, a frolic or a quarrel. On Sundays, even Larry Larkin is a complete Irishman; on other days, he is a Bricklayer's Laborer!

Larry occasionally, when out of work, does a small job for his neighbors: he will come over hours, repair a drain, mend a wall, or even dabble in what he calls "*Roman Cimint*—God bless it!" The greenhouse flue has been "touched up" by Lawrence half-a-dozen times; and the last time he came "to look at it," he was reproached with the fact, "that it smoked as much as ever—that the plants were suffocated!"

"See that now!" he replied; "See that now! didn't I know it! I said to Peggy, 'Peggy,' says I, 'I'm sent for to the Rosery, and I'll go bail it's that vagabone flue again.' Serra a plant 'ill be alive with it by Lady Day!"

"But that is your fault; you assured me you would cure it."

"*And so I did! but it's got bad again:* it's had what the Doctor calls a railapse, and how can it help it—the craythur! Sure the air 'o London would smotherificate any chimbley that ever was built: hasn't it smothered myself, and Peggy, and the childre all out—bad cess to it for air: sure its thick enough for mate and drink, though bad as times are, we're not behoulden to it, God be praised."

"Who do you work for now, Larry?"

"A grate gentleman entirely, a great builder, though onc't he wasn't much betther off than myself. I heard tell he come to London with little to cover him but the care of the Almighty; and he wasn't altogether a *gorsoon* (little boy), but a fine lump of a young man; and he went to a gentleman, who (the heavens

be his bed!) was mighty good entirely to the poor Irish, and he axed for work, and there was a big heap of stones at one corner of the coort yard; and the gentleman said, 'If ye want work, my man, carry them stones to the opposite corner;' and the poor stranger set to and did as he was bid; and when he had done, he tould the masther, and axed him what he should do next; and the masther said, 'Take every one of the stones back to where ye found them;' and he did so, and tould the masther again when he had done; and the masther was plazed, ye see, because he did exactly as he was bid, neither more nor less, and axed no questions; and the masther said, 'You 'll do for me,' and gave him constant employ; and from that day he riz, riz, riz, like a house a fire; and grate sense, and grate luck he had: he knew the ganeus of the English—quiet, hard-working, aisy going, and no bother, nor blarney." During the latter part of these observations, Larry had been investigating the state of the flue, and despite the air, again declared he could cure it.

"For how long, Larry?"

"Ah, thin, what doctor could answer such a question as that? we 'll get rid of the desease for the prisint, any how; and then I must go home, where I 'm wanting; for ye see I 'm raythur tired to-day, and I 'll tell ye how it was:—When I quitted the sod (left Ireland), I left no one at home with my poor mother but my little brother, Barney, a slip of a boy, and her heart and soul was in the child; but he turned out wild, and left the counthry. It's little I could do for the poor lone mother; and she so far off, but I often thought of her, and would send her a thrifle now and again, and a word, telling how I was treading the ladder of life—now up, now down, the same as the quality, who, many of 'em, are done up, like the houses, with the *Roman Cimint*—God bless it—to look like what they aint: but that's not my business; only there's nothing like the rale lime and stone, afther all. Well, my wife says to me one day, or rather night—it was of a Sathurday; and I had earned a power that week, for it was task-work, and I

had slaved over-hours, and felt wake in myself, and she was making me a sup of punch, and I had taken out my money, and laid a couple of shillings together for a throwel for the neighbor's jobs, and another thrifle for a pair of shoes, besides the rint; and there was a little over, and Peggy says to me—'Larry,' says she, 'our Heavenly Father's very good to us in a strange counthry,' says she, (for she was always a God-fearing woman); 'and ye'r a good husband, and a good father, and the quietest man in or out of Ireland, when the drop's not in,' she says (I'd be ashamed to be praising myself, only them war the very words she spoke); 'and I often see ye sit solid as a pillar, looking out of yer eyes, straight forward, saying and seeing nothing, until yer eyes, avourneen, swim in tears! and thin, Larry, I know you do be thinking of your ould mother, and she alone in her lather days: and here,' she says, taking out the rimnant of a leather apron, tied into a bag—'here is what will bring her over; what I've saved out of my washing at the laundry; and put that thrifle to it: I havn't touched a drop of beer, nor wouldn't, for the last four months; and ye'll be happy all *out* then, Larry; and we'll make the ould woman happy; and sure she'll take delight in the grand-childre. Often when I've been putting the bread into my mouth, I've thought that your mother had nothing, may-be, but a *wet* payatee! And, do, Larry, send for her, in God's name; we'll be nothing the poorer for it, *for a mother's breath is a blessing in a poor man's house.*' Well, I had Peggy in her young days; and at first her two cheeks war like two roses, and now they're as white as lime; but I thought I never see anything look so handsome as she did then; and while her poor, hard, slaving hand trembled in mine, I couldn't spake, but I hid my face in her apron, and cried as much tears as would make a hod of mortar:—the poor craythur! denying herself—and for *my* mother!

"Well, the ould woman came, and we would have been very

happy, only the poor mother could not forget Barney, the boy that left her; and this very morning, we war mighty busy entirely with the new houses—and the masther gives a hand's turn to many a boy (God bless him for it!)—and I see two or three strangers among them—the laborers, I mane—and one poor looking fellow; and I observed him mighty wake. ‘My man,’ says I, ‘don’t fill the hod; for you’ll not be able for it; and keep steady,’ I says, ‘and I’ll go behind ye.’ With that, he shoulders it mighty awkward, like a young soldier with his musket on first drill, and with a laugh. ‘I never could keep steady,’ he says. Well, the laugh, and the look of his pale, rowling, but bright eyes, dull and starved looking, made my flesh creep. Death is bad enough to look at when it is could and stiff; but just so much life left as keeps fire in the eye, while everything else is all as one as dead, is shocking to see; and somehow, as I followed him up the ladder, I felt as if I was following a *corpse*.

“He had not gone up six rungs of the ladder, when he stumbled; but I let my own load go, and cotched him just as he went over the side. I carried him down; he was as light as a child of two years ould—no weight in him. With that, one of your half-gentlemen, who was passing, looks at him:—‘He’s drunk,’ he says. I couldn’t make him no answer, for I was choked *with the injustice of the world (the boy’s breath had been on my cheek not three minutes before, and was as innocent of spirits as a new born babe’s)*; but Jerry Clure—a fine tongue has Jerry, when he lets it go, and fine education—makes answer, ‘He is drunk from the fulness of want: sorra a bit of sup has passed his lips these twenty-four hours: and it is a sin and a shame for the likes of you, who have plenty, to turn such a word on a stranger. If a poor boy reels with the wakeness of starvation *he is drunk*; if a rich one reels afther a dinner that would satisfy a wife and five children, *he is excited*’—them war his words: and at the same time, just as we war all gathered about him, one with

wather, another with whiskey—all according to their ability—my poor mother comes up with the bit of dinner. ‘What’s the matter?’ she says, and some one told her: and with that, she makes into the throng; for she’s a feeling woman. ‘Give him air,’ she says; and as they drew back, she looked in his face; and then—my grief!—the shriek of her would pierce a heart of stone. She just threw up her arm in the air, with one wild cry, and fell upon the poor stranger.

“I knew *who* it was *then*,” said Larry, turning away to conceal an emotion which does honor to a man, and which, nevertheless, he is always ashamed of; “I knew the poor boy was—**MY OWN BROTHER?**” He paused, and then added, “I wonder has any of the grate people made out, in these improving times, what it is that draws people’s hearts together without a rason or a knowledge. I’m too ould to take much to strangers; but I felt my heart turn to that boy from the minute I seen him,—a something stir in my breast to him—little thinking what it was. It’s natur’, I suppose; turn it which way they will, it’s natur’; they can’t go beyond it, nor get past it, with all their larning it will have its own way—why not?”

I asked how he was.

“A wild life, ma’am; but I hope the end will be peaceful; he can’t live, he’s too far gone: but sure his mother and people are with him, and the Lord is merciful.”

Lawrence Larkin shouldered his hod—the usual steady expression of his features returned—he, as I have said, shouldered his hod, and departed. Few, if any, who pass him in the street will vouchsafe a thought upon him. During the week, he is a Bricklayer’s Laborer; a creature born to the destiny of carrying a hod and making mortar—and that is all!—on Sunday, he is confounded amid the hosts of “poor Irish,” “disorderly Irish,” “laboring Irish;” “dirty Irish!” hated with a bitter, but most unworthy and undeserved, hatred by his own class of English

fellow-subjects, while the more refined consider him as a disorderly being, to be either feared or laughed at.

Does Larry Larkin, the Bricklayer's Laborer, deserve to be so looked upon? Believe me, English reader—you with whom justice is always a duty—believe me, amongst the class you either overlook or despise, Larry is by no means an uncommon character.

THE END.

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